

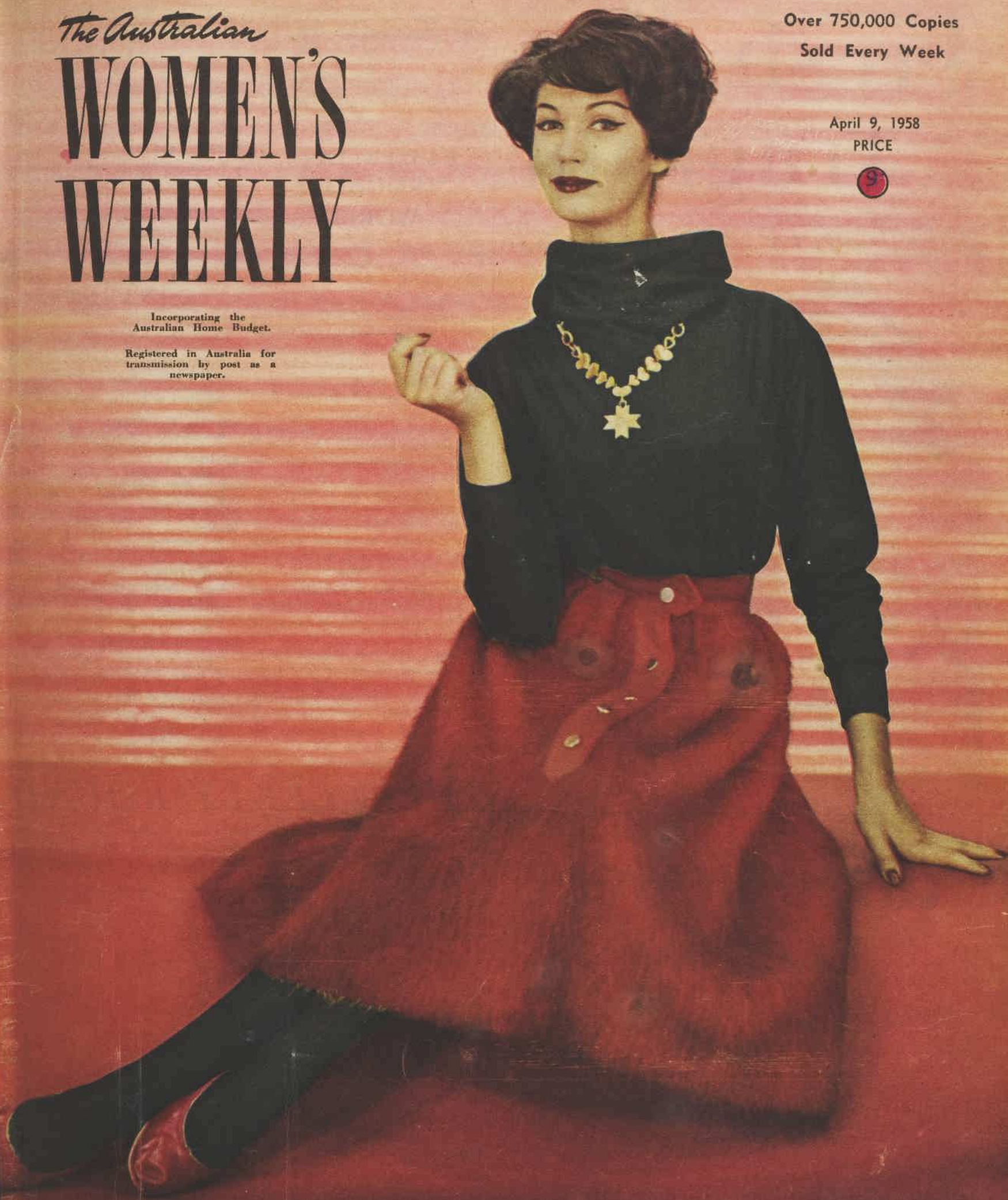
The Australian
**WOMEN'S
WEEKLY**

Incorporating the
Australian Home Budget.

Registered in Australia for
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newspaper.

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April 9, 1958
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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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APRIL 9, 1958

Vol. 25, No. 44

EASTER IN A TROUBLED WORLD

EASTER is here again, bringing with it out of the ancient past a message that is eternally new.

For nearly 2000 years the story of the Crucifixion and the Resurrection has inspired men and women everywhere.

This is not only because those events are among the foundations of the Christian belief but because the lesson they teach is clear and universal.

The message is salvation, and the secret of its survival down the ages is that you don't necessarily have to be a Christian to respond to it and believe in it.

Any man or woman, anywhere, can find consolation and hope from those last days in the short life of Jesus.

For the march to Calvary was both an end and a beginning, not merely for Jesus but for all mankind.

From generation to generation down the long centuries the Easter message of the Resurrection has been the rock of the Christian faith.

And now, in a troubled world of shifting values and international tension, the time has come to read and hear that message again and to gather from it fresh courage and hope to go on...

As men and women have done for nearly two millennia.

Our cover

● You can make yourself the glamor fireside outfit on our cover. The skirt takes 1yd. of 54in. material and the blouse 2yds. of 52in. jersey. Skirt pattern 4813 is available in sizes 26, 28, 30, 32in. waist, price 3/-; blouse pattern 4789, available in sizes 32 to 38in. bust, price 3/-. To order, see details on pages 48 and 49, where other designs are shown.

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● This is the biggest issue we have ever produced — 112 pages. We enlarged it specially to include the all-color autumn fashion section, prepared for a March issue, but delayed in publication.

ALTOGETHER this paper has ten pages of fashion, as well as the usual patterns and Fashion Frocks service, so if you don't find something in it to suit your winter wardrobe you're a hard woman to please.

Right back on page 99, in the film section, you'll find a man who is in the news — Alec Guinness. Guinness last week was awarded an Oscar for the best actor of the year. He won it for his role in "The Bridge on the River Kwai."

ON pages eight, nine, and ten you'll find the first feature in a new series, "How They Live." This series shows you celebrities at home, and we think that Salvador Dali's twelve-in-one house makes a picturesque beginning.

Some celebrities are disappointing. They merely surround themselves with mass-produced luxury. Not Dali. Everything in his house is in

keeping with his moustache. You mightn't like it, but you can't help noticing it.

Next week in this series we feature the farmhouse owned by film star Martine Carol.

IN order to interest as many people as possible in the enlarged prizemoney and scope of our annual art prize, we wrote to artists and art galleries throughout the world.

Among those to whom we wrote was Sir Gerald Kelly. Sir Gerald, now 78, is a past-president of Britain's Royal Academy.

He is a forthright old gentleman, and you may remember that a couple of years ago he caused a stir when broadcasting over the B.B.C. He described a Rembrandt self-portrait as "a b— work of genius," and abstract art as "a kind of measles."

When he was invited last year to show his paintings of 50 years in a one-man show at the Royal Academy he refused at first, then agreed, ex-

plaining, "My vanity swept away my commonsense and good judgment."

To the editor Sir Gerald wrote: "I have read your letter suggesting that I should enter a picture in the 1958 exhibition, but I don't think that would be a sensible thing to do. I am an old man and I paint old-fashioned pictures. Thank you all the same for suggesting it."

BEGINNING next week — the story of America's ten top models, the girls with the billion-dollar smiles. For every girl who reaches this pinnacle of success, a thousand are unsuccessful and turn to other jobs. If you want to know what it's like for those who make the grade, this story will tell you. Written by Anita Colby, it tells you who they are, what they earn, and how they live. Illustrated in color, it appears in two instalments, with the second giving you some of the girls' beauty secrets.

The guardian of Ayers Rock



WOREAKI CAVE, Ayers Rock, is patterned with aboriginal art. Drawings, which Bill Harney showed tourists, included representations of human beings, animal tracks, and the "Kumbaduru" sign, symbolising joy in native mythology.

Bushman says sea is "pain in the neck"

"Ranger of Uluru, Ayers Rock of the Ulurildja Aborigines, Northern Territory," is the title and address of Bill Harney, a nuggety, white-haired bushman known throughout the world as an expert on native life in Australia.

DRIVE up to Bill's camp any morning between March and October and you'll find him sitting outside his 8ft. x 10ft. tent brewing billy tea over a mulga-wood fire, and waiting for the dawn to light up Ayers Rock, just a mile away.

"Billarni," as the aborigines call him, was appointed Ranger of Ayers Rock last year by the Northern Territory Administration. His job is to protect the Rock and its aboriginal cave paintings from vandals and souvenir hunters.

"G'day," Bill greets you. "Sit down. Have a cuppa tea before the sun comes up."

Bill Harney's voice has been heard representing Australia in the annual national Christmas broadcast, and he's given countless radio talks over the B.B.C. and A.B.C. It's a bushman's voice, that of a true raconteur.

Bill Harney, now in his sixties, suntanned, with bristling white hair and keen grey eyes, is self-educated, a poet, author of four books, and past guide to scientific expeditions into Arnhem Land. Since boyhood he's been a nomad, and his knowledge of the Territory is unrivalled.

"This is a good place to live," says Bill, draining his tea. "Until I come here I'd never been within 100 miles of the Rock. I'm up before the sun every morning to see the light moving along the rock face."

"On this side of the rock

shades lengthen, big shadows and lights come out. Sea gives you a pain in the neck, but I could watch this forever.

"At night the Pleiades are bright, and the blacks know it's the 'puppy puppy' time — time to go chasin' the dogs, the dingoes. They go after them for their scalps — get paid a pound for one."

"Yesterday I saw smokes in the distance. The natives from the stations and missions are after the dogs. It's their walkabout—their holiday."

"Them dawn birds come slooshin' through the trees."

The day comes and I see that the flowers are in bloom.

"And all them tourists up here, they're on holiday, too. Coming to see the Rock's a form of escapism, I think. So I take the tourists around the caves, and I tell them the myths as two old natives, Kadakadeka and Imalung, told them to me when I first came out to the Rock."

Bill Harney has written the legends of the Rock, which were published in book form by the "Bread and Cheese Club," of Melbourne.

But they come even more alive if you follow him round the base of the Rock, scrambling among boulders, crushing the verbena-scented kangaroo grass with your feet, and seeing the symbolic paintings, in ochre, red, and black.

The native name for Ayers Rock is "Uluru," meaning all-knowing, strong, and everlasting. Because the Rock had the main waterholes in the area, and abundance of food—28

trees and grasses close by are fit for humans to eat—it became a centre for aborigines and their culture.

Most of the caves are on the western face of the Rock, known as "Djindjullajul" ("the sun over").

The caves, with their overhanging ledges, symbolise the "chest" side of the mountain. Because Ayers Rock is patterned with black stains, the natives painted their bodies with the same markings, a vertical line mid-chest being known as "kumbaduru" and symbolising joy.

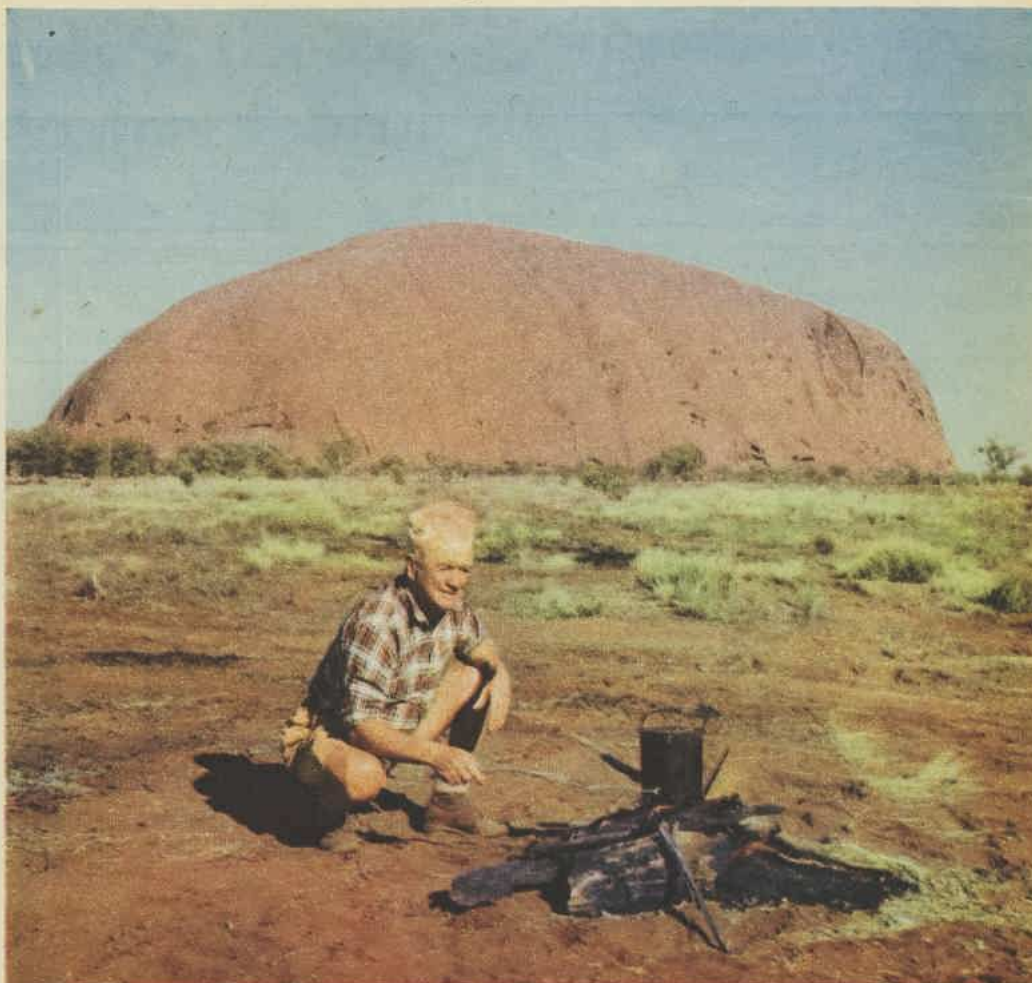
Each cave had its significance. The "Putta," shaped like a bell, symbolised the pouch marsupial of the Mala people. To the song of reincarnation spirit children were borne from this place.

The Woreaki Cave of the kangaroo men is stained with black, supposedly with symbolic blood shed from veins in the arm.

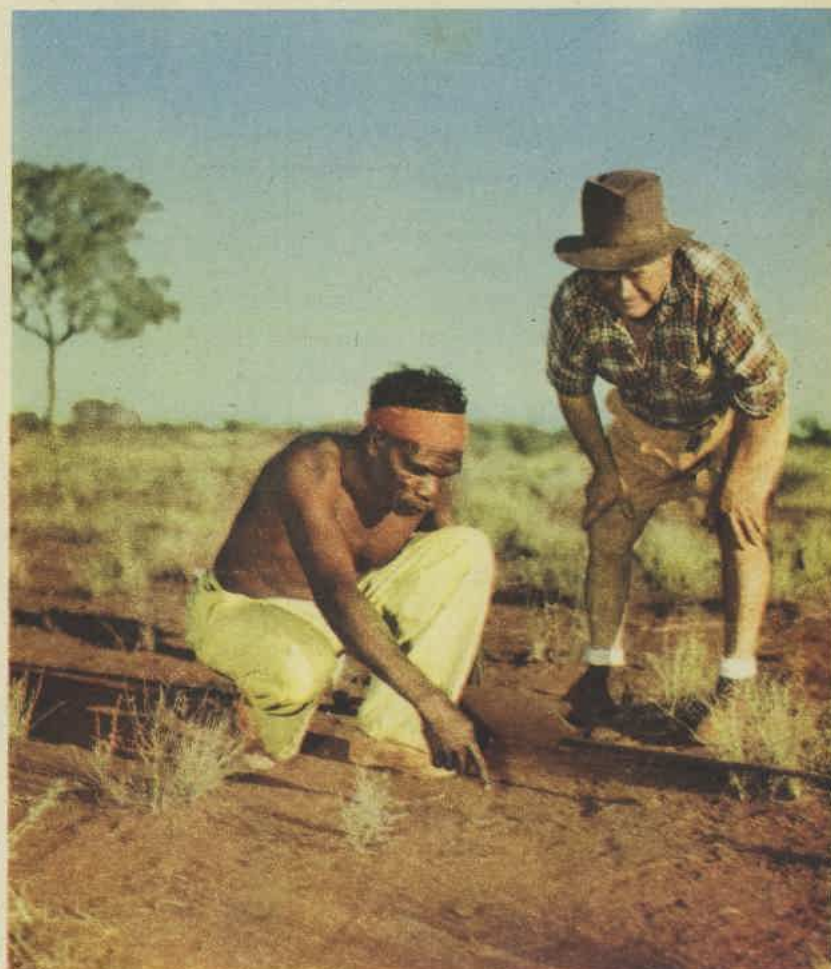
Here the young boy, learning the story of his tribe, was told that the kangaroo, in return for a great deed performed by man, showed him how to make the boomerang. The kangaroo also created the plains.

Signs outside such caves warned women to keep away.

One of the natives (an initiated man himself), who told Bill Harney the story, recalled how his aunt passed such a sign to pick wild figs from a tree. The elders of the tribe pursued her, catching and killing her in the sandhills.



TWO LANDMARKS in the Northern Territory are bushman-author-anthropologist Bill Harney and Ayers Rock. Here Bill boils the billy against the background of the 1143ft.-high stone mass. Ayers Rock has a great cleft, 600ft. long, which symbolises the "digging stick" of the Great Earth Mother, who in native legend struck her stick into the soil near Ayers Rock and saw food and water gushing forth as a result.



BLACKTRACKER NEWHEY points out marks on soil to Bill Harney. Newhey and Bill Harney last year led a search for a missing tourist, who was found safely. Newhey's ochre headband is called "Putaru." The aborigines call Bill simply "Billarni."

He's looking at
you . . . are you
looking your best?



You owe it to your audience to wear

KAYSER

Charmed Life
twin-thread sheer nylons

Chap ahoy! No wonder he's getting the message — look at those lovely legs. And what a smart girl. She knows that gorgeously sheer Kayser 'Charmed Life' nylons are first-class travelling companions. She knows also that she'll get oceans of wear out of them because they're made with twin threads. If one thread goes — the other one holds. Get some — they're just the ticket for travel.

14'11

Slightly less in some States



Fashion toned to harmonise with
your natural skin colouring.

KAYSER
NYLONS

World wonders about Peter and Princess

THE Buckingham Palace statement that the meeting of Princess Margaret and Group-Captain Peter Townsend on Wednesday was "just of two old friends" cannot stop world-wide speculation about the most publicised romance of the 1950s.

In October, 1955, Princess Margaret, in a formal statement, renounced her love for Group-Captain Townsend.

In the 2½ years since then, Peter Townsend has made a lonely 60,000-mile round-the-world "journey to forget," and Princess Margaret has kept an engagement-filled Royal itinerary.

And people have wondered why the beautiful, talented 27-year-old Princess, the world's most eligible woman, has remained unmarried.

Peter Townsend's unexpected three-hour call at Clarence House revitalised the rumors — possible marriage or friendly call.

And neither the Buckingham Palace statement nor his own—"There are no grounds whatever for supposing that my seeing Princess Margaret . . . alters the situation . . . of 1955"—can silence the wonderings of a world that wishes only for the Princess' happiness.



PRINCESS MARGARET, whom newspapers described as looking radiantly happy after her meeting with Group-Captain Peter Townsend. She has known Peter since she was 13, when he was appointed her father's equerry.



PETER TOWNSEND, who flew from Brussels to London to see the Princess on his return from his 17 months' journey, during which he visited Australia. He divorced his wife in 1952, later giving her custody of their two sons.



ALTHOUGH Peter Townsend regularly told reporters, "Really, I have nothing to say," this did not deter public interest in him in every country he visited. In Tokio he stopped to sign autographs for two Japanese girls.



LEFT: Since his name was linked with Princess Margaret's, Peter Townsend has been pursued by reporters. ABOVE: Before leaving on his trip, the Group-Captain tested a Land Rover over every type of country.

TRAGEDY OF THE TODDS

Liz Taylor—beautiful and broken-hearted

● "Whither thou goest, I will go," film actress Elizabeth Taylor added to the marriage vow when she married showman Mike Todd in Mexico in February last year.

DESPITE recurrent ill-health and pregnancy, Liz stuck to her vow. Go she did, wherever Mike went.

And he went pretty well everywhere, in pursuit of publicity for his fabulously successful film "Around the World in Eighty Days."

The Todds batted around the capitals of Europe and Asia, to Melbourne, Sydney, and Moscow—more than 100,000 miles in 13 months.

They had homes here and there, but hardly lived in them.

Mike's home for years could best be described as a cigar, a telephone, and either a desk or a table in a restaurant.

Liz could hardly be expected to change Mike's way of life, not right away, but she was working on him.

Three children

Meanwhile, she went with him, and lived out of a suitcase . . . well, 17 suitcases.

Even when Mike, too impatient for regular airline travel, bought his own twin-engined airliner, Liz still went with him on most trips.

Today, Elizabeth Taylor, at twenty-five, faces life with a broken heart, three young children, and the reputation of being one of the screen's most beautiful women.

She could also, when Mike Todd's estate is proved, be a very wealthy woman.

On the other hand, Mike's involved financial undertakings may prove to have been more sound on paper than in hard cash.

Mike's friends have always stuck to him, through bankruptcies and hard times, and there may be many debts not yet paid back from the takings of "Around the World," the money-earner on which Mike risked everything.

He was reported as having offered a percentage of its takings to actress Joan Blondell, a former wife, in settle-

ment of a loan she had made when he was broke.

As well as providing for Liz, whom he obviously adored, Mike is expected to have made lavish provision for his and Liz's seven-month-old daughter, Liza, born within a few weeks of Mike's first becoming a grandfather.

But, irrespective of the size of Todd's estate, his widow, with three children to support, will almost certainly continue her career.

Widow star

Widowhood finds Liz in the middle of a picture, "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," the controversial Tennessee Williams Broadway success, now being made into a film by M.G.M. with Paul Newman as Elizabeth's co-star.

When she was in Australia with Mike at the end of last year, this was the film that Liz said she was anxious to get finished so that she would be free to give all her time to Mike.

A man less ready to die than Mike Todd would be impossible to imagine. But if he had to die, certainly it was the way he would have wished. Fast, dramatic, and newsworthy.

When they were in Australia it was noticed that the dynamo-driven little showman frequently left an exhausted Liz at home while he went out alone to keep engagements.

But he was considerate of her in his own hustling way. "That depends on if Liz is up to it," "Easy, now, on Liz," he would say to reporters and photographers pressing forward for just one more comment, just one more picture.

Big spender

And he was considerate in a more material way, too. His gifts to Liz during their short marriage earned him the title "Last of the big spenders."

Starting with a diamond engagement ring of 29.78 carats worth £75,000, he added a

diamond-and-ruby necklace worth £85,000, several cars and houses, a Dior maternity dress, a collection of French Impressionist paintings valued at £267,000, and an all-mink outfit including coat and mink-trimmed bonnet and boots for their Moscow trip.

But money, beauty, and fame would not seem to have added up to so much happiness for Liz. Look at the record of her life: Three husbands in eight years, twice divorced, now a widow.

Liz Taylor first captivated Hollywood with her screen debut at the age of 12 in "Lassie, Come Home."

Six years later she married Conrad (Nicky) Hilton, junior, heir to a 125-million-dollar hotel empire.

Liz prophesied a long and happy marriage, "because we both adore oversize sweaters, hamburgers with onions, and Ezio Pinza."

"He needs me"

But the marriage lasted only 205 days. Nicky tired of her, it was said, and spent his time drinking and gambling.

In February, 1951, Liz married Michael Wilding. Early in their marriage Liz said: "Michael is a child at heart and he needs me."

"Happiness," she added, "is a fragile thing."

The break-up came in 1956. Friends said the marriage failed because of the 20-year difference in their ages, and because her screen career overshadowed everything.

The day after she separated from Wilding, Liz got a phone call from Todd: "Don't go out with anyone else. You're gonna marry me."

And she did, too—on February 2, 1957, after Wilding, like a true British gentleman, flew to Acapulco to help her put through a quick Mexican divorce.

The day after she married Todd, Liz said: "We may have arguments, but this marriage is it."



FIRST PHOTO of Elizabeth Frances ("Liza") Todd, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Todd. Mike and his actress-wife, Elizabeth Taylor, posed for this portrait at their Westport, U.S., home.

She was right about the arguments. "We fight every hour on the hour," Mike said, after a memorable spat in London. "We have more fun fighting . . ."

More recently, Mike remarked: "She is so nice, and so pretty. It is nice to make up with her."

Lately Liz had been showing signs of wanting to quit Hollywood and become just "Mrs. Michael Todd, former screen star."

"I'll be a housewife and mother," she said. "I've been an actress for 15 years. Now I want to be a woman . . ."

"I've learned one important thing in Hollywood—you can't be an actress and a woman."

Where does Liz Taylor go from here?



IN SYDNEY last year the Todds attracted crowds of film fans wherever they went. Mike, ever attentive, delivered this unabashed embrace at a welcoming reception.



IN PARIS (left) Liz appeared with her husband in a \$500 "ostrich-look" dress at a St. Valentine's Day Ball. IN NEW YORK (above) Mike and Liz with Chris, 2, and Michael, 4, children of Liz's marriage to Wilding.



IN MEXICO (left) the couple stayed at Acapulco waiting for Liz's Wilding divorce. IN LONDON (above) the Todds paused for breath on their 100,000-mile jaunt.

it's here to stay!



Tired of lipsticks that don't stay on...
that dry...are priced too high?

Change to creamier, longer lasting Cutex!

So creamy, you'll love the way Cutex with Sheer Lanolin moisturizes and smoothes your lips, protects against chapping and roughness... never irritates like drying, "deep stain" lipsticks. The instant you glide on creamy Cutex, lips shimmer with radiant smoothness... feel as soft and luscious as they look.

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—try new Cutex hand cream.*



Cutex Stayfast
Lipsticks 4/11
Cutex Deluxe
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Cutex Nail
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BRIDE OF THE YEAR



MRS. DOUGLAS McLEOD, of "Belmont," Black Mountain, N.S.W. Picture by Norton Treadwell.

● The rich northern New South Wales city of Newcastle, and the lush Hunter Valley behind it, is the first community to sponsor its own candidate in the Red Cross "Bride of the Year" Quest.

SHE is tall, attractive blonde Mrs. Richard Binnie, of Mirannie, near Singleton, New South Wales.

The Lord Mayor of Newcastle, New South Wales (Alderman D. G. McDougall), called a public meeting to choose her.

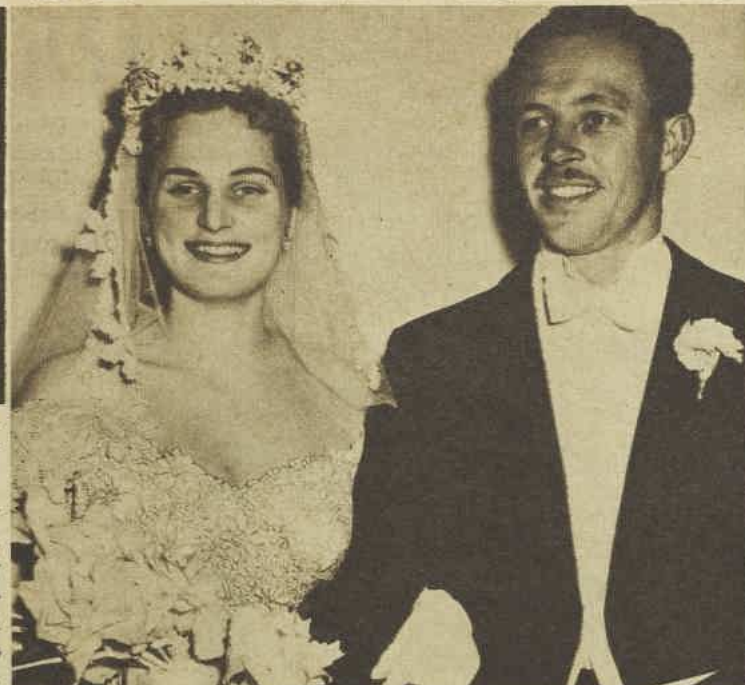
Before her wedding last September 19-year-old Mrs. Binnie was Newcastle girl Erica Rodd.

She and her husband live on the Binnie family property at Mirannie, in the Hunter Valley.

Mrs. Binnie is a keen interior decorator and their home is decorated in gay modern colors.

During the Quest Mrs. Binnie will have the help of a "Bride of the Year" Community Committee, with Alderman McDougall as chairman.

Another grazier's wife who has entered the Quest is pretty Mrs. Douglas McLeod, of "Belmont," Black Mountain,



FIRST CANDIDATE to be sponsored by a whole community is Mrs. Richard Binnie, of Mirannie, via Singleton, N.S.W., photographed with her husband. She represents Newcastle and the Hunter Valley.

in northern New South Wales, who was married only a month ago.

Mrs. McLeod was a member of Junior Red Cross when she was a schoolgirl, and grew even more interested in Red Cross when she was a nurse at the Children's Hospital, Sydney, and saw the wonderful Blood Transfusion Service at work.

She has a further link with Red Cross through her mother, Mrs. McCarthy, who is a Red Cross worker in Lismore.

Third New South Wales entrant this week is a portrait painter, Renee Dalton, of Pagewood.

She and her fiancé, Denys Wray, plan to marry on April 5.

Renee is putting the finishing touches to a ballet scene. A lucky-number competition

for this painting will be her first fund-raising effort.

Any girl who is a natural-born or naturalised Australian or a British subject resident in Australia, married between June 1, 1957, and June 1, 1958, can enter the Quest.

The wonderful first prize for the Red Cross "Bride of the Year" is a honeymoon trip around the world by Qantas Super Constellation and £1000 spending money donated by Ampol Petroleum Ltd.

The winner will be the girl who raises the greatest sum of money for Red Cross.

Eight other prizes—holidays for two as guests of the Surfers' Paradise Chamber of Commerce on Queensland's Gold Coast—will be won by the eight girls who raise the greatest sum of money in each State and the



PORTRAIT PAINTER Renee Dalton, of Pagewood, N.S.W., who is an entrant in the "Bride of the Year" Quest. Renee and her fiancé, Denys Wray, plan an April wedding. Picture by Norton Treadwell.

Australian Capital Territory.

The Quest ends on June 30. For entry forms and all inquiries write to the Red Cross in your State.

The addresses for each State appeared in last week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly.

OUR £1500 COLOR CONTEST

The fourth £10 Progress Prize in our £1500 Color Scheme Contest has been won by Miss J. De Vries, of Burwood, Victoria.

MISS DE VRIES' well-presented entry shows an attractive living-room with clear colors combined with grey and white, and muted tones are highlighted by one vivid one in the kitchen and the bathroom.

First prize in this wonderful contest is £1000; other prizes are: £200, 2nd prize; £50, 3rd prize; £100 in consolation prizes (three of £20, four of £10); £150 in progress prizes of £10.

All funds raised by the Color Scheme Contest will aid the Red Cross "Bride of the Year" Quest.

Choose color schemes for a lounge-room (14ft. by 20ft.), a kitchen, and a bathroom.

Colors must be illustrated with samples cut from advertising, editorial pages, or sup-

plements of The Australian Women's Weekly, using any one or more of the issues dated February 19, and subsequent issues up to that dated June 11.

Colors required are for: LOUNGE: Ceiling, walls, floor covering, curtains, furnishings.

KITCHEN: Ceiling, walls, cupboards, floor, main equipment (stove, refrigerator, etc.).

BATHROOM: Ceiling, walls, floor, main fittings, (bath, basin, etc.).

You may give as much detail as you wish, but the only essentials are the headings given above.

The page number and date of the issue from which the sample is cut must be shown beside it.

Every entry must be accompanied by an entry coupon and 1/- in stamps or postal notes for the Red Cross "Bride of the Year" Quest.

The winning color schemes will be chosen for their attractiveness, practicality, originality, and presentation.

The Color Scheme Contest closes on June 9, 1958.

This contest and the "Bride of the Year" Quest are governed by the rules as published in our issue of February 19. That issue of the paper also showed sample entries in our color contest.

ENTRY COUPON

COLOR SCHEME CONTEST,
Box 7052 R.C., G.P.O.,
SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Name
(BLOCK LETTERS)

Address

I enclose 1/- entry fee to support
a candidate in the Red Cross "Bride" Quest.

*If you do not name a candidate the entry fee will
go to a common fund to be divided equally among all
candidates.

Doctors prove
PALMOLIVE
can bring you
a lovelier complexion
in 14 days!



YOU, TOO, can look for these
complexion improvements in 14 days

- ★ Fresher, brighter complexion!
- ★ Less oiliness!
- ★ Added softness and smoothness!
- ★ Complexion clearer, more radiant!
- ★ Fewer tiny blemishes and incipient blackheads!

NOT JUST A PROMISE—BUT A PROVED PLAN

This is all you do. Simply massage your skin twice a day with the extra-mild pure lather of Palmolive—then rinse and pat dry. You'll see Palmolive bring out your beauty while it cleans your skin. Use Palmolive... it's so mild—so gentle... that's why Palmolive is by far the largest selling toilet soap in Australia.



BUY THE BIG SUPER-BATH SIZE AND SAVE MONEY

SOOTHE NAPPY RASH!



HOW THEY LIVE

The hard-to-find house of SALVADOR DALI



DALI'S HOUSE at Port Lligat, Spain, known affectionately as "our hamlet," was originally a collection of fishermen's cottages and outbuildings. They were acquired gradually, modernised, and brought together under twelve different roof levels. The entire frontage, including the nearby rocks bordering the shore, is freshly whitewashed once a year.



THE DALI BEDROOM (above) was built on three levels — sitting-room, landing to house curios, and a bedroom proper. Mrs. Dali used an old Catalan bedspread to make the divan headboards and covered the floor with rush matting that is made locally.

Page 8

THIS BEAR (right), wearing obscure chains of office, is only one surprise in a house full of them. He earns his place in the hall by proudly carrying a basket for gloves and an odd wicker standard lamp. Dali has decorated his lounge with stuffed swans.

● Here is the unusual but oddly attractive home of famous Spanish surrealist painter Salvador Dali and his wife, Gala. It is the first of a series in which we will feature the homes of celebrities.

SALVADOR DALI'S wife, Gala, says that when she married him his now famous moustache was "no bigger than a thread of silk."

"We lived in a fisherman's one-roomed hut overlooking Port Lligat, in Spain, and while I learned to fish and to prepare lobster a la Espagnole, Dali struggled with surrealist paintings."

Every six months Dali and his wife went to Paris and tried to sell his paintings. Today he places his commissions on a three-year waiting-list and intimidates the world with a moustache capable of anything from a heavily waxed coil to a vertical sword-thrust.

"Sometimes," Mrs. Dali admits, "I worry in case it scratches his eyes out."

The fisherman's hut, too, has grown. "Our hamlet" is the way Mr. Dali describes it. Apart from three cottages and a rather new-looking hotel, Port Lligat is the Dali home. One by one, neighboring cottages and outhouses have been given an extra story, whitewashed, and added to the home structure.

The result is a nest of twelve different roof levels set between terraced hills, with a tiny bay and four rowing-boats just six steps down from the front door.

"I still go fishing," says Mrs. Dali, "but the boats are fitted with motors now, and I no longer have to prepare the meal afterwards."



SALVADOR DALI

She trained a staff of three — a n s e r v a n t - c u m - c h a u f f e u r, c h a m b e r m a i d, and cook — to run the 10-roomed house so she could deal with her own work as secretary, artist's model (she is the dark-haired beauty in most of Dali's paintings), and keeper of the Great Privacy.

"I arrange for us to have no telephone and no guest-room," she says with obvious satisfaction. "Visitors either come by yacht and sleep on board; or they take our mountain road, which is not good, and sleep at the hotel."

In fact, the last stretch of road is so bad that the Dali Cadillac has to have a house and garden of its own in nearby Cadaques. "We complete our journey by local taxi, which is like riding a mountain goat."



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 9, 1958



THE TERRACE (above) where the Dalis enjoy the sun. The weather is not always good in Port Lligat, which Dali calls his "strong country." The loaf of bread Dali is holding is one of his "strong" symbols.

STUDIO (below) is "the tidiest room in the house," Dali says. "All chaos is organised. Only I know the secret." Although his wife often watches him paint, he does his best work alone, in the early morning.

In spite of their inaccessibility and a wish to safeguard privacy, the Dalis are not inhospitable, and friends are always welcome — after eight o'clock in the evening.

"For six months of the year we live in American hotels," Salvador Dali explains. "I make big appearance for public and friends. I design night-clubs, create fantastic Dali parties."

"Port Lligat is secret place, where I was little boy, where I work always. I bring strong comic forces back from America. Gala brings canvas and brushes, and I paint in studio."

He recently has been working on the greatest Dali masterpiece, a religious canvas over 12ft. high and 9ft. wide. By using pulleys and a slot in the studio floor, which opens on to cellars below, he was able to adjust the canvas to any working height or whisk it out of sight altogether.

He also has many commissioned portraits to paint—at an average fee of £7000 for each one.

"Money itself does not interest," he says. "Only the symbol is very strong in me."

The studio, like the bedroom and the main sitting-room, has a sloping, heavily beamed ceiling, and everything is distempered white.

No artistic mess or muddle here, only a deliberate and persistent study in contrast. A life-size Apollo, for example, sporting a Davy Crockett hat "to keep the mind sparkling"; a jewelled casket balanced on a tripod of French loaves.

"Bread is obsession," he explains. "It captures many shapes for me. Like sea urchin, which has cosmic inspiration, and rhinoceros for strong fear. I learn secret and use in my work."

At the end of last year he completed a film for this year's Cannes Film Festival. The film took him two years to make, and it tells the story of his strange philosophy. He calls it "The Prodigious History of the Rhinoceros and the Lacemaker."

His obsessions also play a decorative and oddly formal part in the home.

Mae West couch

Each room holds at least one secret. The main lounge, predominantly white with yellow upholstery and a floor of polished bricks, has two stuffed swans perched on the "canopy" of books which divides the room; the entrance hall is furnished with a life-size bear wearing elaborate chains of office, and a couch inspired by the line of Mae West's lips.

The rooms themselves vary in size and shape, and they are all built on different levels. Most impressive is the 114ft.-long, three-tiered bedroom, consisting of lower sitting-room with yellow pin-cushion settees, curio landing seven stairs up, decorated with elaborate jars of sugared almonds, and the bedroom proper seven steps above that.

This has a red-and-blue canopy for the two divans, and a large fireplace.

Continued overleaf



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that conditions your hair
while it cleans . . .

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&
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—the pearly liquid cream
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Continued from previous page

THE DALI HOUSE

THIS fireplace has a
walled-in sitting recess
that was inspired by one
of Dali's sketches.

All the fireplaces at Port
Lligat are based on designs by
Salvador Dali, but Gala is the
one who chooses the furniture
and decides on the decor. Her
approach is simple and effective.

"A house must be warm,"
she says, "it must also be
nourishing for the mind."

She guards against the
strong mountain wind (Lligat
is on the east coast, some 40
miles south of the French
border) with central heating.

She keeps the house "alive"
with hundreds of well-thumbed
books and a retinue of com-
fortable animals: she has
white canaries in her bed-
room, cats downstairs, and
pigeons in a vast pagoda-style
dovecot outside.

Local pieces

Although she is Russian by
birth and international by up-
bringing, Mrs. Dali's choice
of furniture is mainly local.

For the dining-room she has
fifteenth-century refectory-
style pieces from a nearby
monastery; she bought, and
dismantled, a vintage black-
and-gold Catalan bedstead to
make headboards for the
divans.

"Silk and brocade is right
for town," she says. "Here
we need crisp white linen cur-
tains. On the floor I have
rush matting used for cover-
ing the local ox waggon."

A samovar is her one
concession to the past, but
even this comes in useful on
chilly evenings.

By mutual consent, Time,
in the shape of a mad rococo
clock, is firmly relegated to a
decorative corner of the rock
garden outside.

They nevertheless follow a
routine of work-breakfast,
work-swim, work-siesta, and
work which is governed in
detail by the light, and Salva-
dor Dali himself—self-
acclaimed genius.

"I am 53," he says, "but
even as a boy I paint with
originality. Two times they
expel me from college, I am
so good."

He had a tempestuous
school career at Figueras, 20
miles from Lligat, and his
parents weathered his "Stone
Period" with desperate
patience.

"I painted stones and tied
them to canvas," he says.

Unfortunately, they were
rarely secure, and his father
would explain the noise to
startled visitors: "It's nothing,
just another stone that's
dropped from our child's sky."

Lived in Paris

Later he went to art school
in Madrid, and on to Paris,
where he found the centre of
surrealism and a fascinating
but meagre living.

During one of his many
return visits to Spain he met
Gala on holiday, courted her
in French, and proposed with
ninety red roses which he
could ill afford.

Encouraged by his wife, he
clinched his reputation in
Paris with some of his most
brilliant work, and in 1935 de-



DALI'S DOVECOT at his home at Port Lligat, Spain, is
shaped like a pagoda and decorated with pitchforks that are
perches for his 100 pigeons. These birds, famous among
Dali's friends, also augment his larder.

cided to take a one-man show
to America.

The Dalis arrived in New
York with thirty pieces of
luggage and the world's big-
gest loaf for dramatic effect.

The loaf was ignored, but
the paintings were a fabulous
success, particularly his por-
trait of Gala balancing a pair
of chops on her shoulders. Questioned about significance,
he replied: "I like Gala, also
chops."

Expert showman

At home he has always been
quietly spoken and unexpect-
edly modest. Dark-haired and
dark-skinned, he is an expert
showman who delights in
dressing up.

He has an extensive "Span-
ish" wardrobe, although most
of his fancy Catalan shirts are
in fact cowboy ones, bought
from drugstores in America
and modified at home.

Gala has simpler tastes:

"During the day I wear
knee-length trousers; in the
evening I always have them
full length."

She has dozens of pairs,
mostly skin-tight and all cou-
rurier-made.

The Dalis have one luxury
bathroom with an excellent
supply of hot and cold rain-
water, but mineral water is
Gala's great personal extrava-
gance.

"We buy it in bottles for
cooking, but I use it for wash-
ing as well."

The menu at Port Lligat is
governed by Mr. Dali's stan-
dards.

"Food must have well-
defined shape, so intelligence
can grasp it," he says. "Shell-

fish and chop is good. Spinach
bad."

A weekly delivery of food
supplies from Figueras is aug-
mented by local fish, rabbits,
and the famous Dali pigeons.

The kitchen, decorated with
exhibition posters and presen-
tation plaques, has an electric
fridge (run off their own
power plant) and an open
range for cooking, because the
staff prefers to use charcoal.

Life with Salvador is re-
mote from local custom, but
he does create fiestas of his
own.

He will organise a firework
display for the fishermen and
their children to celebrate the
completion of a new work. He
recently bought a barn in
Cadaques which he plans to
convert into a private cinema
for Chaplin films and Dali
premieres.

Wine for choir

He spends most of his even-
ings writing at home (he is
working on his third book),
but occasionally the local
choir is invited for "cham-
pagne and songs." In return
they bring gifts of fragrant
herbs for the house.

"They love Dali," his wife
comments, "and understand
him a little."

Certainly they would have
appreciated the way famous
Austrian psychoanalyst Freud
described him after their one
and only meeting: "I have
never seen a more complete
example of a Spaniard. What
a fanatic!"

NEXT WEEK:
Martine Carol's
farmhouse.

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Quickly, quietly and gently the PRINCESS neatly trims away every trace of hair — even those troublesome wisps on your neckline that otherwise detract from your latest hairstyle. Nylons look and feel lovelier, more sheer (no stubble to snag, either). Arms and legs are clean, smooth and sleek from every angle.

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TELEVISION PARADE

● Australia's heroic but unheralded flying doctors will soon share overseas television screens with the popular American Wild Westerns and top-ranking "I'm a Cop" programmes.

A REPORT from the States says that the flying doctors are about to get their "well-deserved recognition" in a new TV-film series planned for world-wide showing.

The series is sponsored by Associated British Picture Corporation, and will be woven round the activities of the Royal Flying Doctor Service.

It is being prepared in London by a young Australian, Michael Noonan; Australian actors will fill most of the roles; and there'll be large-scale locations in many parts of Australia, especially in N.S.W.

Here's hoping the series is a success, for it's high time a few Aussies shared the limelight among big, bold TV heroes.

★ ★ ★

FOR the Easter stay-at-homes, Sydney's three channels have prepared a wealth of religious programmes.

A highlight of these is the full-length film "Hill Number One," which Channel 9 is screening at 4.45 p.m. on Good Friday, April 4.

Starring Ruth Hussey (as Mary), Joan Leslie, Gene Lockhart, and Rod McDowell, the story opens on a Good Friday on the U.S. front line in Korea, with troops grumbling that mail hasn't arrived and their tea is cold. An Army chaplain then relates the Easter story.

On Easter Sunday, at 4.30 p.m., TCN presents the first live drama featuring professional actors to be screened on commercial TV in Australia.

Titled "The Way Back" and half-hour long, it is the story of the rehabilitation of a derelict. Leading roles will be played by Margaret Christensen, Leonard Bullen, Frank Taylor, and Ken Fraser.

"The Story of the Passion" will be a half-hour show on Channel 7 at 8 p.m. on Good Friday.

This traces the life of Christ from the Last Supper to the Resurrection through a series of 30 of the world's greatest religious paintings, representing artists from the 13th century to the present day.

A commentary is spoken by Ken Hannam—the producer and director of ATN's "Captain Fortune" show—who pioneered this type of programme in Australia with a similar session last Easter.

Channel 2's Easter shows include "Behold the Man" (Good Friday, 3 p.m.), a film telling in mime the story of Christ's Passion, and at 9 p.m. "The Way of the Cross," told in story, picture, and song, presented by the Rev. B. R. Wylie, Master of Wesley College, Sydney University.



ZANY COMEDY TEAM George Burns and Gracie Allen ("Burns and Allen Show," Channel 7, Tuesdays, 7.30 p.m.) are making the last of their popular TV shows. Gracie has announced she'll retire in May, but ATN will have enough episodes to keep fans happy till the end of the year.

"HAVE television manners; will visit" should be the entree card needed before anyone is allowed on TV-licensed premises.

I admit many TV-set owners become distinctly anti-social, and expect guests to enter blackened rooms without so much as a whispered "Hallo" and to sit goggle-eyed through the hosts' favorite programmes before beating a hasty retreat home.

But have any TV guests taken stock of their manners?

They fall into several categories, all equally tiresome and all equally certain not to be invited again.

First there come the Set Snobs: "Why didn't you get

has brought new problems in finding nice people with nice TV manners and in entertaining friends.

An easy way to overcome this, when playing hostess, is to hide the TV set behind the pile of ironing you didn't do the week before because you were watching to see nothing happened to your favorite video personalities.

★ ★ ★

PERHAPS it's because people are always happy to find there's someone in this world who's much more confused than they are, but almost all the viewers I know can't wait to switch the dial to the zany "Burns and Allen Show" (Channel 7, Tuesdays, 7.30 p.m.).

And I can't say I blame them. It's a laugh a minute once Gracie gets going in a routine giddy enough to convince the world's top psychiatrist he needs certifying.

So it was sad news indeed when Gracie announced recently that she would retire in May.

I don't suppose you can blame the 53-year-old comic for wanting to retire. She and husband George Burns have been the longest-running team in American show business, with 36 years of nitwitticisms to their credit in vaudeville, radio, and finally TV.

And, as George Burns said about her retirement: "No one so richly deserves it. Her kind of work takes a lot out of you. Like I ask Gracie how her brother is and she talks for four minutes without stopping. That's very hard work."

George, now aged 62, insists he'll carry on with the show—which could be good, could be bad, but I think would be tedious without the bubbling Gracie.

Whether or not there's a successful "Burns Without Allen" Show, George will continue as president of TV's moneymaking McCadden Productions, which last year grossed six and a half million dollars (approx. £A2,925,000).

Who said it didn't pay to be funny?

By

CYNTHIA STRACHAN

such-and-such a brand? They had one where I was last night. Much clearer picture. Nicer cabinet, too."

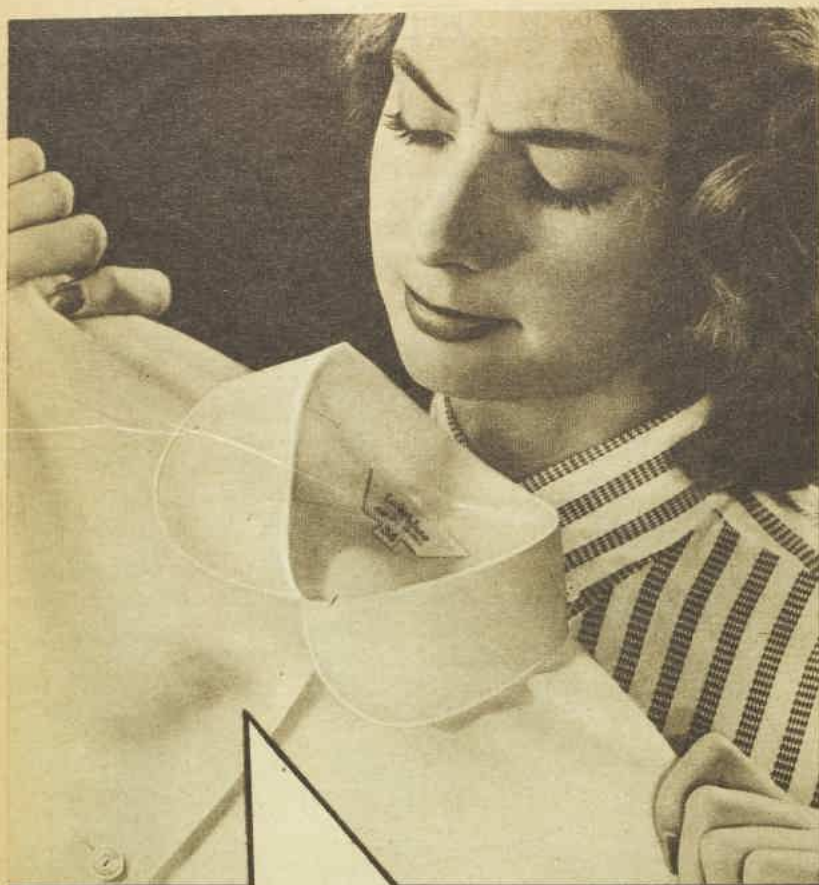
And the Screen Snobs: "I can't understand how you put up with this small 17-inch screen. Why, my friends the Viewells have a 24-inch screen, and they're just waiting till they can get something bigger."

Then come the Know-Alls. They can tell you why you haven't more depth in the picture and how to tune your set properly. And you almost have to lasso them Wild Bill Hickok style to stop them getting to work on the controls.

And, worst of all, the Un-invited Hogs. They arrive with the words: "We knew you wouldn't mind. We want to see such-and-such a programme." And from then on the hosts might just as well take themselves off to bed—along with the list of shows THEY had intended to see.

These are only four of the many types of irritating TV guests. I've entertained a few myself and I haven't met one TV host who hasn't.

The worst part is that it



AFTER a big wash...
**a dirty spot's
no joke!**

Missed in the wash! A dirty spot still on the blouse she wanted to wear to tennis that afternoon. No wonder the lady feels like crying.



Just a touch of good, golden Sunlight on those extra dirty spots before clothes go into the copper or washer makes sure of a wash that's clean all over. Use all the extra washing power in Sunlight, and get clothes really clean—Sunlight clean.

Extra dirty spots need
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EXTRA WASHING
POWER**

**SUNLIGHT—
PURE AND MILD
AS SOAP CAN BE**



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A MAN'S JOB—that women could reasonably be asked to tackle under proposed N.S.W. legislation to give equal pay to both sexes.

SOCIOLOGIST Professor Morven Brown hopes that Mr. Cahill's plan to bring in equal-pay legislation will bring into the open what he calls "the depressed state of the Australian family."

Therefore, he says, the equal-pay legislation is one of the best things that has happened in New South Wales for a long time.

"We have reached a stage," says the Professor, "where it has become almost a penalty to have children, particularly for the woman in the family unit."

Morven Brown is Professor of Sociology at the N.S.W. University of Technology.

He told me his comments were not based on research—there was an almost total lack in Australia of studies into the family and women in industry—but on observation and study of social and economic trends in our society.

"Right at the start," Professor Brown said, "let's face one simple fact: Once equal pay for women is established feminism is virtually dead."

"For decades women have been vocal and emotional about their rights, but once economic equality is added to political equality—the right they already have—then women have very little left to fight for as a sex."

"The end of their long battle, however, will be the beginning of another, for as I see it the next great political and social issue will almost certainly be the economic and social servitude of the family in Australia."

Higher costs

I asked him to explain this and why he thought the present plight of the family unit would worsen.

"Equal pay, which will lift the already high cost of living, will reduce the real income of the man, and make it even more necessary than at present for his wife to go to work or to stay at work."

"It will probably delay the marriage of young people and keep the wife at work longer after she marries."

"This means that children, and probably fewer children, will be born later in the marriage than at present."

"True, the family unit here is strongly anchored to the home, and the family largely finds its satisfactions within the family circle, which prob-

Equal pay

'The death of feminism'

By RONALD McKIE

● Premier Cahill's plan to give equal pay for equal work to N.S.W. women could raise problems of profound importance to Australian society.



MANY THOUSANDS of women do skilled, but monotonous, work in the garment industry. Critics of the legislation say that if equal pay became law, managers would prefer to employ men—at no extra cost.

ably explains the almost total lack of true communal life in Australia.

"And because family and home are strong, the dominant role for the Australian woman is that of housewife and mother."

"But women are already facing a profound psychological dilemma; economic equality will increase that dilemma for both married and single women."

Work or wed

"Fifty, 100 years ago, marriage for most women was career, job, home, everything. Those few who didn't marry suffered the social stigma of spinsterhood, which was silly, but a fact."

"So that the vast majority of women had no dilemma to face except the eternal problem of making their marriages work."

"Today, however, women are more and more having to face the real dilemma of their emancipation, the growing conflict between job, vocation, and marriage, children."

"And economic equality will undoubtedly increase that conflict."

Professor Brown was about to enlarge on this psychological conflict when I asked him to complete his argument about the family first. He did.

"The single woman is no longer an old maid, and, although she may not find equal happiness outside marriage, about the only thing her single status deprives her of today is the public approval which marriage still confers."

"She can be economically independent, dress well, move about, change her job, travel, and enjoy a full life."

"But the real problem is that the gap between the life a single woman can lead and the life a married woman

with children can lead is widening—and to the serious disadvantage of the married woman."

"Economic equality enlarges this division, and increases the economic responsibilities of the married man who is anchored to his job, and who faces no psychological dilemma which bedevils womankind."

"Having children then becomes more of a sacrifice, particularly to the woman."

"The satisfaction from having a family may not balance the sacrifices—clothes, amusements, amenities, and so on—that have to be made."

"The real danger ahead is that girls accustomed to economic independence will think hard before accepting the growing penalty of children."

Bachelor tax

"Equal pay will spotlight this danger and at last bring into the open the growing need to help, to subsidise, the depressed couple with children."

"Lower taxation, higher child endowment, higher housing loans, a bachelor and spinster tax—these are some of the ways the depressed family unit, and particularly the woman in that unit, might be helped to bridge the gap between the economically independent in the community—single people and childless married people."

"With equal pay we are now in the first stage of full economic equality, but this is based only on individual needs, whereas the fixing of the basic wage has been influenced by social considerations."

"If we regard marriage and children as socially desirable—and I'm sure we do—then we have to give top priority help to married people with children and subsidise them."



MORE GIRLS—with equally paid escorts—would have to foot their half of the bill. Would dinner dates be as glamorous?

"And this, I'm sure, will be the big political and social issue of the future."

Professor Brown then got back to one of his main themes—the dilemma facing modern women which is all part of the wider problem of the family.

He said: "Women today have two conflicting roles, and this conflict will worsen as equal pay, automation in industry, and shorter working hours encourage more women to work."

"The conflict is between vocational success and marriage and children. Both are important to women."

"This is a problem which worries women a lot, and it will obsess them more."

More conflict

"The more women go into jobs the more they will become interested in them—just like men—and the more their conflict will increase."

"And if the advantages of the job outweigh the advantages of marriage and children, then fewer women will accept the penalty of children."

I asked the Professor if he thought equal pay would bring many other social changes.

"It will affect a man's status, his prestige, and may even give him a sense of economic inferiority, but he will have to get used to that."

"It will alter the relationship role in the family, and probably make marriage much more of a partnership."

"And this will apply even if a wife doesn't work, because she will feel, if capable of competing economically and on equal terms with a man, that she can work if she wants to or has to."

"Equal pay will most certainly alter the social relationship between younger men and women, because although there will always be men around to take girls out and spend money on them, generally girls will have to pay their own way much more than today."

"The real problems are that the girl will have more money and the man won't; the girl will have the means to better clothes and a more interesting life, and the man, working his way up in his job, won't be able to spend any more of his money or his time on her."

"And these things must inevitably influence the girl later when she has to decide between job and family."

Mara Corday starring in
"THE BLACK SCORPION"
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Each week, The Australian Women's Weekly publishes an attractive home plan. These plans can be obtained at the Weekly's Home Planning Centres in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, The plans are also on sale in Geelong.



How to split a second

If precise time hangs in the balance—as it often does for doctors, technicians, engineers and sportsmen—you would be better off to trust a jewelled-lever Swiss chronograph.

It splits seconds into five equal parts—or ten—with *inhuman* accuracy. And then goes merrily on to measure speed, sound and distance.

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Whatever it is that you demand of time, the watchmakers of Switzerland are ready with the answer. *Time is the Art of the Swiss.*

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A MOMENT'S RELAXATION for Mr. and Mrs. Doug Pickering before they unload bales of hay for their horses. Before her marriage, Mrs. Pickering was Leslie Baillieu, and always competed in equestrian events at the Show—this year she took part in the Olympic jumping. After the Show closes on April 8, Leslie and Doug will leave for Victoria to make their home in the Western District.



AT THE SHOW. Pauline McKinley, of Cootamundra, talking to Peter Bonner, of "Allombe," Stanthorpe, and David Moran, of Roseville, outside one of the cattle pavilions. All three are working as grooms for the cattle at the Show.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

WITH the Royal Easter Show in full swing, the first day of the Autumn Race Meeting at Randwick on Saturday, April 5, the Yearling Sales next week, and a non-stop round of parties nearly every night, no one in Sydney seems to have a free moment for the next few weeks.

For those young people who prefer to spend the day on the beach rather than at the races there will be an informal "Beachcombers' Night" at the Pacific Club, Palm Beach, on Saturday.

Then on Tuesday night all the women guests will wear their most glamorous ball gowns to the dance given by more than 30 matrons from city and country at the Royal Sydney Golf Club.

And after the Ladies' Day races, members of the Union

AT LEFT: Olive Elliott, of "Sunnydale," Cootamundra, and English visitor Enid Trickett lead Olive's horses back to their stalls after grooming.

Club will hold their annual "at home"—always one of the best parties during the Easter festivities.

EASTER weddings . . . Dorothy Woods, of "Tackinbri," Moree, will marry Rob Samson at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, on April 7 . . . Diana Sinclair and Michael Bray have chosen April 8 for their wedding and will leave two days later for three months' round-the-world honeymoon . . . Barbara Allen, of Concord West, marries Bob Turbill, of Myrtle Bank, Adelaide, at St. James' Church, Burwood, on April 12.



INTERESTING ENGAGEMENT. Colina Machin, eldest daughter of Mr. O. A. Machin, of Cummoek, and Mrs. C. A. Machin, of Newport, with her fiancé, Peter Anderson Stuart, who is the only son of Dr. B. P. Anderson Stuart, of Mosman, and Mrs. E. C. Anderson Stuart, of Darling Point.

TO celebrate the golden wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Duncan, of Terry Hills, more than sixty guests gathered at the Killara home of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Duncan. Mrs. Duncan is the well-known feminist Mrs. Ruby Duncan, and among those at the party were her daughters, Mrs. Bruce Roper, of Armidale, and Mrs. C. James, of "Cobbareena," Condamine, Qld. (she made a two-tier cake for the party), sons Fred and Mick Duncan, as well as 18 grandchildren.

"ERINDALE," Canberra, is the future home of John White and his pretty bride, formerly Beverley Renfree, daughter of Mr. H. E. Renfree, Crown Solicitor of the Commonwealth, and Mrs. Renfree, of Canberra.

COUNTRY lass Isabel Skene, of "Thurlstone," Blayney, is most enthusiastic about her first Easter Show job as one of the stud grooms. *Anna*



ENGAGED IN ENGLAND. Catriona Anderson, eldest daughter of Sir Colin and Lady Anderson, of Admiral's House, Hampstead, with her fiancé, architect John Williams, of Bath, Somerset. Catriona is the granddaughter of the late Sir Alexander MacCormick, and was at school at Frensham, Mittagong. They are planning to marry in August.



AT LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. John White sign the register at the Methodist Memorial Church, Canberra, watched by the Rev. Wheen. Mrs. White was formerly Beverley Renfree, of Canberra, A.C.T.

ABOVE: Sally Fairfax (left) and Diana Lloyd at the Macquarie Galleries on the last day of the Australian American Society's art show, when the "lucky-dip" for the paintings was drawn.

Which kitchen setting appeals to you?



We all have our own ideas of furniture design but when it comes to the surfacing material be wise, and make the choice of Australia's leading furniture manufacturers — choose Panelyte.



CHOICE OF 38 EXCITING NEW PATTERNS

Below are the five popular "Myth" patterns — Green, Tawny Yellow, Red, Grey and Black. See too, the magnificent wood grains, including "Golden Maple," brilliant in its authenticity and rich golden tone.



PANELYTE

SURFACING MATERIAL

brings you a wider range of exciting new colours and patterns

Here are two popular kitchen settings from two of Australia's leading manufacturers — examples of the beautiful Panelyte-topped kitchen settings on display at good furniture stores everywhere.



It's so easy to see why Panelyte has so quickly captured the imagination of public and furniture manufacturers alike — why the enthusiastic demand is increasing in volume day by day. For, after all, glorious Panelyte patterns are the choice of 8 out of 10 American women, are featured in American glamour Home magazines.

Remember too, that the Panelyte pattern on your choice of kitchen or dining furniture is also available in sheets to match from your local hardware store. Thus you can complete the modernising and remodelling of your kitchen with one harmonious Panelyte surface for work and bench and serving tops as well.

Panelyte colour keeps sparkling fresh and brilliant always — a whisk of a damp cloth does the trick. Panelyte resists stains, scratches, liquids and heat. Panelyte is a lifetime of beauty.

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Please send me free colour folder of complete Panelyte range of patterns and colours.

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ADDRESS
..... W.W. April



LOOK FOR THIS LABEL

It is attached to genuine Panelyte surfaced furniture. It is for your protection.

Fashion in Autumn



Newest silhouette? "Shapely" but loose, waist by-passed, and the bosom ignored; exceptions seen both day and night.
Newest materials? Shaggy tweeds and fine crepe wools, plus exotic brocades, velvets, satins.
Newest length? Short — for morning, noon, and night.
Newest color? Blue, in every possible shade; the most unlikely ones flung together with great chic.

By
Betty Keep

Special Section: See pages 18-24

Lush materials in night-life designs



Fashion in Autumn

● Here, the discreet perfection of the new season's after-dark silhouettes is seen in vivid and subtle colors, and in gorgeous materials. Velvets bloom with beauty, and glitter is interpreted by way of brocades and by gold and silver embroidered on silk. There are countless short-skirted dresses, often short and straight. There are slinky floor-length dinner dresses — and also prettily waisted dresses with bell-shaped skirts that sway below a fitted bodice.

● Trio of short-skirted dresses (above) in three of autumn's newest colors — brilliant blue, ruby, and mocha. The dresses all have the chic, uncomplicated casual look of the season.



• Bows are one of the newest autumn trims, and the two identical short-skirted dresses (above) are bow-tied at the waistline. The dress (left) is in printed faille and (right) in flower-printed brocade.

• Slinky-skirted dinner costume (below) from Pierre Balmain's autumn collection. The Dalai Lama tunic, made in Oriental-pink satin, is richly embroidered in gold. The uncuffed sleeves flare to wrist length.



• Chanel gives her unmistakable stamp to the dinner-suit (above) made in brocade. The straight jacket is braid-trimmed, the skirt slender and easy. Waist-length beads and silver kid shoes with double instep-straps recall the Chanel look of the '20s.

The knee-length chemise

Fashion in Autumn

● 1958 chemise - dress interpretations are seen by the score in every autumn collection. Some are fancy, some classic. Always, skirts are short, meaning that to look elegant this season women must learn to sit pretty.



● Ultra-wide tapers to kneecap-level in the dress (above) made in lime-green wool. A sash marks but does not accent the waistline.



● Heavy white lace is chosen for the late-day chemise (above). At the natural waistline, a self-material sash is drawn through slots and casually tied in front.



● Unbelted evening chemise (above) in black lace mounted on white satin. The line is chic and uncluttered.



Busy Hands
need softening **NIVEA** care

Hands roughened by busy household chores return rapidly to soothed softness with Nivea Creme. Nivea, containing Eucerite, the nearest thing in this world to natural skin oils, gives you lovely hands while you work.



SKIN needs NIVEA

Available in tins or tubes and Nivea Skin Oil in bottles. Obtainable everywhere.

Scientists find safe, easy way to remove facial hair at home without electrolysis

Leaves skin velvety smooth

Hair on a woman's face is an unsightly blight to her appearance. But fortunately women can now be free from embarrassing hair on the face, as well as the arms and legs, because two scientists have developed a most simple, easy and medically-proven way to remove excess hair at home... Neelo, a cosmetic creme.

Thanks to Neelo, women no longer have to resort to electrolysis which is so expensive, often painful. No longer do women have to resort to the vicious habit of shaving, which keeps bringing the hair back so coarse. This highly successful

method of removing hair is used by more women today than any other. Do not confuse Neelo with old fashioned, evil smelling depilatories which irritate and take so long to use. Neelo is a pink, odorless cosmetic creme and so easy to use. Just smooth Neelo on like a face cream — then wash hair off in a minute. Neelo gently dissolves hair below the skin's surface. That's why the skin always feels so velvety smooth without coarse regrowth.

Don't let unwanted hair ruin your appearance. Buy new, odorless Neelo Cream Hair Remover today. KY23R





● Fancy, late-day chemise dress (above) made in turquoise-blue wool. The front of the dress is slim and moulded, and is finished with a high neckline and short, set-in sleeves. The neckline takes a plunge at the back, and the back section balloons prettily to above the hem, where it's bow-tied. In the '20s the chemise was also in lingerie form.

For generations

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**Loveliest table
settings**



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exquisite sheen and
superb quality of
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Brides-to-be and newly marrieds are wise, indeed, when they choose Irish Linen for their new homes. Nothing is quite like Pure Irish Linen . . . so crisp and cool, so long lasting and such a wonderful glossy sheen that's a delight to see and feel. All the better stores are displaying Irish Linen table cloths and table napkins, sheets and pillowcases, towels and tea towels. Buy them now and you will enjoy a lifetime of wear, and save so much expense in later years.



Know your Irish Linen! Send for FREE booklet.
Irish Linen Association of Australia,
Box 3988, G.P.O., Sydney.
Please send free copy of booklet, "Irish Linen in the Home."

Name

Address

If you could get an under-water view of washing-up ...

YOU'D SEE HOW LAZY SOAP-SUDS REALLY ARE !



If you could get an under-water view of washing-up you'd see how lazy suds from soaps and foaming detergents really are. . . . They just don't get down to work where the dirty dishes lie. They float idly on the top of the water.

You'd see just the opposite, with Trix; it wastes no time with surface bubbles but gets to work with concentrated cleansing energy *down in the water* . . . absorbing grease like magic (proof is your bright sink, free from scummy ring, when you let the washing-up water go). Instead of skin-diving into the sink for the under-water evidence . . .

Make this simple test...

Get a bottle of Trix. Use just one teaspoonful in the washing-up. Merely tickle those dishes with the mop. Then see if you can find a trace of greasy film. You won't! (Even on a dinner plate you didn't rinse.) Now stack them to drain. They're so gleaming clean the water leaves them instantly. No slow-going sudsy patches to dry dull and tacky on your china, to streak and cloud your glass-ware. . . . So—no tea-towel required! Your Trix-washed dishes dry brilliantly clean, as if you'd polished them. . . . and they are hygienically clean, too!

How different from the germ-trap film and streaks that have to be rubbed off after a sudsy washing-up.

Trix is thick . . . it goes twice as far as ordinary detergents

Throw in the towel on wiping dishes. . . . Just TRIX'em, that'll fix'em!

INSIST ON **Trix**
NON-FOAMING
DETERGENT



Just one tablespoon of Trix to two gallons of clothes-washing water gives the cleanest, sweetest wash, because Trix absorbs grease and dirt—and leaves no sudsy residue. Trix is best of all for washing woollens, silks and nylons.



Use Trix for window-cleaning. See how it banishes smears and smudges in a twinkling!



No "special" car shampoo does a better job than Trix. Wash car with Trix-in-water, hose. Traffic film disappears like magic!

*Fashion in
Autumn*

Blue in every shade is a high-couture color

● The autumn-winter season has indeed seen the birth of the blues. Every possible shade of blue, from sky to electric, is used for every hour of the day. Blue shows up with great chic in the matched-ensemble look, often worn with a hat in the same fabric and shade. Contrasting tones of blue are also used in unlikely combinations. N.B. Blue stockings are already on sale in Paris and will be in Australia for autumn.



● Patou's superbly simple coat and tiny hat (above) made in fine wool cloth. The coat is double-breasted and fastened with buttons in matching blue. The loose belt is casually tied to match the neckline tie.

● Classic version of the daytime chemise dress (right). The dress is front-buttoned to below waist-level. The bodice-front is shaped by gentle darting, and the back is loose. Sleeves are short and uncuffed.

DRESS SENSE

By *Betty Keep*



DS286.—Jumper-suit in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material or 4yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

- A two-piece jumper-suit designed with a slim skirt and a relaxed, easy top is a new and becoming autumn fashion.

THE fashion item above answers a reader's inquiry. Here is her letter and my reply:

"I HAVE some rather nice wool in a yellowish-beige shade for which I want a smart, becoming style and a pattern cut in size 34in. bust. I don't exactly want a sack dress, but have decided against the fitted waistline. The wool has a nice smooth finish and I have only 2½yds."

The design I have chosen in answer to your letter is illustrated above. It is simple and chic and has the casual loose-waisted look so new in autumn daytime fashions. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Under the picture are further details and how to order.

"I FANCY a pleated skirt for autumn, but don't know if pleats will be worn. I would also like an idea for a matching top; at other times I will wear the skirt with a sweater. The material is navy wool jersey."

An all-round box-pleated or knife-pleated skirt worn with a loose middy top is a chic silhouette in autumn fashions. The middy could be made unbelted and fairly loose to just below hip-length. An alternative idea is a "bloused" top, the blousing achieved by a drawstring. The latter can be waist-length or pulled down to hip-level.

"FOR an evening frock I have some really beautiful satin brocade, but I can't decide on the style. I want it with a short skirt, but I don't want to go in for any sack look, because the frock is to wear dancing."

Certainly have your dress waisted. There are, you know, lots of waisted dresses in autumn fashions, particularly short-skirted ones for dancing. A fitted bodice and bell-shaped skirt would be pretty. There are two good examples of this style in this section. Notice the bow-tied waistline; the bow is one of the most popular trims in Paris.

Fashion in Autumn

"COULD you tell me the latest designs for a top-coat? I want to buy one for winter and I want it very smart."

Numbers of the new winter coats have quite a bulky look, often achieved by the material (i.e., tweeds and long-hair wools). This type is unbelted, double-breasted, and has quite big sleeves. Another popular coat silhouette has a straighter cut, is also loose-fitting but belted. The belt is as loose as the silhouette. The blue Patou coat overleaf is an excellent example of this particular design.

"MY problem is a style for a wedding gown to be made in nylon net. I want the gown to have a fitted bodice; and, if it is suitable, a wide skirt and some sort of unusual train. Would you please help me with the details of the designing?"

A bouffant bridal dress would be best for tulle. Have the bodice fitted and finished just below the waistline with a "peaked" front. Have a high scoop neckline and little puffed sleeves. For the train I like the idea of two floating panels (in the dress fabric) attached at the back from a high shoulder position and falling to the ground to form a double train.

"I HAVE sufficient black lace to make a sheath dress and wondered what material and color to make it over. Would you also advise me about the neckline and sleeves?"

Have your black lace made over white satin and have the neckline high and bateau-shape, or high and round. The sleeves will be smartest uncuffed, and I suggest you have them quite short or to above-wrist length. Both these lengths are smart and new.

"WOULD black be suitable for an afternoon frock, or would a color be smarter?"

In spite of the vogue for color in this season's fashions, black is very popular for night and day. In crepe and light wools, it will be worn from lunchtime onwards.



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CLEANS YOUR BREATH



WHILE IT
CLEANS YOUR TEETH



STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Scientific tests over a 2-year period show a startling reduction in tooth decay for those who brushed their teeth with Colgate's right after eating! In fact, X-rays showed no new cavities whatever for almost 2 out of 3 people.



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Get the family economy size and save up to 2½

W232



THE AUSTRALIAN YEAR

● Some of the finest and fastest racehorses in Australia and New Zealand are in the final stages of training for the Autumn Racing Carnival, to be held at Sydney's Randwick racecourse from April 5 to 12. In paddocks and sheds all over the country, proud owners are giving just as much attention to horses which will race at the "Little Randwicks"—picnic race meetings, now a tradition in

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
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28	29	30	31			

many country centres. Cars and trucks bring racegoers from miles around; and in the outback many punters arrive by plane. Picnic lunch is served on the grass. The jockeys are mostly amateurs, and excitement runs high as families and friends cheer their favorites on to the winning post. Staff photographer Ron Berg took this picture at the picnic races held at Crookwell, New South Wales.

"Both doing well"



Behind these words lies a wealth of infinite care and protection against infection. The safety and dependability of an antiseptic are seldom more closely tested than during and after childbirth. For this reason it is no matter of chance that Dettol is in constant use in Australia's great Maternity Hospitals. Doctors and Nurses have learnt to put their trust in Dettol—the safe, effective antiseptic.

Dettol is used in our great hospitals and is the chosen antiseptic of modern surgery.

Do as your Doctor does . . . (ask him) . . . use Dettol. Use it on the cut which may lead to blood-poisoning . . . in every emergency where speedy, thorough cleansing of a wound is essential . . . in the all-important details of body hygiene (especially in the bath)

. . . in the room from which sickness may spread . . . to disinfect linen and crockery.

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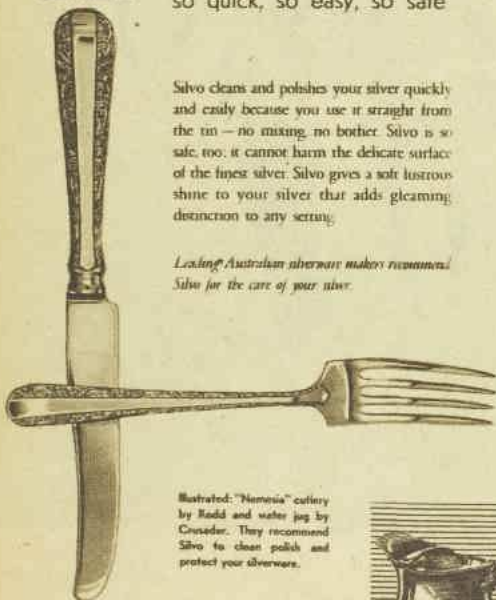


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Silvo cleans and polishes your silver quickly and easily because you use it straight from the tin—no mixing, no bother. Silvo is so safe, too, it cannot harm the delicate surface of the finest silver. Silvo gives a soft lustrous shine to your silver that adds gleaming distinction to any setting.

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Illustrated: "Hermosa" cutlery by Reed and Water Jug by Corvador. They recommend Silvo to clean polish and protect your silverware.



Letters from our Readers

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

WE have been hearing a great deal about the need for more migrants, but why not aim at a higher Australian birthrate? If young married couples were given more financial assistance in obtaining a home, and if larger baby bonuses and higher child endowment were paid, we would be encouraged to have larger families. As it is, many young couples can afford to feed, clothe, and educate only a couple of children. The Government provides "free" education, but what about the cost of books, school clothes, etc? Are mothers expected to buy all these things out of a few shillings a week? Let the Government put the money spent on migration into raising more young Australians.

£1/1/- to Mrs. L. Flitcroft, 22 Cominos Place, Cairns, Nth. Qld.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

WHAT a repulsive idea some parents have of sending radio birthday calls to their small tots, accompanied by reprimands about their faults. A birthday call should be a happy one. Imagine the humiliation the child feels on hearing a voice from the air, however friendly and jolly, chiding about the faults of which it is inwardly ashamed, but to which it stubbornly clings for some psychological reason. How can a parent be so insensitive?

10/6 to G. Francis, 9 McKoon Rd., Sarness, Qld.

Harassed husbands

I AM afraid I don't agree with Mrs. Colleen Jenkins, whose recent letter advocated the presence of husbands during childbirth. I have two small babies of my own, so I realise the importance of allowing husbands to see their wives as soon as possible after the birth, but I don't believe that the labor ward is the place for a harassed husband. Apart from the inconvenience to doctors and nurses, the mother would be better able to get on with the job without the distraction of a worried and nervous husband.

10/6 to Mrs. A. W. Chandler, 109 Flinders St., Thornbury, Vic.

Family affairs

WE have two very fair-skinned girls, and when they were small it was difficult to keep hats on them in hot weather. My mother, knowing my problem, visited us one day, and quietly began to fashion a hat from newspaper. The two girls were fascinated, and clamored for one like it. She made one for each of them, and now we never have to worry about bare heads in the sun. These hats became so popular that poor Mother found herself making them for most of the children who came to visit mine.

£1/1/- to Mrs. H. Churchill, 201 South Terrace, Como, W.A.

Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

ON a regular journey to and from the city, some 50 miles away, my husband frequently stops to give a lift to a person thumbing a ride. There are, however, a growing number of people who make a regular habit of getting a lift, and, as one quite frankly put it, "It saves you money. You can always bot a ride." This seems to be a new and insidious form of begging, and abusing what is, after all, a courtesy on the part of the motorist.

10/6 to Mrs. Beryl Penwill, 16a York Rd., Glen Iris, Vic.

I SUGGEST church authorities might come to some arrangement with the owners of drive-in theatres to allow them to have drive-in church services at the theatres on Sunday nights, possibly screening religious pictures for part of the time. I believe that motorists would patronise such services.

10/6 to "Motorist" (name supplied), Granville, N.S.W.

HOW many parents these days teach their children to write "thank you" letters for gifts received? Letters need not be long, and should not be dictated by parents. Children, left alone, write amusingly and naturally, and they learn to compose letters. This art is neglected these days.

10/6 to Mrs. S. V. Tronson, 46 High St., North Mackay, Qld.

I WONDER if anyone has a trunkful of memories like mine. It is a cabin trunk, and makes a corner seat in my daughter's room. In it there are satin and pieces of tulle from my wedding dress; oddments of curtains long since made, hung, and gone; pieces of voile and fine flannel—reminders of baby days; and those tiny floral prints and gingham I did so much smocking on for my little girl. I couldn't throw anything away. They are all memories.

10/6 to Mrs. Elsie Davis, 17 Constable House, Adelaide Rd., Hampstead, London N.W.3, England.

Ross Campbell writes...

A RECENTLY married young man I know, George by name, is worried because his wife uses his razor.

"Think nothing of it," I told him. "Leg-shaving is a standard part of the modern woman's beauty drill."

"I know that," he admitted, "though I didn't find out till I was married."

"Of course you didn't! Women are very furtive about it. They don't shave openly and proudly, like men do. It's a cloak-and-dagger business. Or, rather, a cloak-and-razor business. But remember, it's all for the best."

"I don't mind my wife shaving," said George. "What gets me is the way she spoils my razor blades."

"Are you sure she knows the right way to shave?" I asked. "Does she work up a good lather first? Does she grip the razor correctly?"

(This is important. There is as much art in using a razor as in swinging a golf club.)

George told me he would investigate.

Next time I saw him I asked how things were going.

THE RAZOR'S EDGE

"Not too good," he said. "When I tried to show my wife how to shave properly she went into a huff. Now she complains that my razor blades are blunt. I tell her they're only blunt because she uses them so much."



I didn't give him any more advice. The problem of conjugal shaving is something that young couples have to work out for themselves.

But George soon brought up the subject again.

"Do you know the latest?" he said. "My wife insists on having a new blade every time she shaves."

Before I was married a blade used to last me a week."

As you can see, George is the careful type.

"Where do you go from here?" I asked.

"It's no good my putting a new blade in the razor," he said. "The chances are she will throw it out straight away. So I've given up changing the blade. I just wait for her to change it. You can see what that means."

"What does it mean?"

"I never get a shave with a new blade at all. She's not using my razor now. I'm using hers."

"Perhaps she should have a razor of her own," I said. "You can get nice pink electric razors for ladies."

"You mean give her an electric razor while I use the old T-model job?"

The idea did not appeal to George.

But for the sake of peace I think it is sound practice in the modern home to have two razors labelled "his" and "hers."

That is, unless the man has a beard. Then one razor will do.

The Eye of Love

AFTER ten years of blissful romance middle-aged DOLORES DIVER and HARRY GIBSON are forced to say goodbye. To save his failing furrier's shop Harry has decided to amalgamate his business with that of a rich furrier, MR. JOYCE, the unspoken price of the amalgamation being Harry's proposal to MIRANDA JOYCE, who has long been on the shelf.

Dolores and Harry are heartbroken, for, to them, their love affair has been the most romantic of the century. To him she was a Spanish rose, and in her eyes he was bluff King Hal. When Harry leaves Dolores he takes, as a souvenir, the tall, tortoise-shell Spanish comb she always wears in her hair.

Putting on a brave front Harry proposes to Miranda at the Joyces' handsome Knightsbridge flat and Miranda regards Harry as a masterful

man. She says she is sure that there has been some woman in his past life, but he threatens never to see her again if she tries to find out.

At Number 5 Alcock Road, life is far from happy, as Dolores cannot get a job. She decides to take in a lodger and her orphaned niece, MARTHA HOGG, a stolid child whose passion is drawing, letters a card to go into the dining-room window.

Harry, half-hoping something may release him from the prospective marriage, insists on a six months' engagement. Dolores' hopes are less ambitious. All she wants is just to see Harry again and is always telling Martha where his shop is, hoping the child may run into him and bring some message, but Martha seems to have no idea what her aunt is trying to make her understand. NOW READ ON:

Second instalment of our delightful serial

By MARGERY SHARP

"If a kiddie comes wanting to see me," Mr. Gibson instructed Miss Molyneux, "send her up. She'll be from Jaspe's."

To his surprise, Miss Molyneux at once looked intelligent.

"We've heard that, too, Mr. Gibson—how Jaspe's have been buying at auction. Miss Harris thinks there'll be some very nice bargains going indeed, and I'm sure I agree—for they certainly haven't anyone like her, to remodel! Not that I can think it right, however hard-pressed, sending a child with a great heavy box."

"She won't have a box," said Mr. Gibson.

"Anyway, I'll give her a choc," said kind Miss Molyneux.

Thus a warm welcome awaited Martha in Kensington.

Miss Molyneux would have hustled her up to the office and fed her chocolates when she came down. Mr. Gibson would have turned no deaf ear. (His train of thought paralleled Dolores' so closely, he cast Martha's plea in almost exactly the same form—"Oh, Mr. Gibson, mayn't I just take Dolores a message?") But, of course, Martha never came. The idea never entered her head. She was too completely, happily busy trying to draw a saucepan or a casserole, or a mustard-spoon in an egg-cup, to remember Mr. Gibson at all. It was a genuine annoyance to her, a tiresome distraction, that she about this time remembered a Brixton bedroom.

Possibly as a delayed result of Dolores' early over-optimism, when she'd envisaged herself and Martha sharing a room in Alcock Road, Martha suddenly remembered the room in Brixton she'd for three years shared with Ma Battleaxe.

She began by simply remembering it; presently recalled in some detail a satisfactory arrangement of shapes; and was then bothered to the point of obsession because the shapes weren't right. She could visualise the window, and Ma Battleaxe's bed (her own box-ottoman at the foot), but there should have been a linking-shape in between, high and narrow, of which the exact proportions eluded her. A wardrobe was too wide; but what else than a wardrobe could have stood there? After mulling over this problem for a week, one Monday towards the end of July Martha went to check up on site.

She had at this time less than her usual liberty, but half-a-crown. (Ungrateful Martha! It derived from the generosity of Mr. Gibson.) Mr. Punshon told her where she could pick up a 'bus—quite conveniently—at the other end of Church Street; and by setting out in mid-afternoon she not only avoided explanations with Dolores, who was lying down, but also secured a good place up front.

In point of fact, Miss Diver saw her leave. Too restless to sleep, as she now usually was, Miss Diver heard the click of the front gate and in an instant was at the window. No portly beloved figure, however, not the top of Mr. Gibson's bowler-hat, rewarded her hopeful eyes; but sad it is to relate that the sight of Martha stumping down the road fanned those hopes afresh. Martha had undeniably the air of being bound on some errand of importance. She wore her sailor-straw and napper gloves. A useful instinct always led Martha to look as respectable as possible, it

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"You've brought the key?" Dolores said to Mr. Phillips as he stood hesitantly at the door of her sitting-room.



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Green Shutters

THE girl in the cream car drove as if her life depended on it. Thin hands gripping the wheel, brows drawn in concentration over tired, dark-shadowed brown eyes that were tensed against the light, the long lashes making them look short-sighted. Her body a forward curve of sheer defeat.

She had been taking any road at random since she left the highway. It didn't matter any more. I'll just drive on until I come to another township, she thought, and then I'll find somewhere to sleep.

She was running away from herself, and knew it. Thinking back to yesterday, and the look on Maurie Flynn's face when she had fainted almost at his feet. "You're on leave, Nan," he had told her, when she came round. "Indefinite leave, as of now! Go away somewhere and get well!" He had smiled at her, but his eyes were grave. There had been that silly mistake of the day before, too.

"Honestly, I'll be all right!" she had pleaded. The mere thought of being idle just now making her begin to shake inside again with panic. "I promise I won't make another mistake."

Maurie had grinned wryly. "My dear, I've been covering up for you for a couple of weeks, now— Yesterday's was only the one that got away. Check with the doctor, Nan, before things get really serious."

The doctor had ordered her a month in the country. Nan had nowhere to go, no family waiting to welcome her home. An only child, her widowed mother's sudden illness and death a few weeks back had shocked her terribly. She felt that she should have noticed earlier those warning signs. It was true that she had been overworking as well. Adding to her daily job the fascination of freelance work, the excitement of having plays and features accepted. Now, none of it seemed to matter. She drove along the green byways seeing nothing but the road ahead, goaded by memories.

The grey skies brushed the mountain crests that were stormily blue and withdrawn, a cold wind spattering rain against the windscreen. And then, suddenly, the clouds broke, letting a sunshaft through. And in that golden gleaming, while all the color of the rain-wet countryside leapt to life in its path, Nan Bridges saw the white house with the green shutters, standing back on a rise, dark pines behind it.

The road here was lumpy, rutted. The girl drew up, staring at the house on the slope, with its neat white fence, its garden of gay flowering shrubs, neat lawns, and beds of bloom. I wish I lived in a place like that, she thought. I wish that were my home.

She sat gazing for a long time. Pastures and croplands, heavy with rain-mist, glittered in the sun. Cattle grazed, or idly switched their tails under old gnarled gum trees. Memories of childhood flooded back, when life was full of adventure, yet secure with love. She remembered the sound of bees in the sun-warmed clover, birdsong, and young laughter.

On impulse, she got out and climbed the slope. I can surely ask just to look at the garden, she thought. They might even let me sit under that old pepper tree for a while.

The white house dazzled her eyes. Shutters of warm golden-green were folded back on either side of big windows, and there was a gable-room on either side of the front porch. Scarlet geraniums in tubs at the foot of the hewn stone steps. The green door open, into shadowiness. Nan hesitated, knowing herself a stranger,



In the quiet house she found a long-sought
peace . . . a story by Australian author

ENID BOULTER

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS

A woman's voice called cheerfully. "Come on inside, will you, dear? It will save me getting up."

Nan walked through a hall into a long, low-ceilinged room. Her impression of cool dimness, of open windows, and honey-gold curtains fluttering in golden-green light. A middle-aged woman lying on a cane lounge smiled up at her.

"I always see anyone come from here," she explained. "Do sit down and be comfortable—I'm sorry to seem rude, but I had a fall and have to lie about a lot, it's such a trial!" But she had a happy face, worn and yet young, and very thick white hair.

"I was just passing," Nan heard herself saying, "and I couldn't resist looking at the garden—I think the place reminded me of where I used to stay when I was a little girl. It looked such a—such a friendly place—I know I hadn't any right to walk in like that—"

The woman was studying her face. Nan's hands began unaccountably to shake. Under those calm, blue understanding eyes, Nan's poor excuses faded off into silence. There was such peace in this quiet room. This was a house where folk were happy, and loved each other. She had been crazy to be tempted out of her way.

"You look dreadfully tired, my dear," the woman said. "Have you come far? I do wish I could offer you a cup of tea." Suddenly, back came the smile that was so like a girl's. "The kettle's on in the kitchen, though! Do you think you could make a cup for us both? Robin has his down the paddock in the afternoons."

Wondering at herself, Nan Bridges went out into the kitchen. A big, homely room, but very modern. A slow-combustion stove, built-in cupboards, a refrigerator, even an electric jug. Deep-rose china with a wide cream border, matching the color-scheme. She found pot, caddy, biscuits, fruit cake, all to hand.

"Well, this is a treat," the woman said, as Nan wheeled in the auto-tray. "I don't get many visitors, we're rather far out, and our neighbors are all such busy people. And it's so nice to have someone to chat with now and then."

They exchanged names over their cups of tea. The woman was Ruth Hurst, born and bred at Rowe's Hill. Nan tried to imagine what it would be like to have lived always in the one district among the same people. Her own mother had loved travel and change.

"When my boy Eric was killed in the war," Ruth Hurst told her, "and Dad died soon after, and then the fire came and burned the old homestead down, I really thought I'd have to get away. I thought I just couldn't bear the place any more. But Robin wouldn't hear of any such thing. He raised a loan somehow, and built this lovely place. We've been poor ever since," she laughed, "but we've been very happy. Too busy to be anything else! And then I had to have this stupid fall—"

Nan felt curiously ashamed of herself. At the back of her mind, as soon as she had seen the white house with the green shutters, had been the thought that perhaps she could offer to buy it, and make it her own haven. She had her mother's money, and she could have paid any reasonable price. But it was true that money could never buy happiness, and she knew without asking that this was a place no amount of money could buy.

"I'll just take these things out to the kitchen again," she said, rising, "and then I'd better be on my way. It was wonderful of you to have treated me just like a friend."

Nan rinsed out the cups and saucers at the sink. Then in the little mirror there she tried to tidy her heavy, deep gold hair. She had left her handbag in the car, and hadn't even bothered with make-up when she left the city. Never mind, she had only to say goodbye.

A man was in the room, standing near Ruth's long chair. The murmur of their voices ceased as she entered, and the man looked round. To Nan's surprise, he was young. She had expected an elderly, kindly husband; but this man, in overalls, was burnt bronze, muscular, and powerful. Nan had an immediate impression of antagonism.

"This is my son Robin," Ruth Hurst said. "Miss Bridges—I've just been telling him how you dropped in and I made good use of you!" and she chuckled at the memory.

"Sit down, dear— Yes, just another minute or two! I've told Robin what you said about being ordered to the country and having nowhere to stay. And I was wondering," she went on slowly, like a little girl confiding a great secret, laughter running through her quiet country voice, "if by any chance you'd like to stay here?"

Hurst spoke for the first time. So far he had given her only a rather ironic bow. "My mother needs help while she's still laid up. She's only allowed on her feet for a couple of hours a day, yet. We've tried everywhere for a girl, but they say it's too far out. Mother seems to think you might fancy the job!"

Ruth Hurst's smile was pleading. "I'm sure we'd get on together! And it's such an easy house, now that we have our own electricity. It's like playing dolls' house to what it was in the old days."

Nan's thoughts were conflicting. Hurst obviously expected her to refuse. His mocking tone seemed to doubt her usefulness in any sphere, and that put her pride in arms. It was true that she couldn't cook, had never done any house-keeping. But she could learn. Anything would be better than idleness just now. In this green quietness, perhaps she could find peace. Freed of the pain of going farther, pursued by her own unease.

Hurst added: "We can't pay much, I'm afraid. Nothing that would interest you, I'm sure. But you'd be one of the family, as the saying goes, if that's any consolation!"

She wondered why he felt he had to be rude to her. He probably resented her expensive city clothes, the way she had at times of seeming unapproachable. Or thought that she hadn't the strength of a rabbit, and would be more of a liability than an asset. I still have will and determination, she reminded herself. No country bumpkin like him is going to dismiss me so easily.

"I'd like to stay," she told Ruth. "I'd love to spend my holiday here. I'm sure I can learn to be useful, if you're patient with me at first."

Hurst was smiling as he went from the room. Laughing up his sleeve, as it seemed

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Sometimes while Nan worked in the garden under Mrs. Hurst's watchful eye, Robin found time to help with the heavier jobs.

John Mills

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Fear Thy Neighbor

A short short story
By OLGA A. ROSMANITH

ON Saturdays the boss himself drove the tank truck up the foothill and mountain roads delivering stove oil to the widely scattered homes. He took his 12-year-old son, Toby, with him to teach him how he kept the solitary inhabitants of the wild area in warmth, cooking facilities, and hot water.

Toby was a freckled, grinning young monster of curiosity. He asked Miss MacInnes, the ex-school teacher at the white cottage on Thunderbird Hill, why she always covered her head with a scarf.

"I haven't any hair," she replied tartly.

"Shut up," growled Toby's father. While the hose line gurgled oil into the tank, a snake slithered from beneath and vanished in the brush like a streak of brown lightning. Miss MacInnes did not flinch.

"Ain't you scared of snakes?" the boy asked.

"No, Toby. I tell them to go their way and I'll go mine."

"Met your new neighbor yet?" inquired the boss, changing the subject. Miss MacInnes glanced over the hill at a red roof gleaming between the trunks of windslanted trees.

"No. Is he nice?" she asked indifferently.

"He's mad," said the boy. "He has to be alone to invent a language to talk to the stars. He has a beagle pup and he kicks her."

Miss MacInnes winced and went into the cottage to get her cheque book. The boss followed.

"Wonderful day," he said, making out the receipt.

"Too wonderful," Miss MacInnes sighed, and she meant it. All outdoors entreated her to come out and stay out, but she couldn't concentrate outside.

Before the big red tanker was out of sight she was at her desk, going on with the work she had come to do. That was writing school textbooks to make history more fascinating for modern children.

She had one of those lonely moods when the callers had gone, but she snapped out of it. There was a price to pay for solitude to accomplish a great work.

Dick Morris, her new neighbor under the red roof, understood that, for he was paying the same price for the same precious commodity.

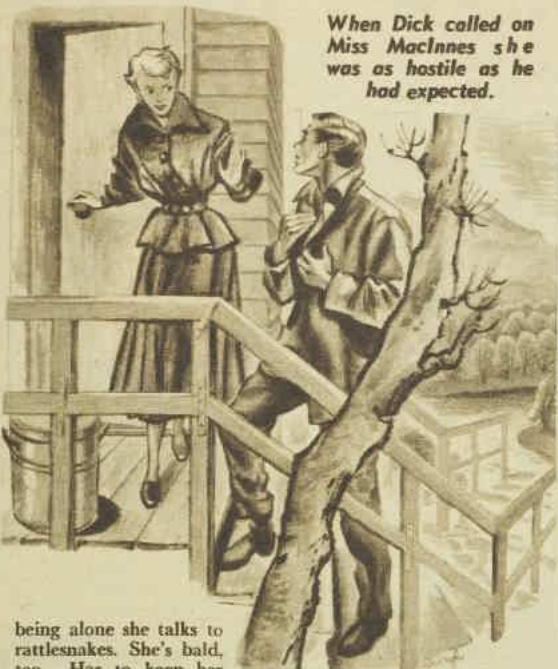
He was absorbed all the time with the immense ramifications of the theme of his book, "Mathematics — the Cosmic Language."

But at nightfall he often hankered for human company and friendly conversation. His eyes often rested on the white dot of Thunderbird Cottage, while he debated whether to call next day or wait till he had got to the end of an exceptionally difficult chapter.

Toby made up his mind for him. While the oil gurgled into the tank at Hawk's Nest, the boy pointed at the home of Miss MacInnes. "This morning the crazy woman up there asked about you."

"What do you mean — crazy?" inquired Dick Morris.

"She's gone so screwy with



When Dick called on Miss MacInnes she was as hostile as he had expected.

being alone she talks to rattlesnakes. She's bald, too. Has to keep her head covered."

"Shut up," said his father automatically. "Miss MacInnes is harmless, Mr. Morris. She used to teach school. She can talk to snakes if she likes."

He coiled up the feed line and wrote out the bill, while Dick resigned himself to a lonely winter. He could have enjoyed the mental companionship with a woman old enough and educated enough to be a retired schoolteacher, but the psychopathic element in the story repelled him.

"Now you're all snug and warm," said the oilman heartily, "even when the lines blow down, and winter's here."

Dick took the talk about the gales with scepticism. He went to his desk reluctantly when the oil truck departed.

His half-grown beagle waited there playfully to be a bit of no help. Dick lifted her gently on his foot as was his habit, put her out on the sun porch.

Time moved on. It was a green, balmy Christmas but a very lonesome one. Dick drove into town and saw the New Year in with cheerful strangers.

Hearing where he lived, one of them asked him if he'd ever talked to his notorious neighbor, a crazy old witch who could charm snakes and talk to animals.

The others joined in with more stories, but nobody could claim to have met her personally.

Apart from listening to Christmas programmes on the radio, Miss MacInnes worked through the holidays as usual.

Time galloped into late January. Then the winds came down from Thunderbird Mountain snowcaps like a pack of famished wolves, tearing young trees up by the roots and carrying enormous old branches.

Dick was unprepared. His windows were open. The gale rushed at the little house with a fiendish roar, shook it like an earthquake, and threw its contents into wild confusion. As he rushed to close the windows he saw his little dog rise bodily into space and

vanish over the edge of the deep wash below the canyon.

Pushed, battered, and stripped almost naked by the wind, Dick searched till darkness made further search impossible. Heartbroken, he could only hope the dog found a pipe or foxhole and crawled into it for shelter till the pandemonium was over.

The wind howled, roared, and destroyed for three days and nights, then dropped suddenly, giving way to a day of springlike innocence, only the wreckage left to prove it could ever have happened.

Dick had not found his dog, though he had never stopped searching. He had also advertised and offered a reward for her recovery. It was the oil man who phoned and suggested he might find her with Miss MacInnes.

Thus Dick Morris made his first call on his notorious neighbor, who lived up to her reputation by addressing him with cold hostility.

"Your dog is here, Mr. Morris, but you'll have to sue before I give up a living creature to a man who kicks her. The poor little thing is a mass of scratches and bruises."

"Me? Kick a dog?" Dick was more astounded by this than he had been to see Miss MacInnes was young and exceptionally attractive. She had fine honey-colored hair that clung like an angel's aureole, and she had not let the sun dry it into the bale of straw that graced the heads of some of her neighbors.

Miss MacInnes stared back at him, her big blue eyes growing softer. "You look sane to me," she said mysteriously as she unfastened the chain for him to enter. "I guess there's some misunderstanding. Neighbors in lonely parts can be quite a problem."

They can also be quite a comfort, Dick thought happily as he stepped into a cosy, colorful, book-lined, and cushion-scattered living-room. The room was like home to him, the expression of a kindred spirit. Very soon he would know her well enough to tell her that.

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The Whistling Postwoman



Wolland

A romantic short story

By JAMES MARTIN

ILLUSTRATED BY HOLLAND

BETH McDONALD came out of the post-office store at the seaside settlement of Bungaree Point. A keen April breeze blew off the water. Rain clouds were gathering in the south, but they would probably disperse as the day advanced. Throwing the mailbag across her shoulder she called to her labrador, Boy, and set off on her round.

Residents called her the whistling postwoman, for as she trudged from house to house on the thinly populated headland she whistled gaily to herself. Whistling was a habit she had formed over the years to stave off loneliness, but to any who asked the reason she replied with a mischievous sparkle in her clear brown eyes that she had heard it prevented wrinkles forming round the mouth.

A trim figure in her cotton jersey and tailored slacks, she strode briskly along the unmade roads and across the grassy lots where piles of brick and gravel were mute evidence of a letter-box to come. Often she would stop to chat with her neighbors, for she herself had lived on Bungaree Point for five years and knew most of the permanent residents. But if no one came to meet her she dropped the letter in the box, gave a forceful blast on her postman's whistle and continued on her way. Her dog bounded ahead of her through the long grass and among the sandhills near the beach.

Some houses near the beach were owned by city dwellers who came to Bungaree Point only during school vacations. To these houses, their owners being "casuals," Beth did not deliver letters. Nevertheless she eyed the comings and goings of the occupants with interest.

One house in particular she admired, a small house whose green shutters, when they were open, gave it an air of distinction—or so it was her fancy to think. She knew and liked the owner and remembered that he had told her at Christmas that he and his wife and two children would not be down until the school holidays in May. Yet for two days now the shutters had been thrown back and a car, swathed in canvas, stood in the shelter of the water tanks.

She had seen no one, although she had kept her eyes open, and neither had Mrs. Wilson, who kept the post-office store, for together they had conjectured on the identity of the unseen occupant—or occupants.

But this morning as, whistling, she passed along the front fence, she saw a man leaning out of one of the windows. At a quick glance she estimated him to be in his middle thirties—a few years older than herself. His tousled hair suggested he had just got out of bed, but his eyes were very wide awake as he watched her. Embarrassed by his frank gaze she looked away and pretended she hadn't seen him. She began to whistle a tune from "Oklahoma!", her favorite musical, and before she could move off he said pleasantly:

"Hallo. Got any letters for me?"

"I only deliver to permanent residents," she said, coming reluctantly to a halt. "You're casual," she added.

"Only in habitat," he said gravely. "Otherwise I'm the soul of sincerity."

She ignored his banter. "You'll have to fetch your mail from the post-office."

"The post-office?" he said, as if he'd never heard of one.

"The post-office store," she amended. "On the other side of the headland." She pointed but his eyes didn't follow her finger.

"Is that where you live?" he asked.

"No," she said firmly and then, curiosity getting the better of discretion, "Are you staying down for long?"

"About ten days, I think. But I could be more accurate if you'd tell me what today is."

"The fourteenth."

The music bound them in a subtle spell, and as it ended he held her more closely in his arms and kissed her.

"I mean what day of the week."

"Don't you really know?" she asked.

"Well, I came down on Monday. That's for sure. But I haven't the faintest idea if today is Tuesday or Wednesday."

"It's Thursday," she said.

He grinned. "Isn't it amazing how time slips by when you're asleep?"

"Tell me," she said, putting her head on one side and folding the post-bag against her chest, "are you trying to emulate Rip-van-Winkle, or something?"

"Not any longer," he retorted, while his eyes roamed with frank admiration. "Not when there's so much to stay awake for."

Undoubtedly he was very fresh. She felt herself coloring and was annoyed. She tossed the mail bag over her shoulder.

"I've got work to do."

He acknowledged it with a wave of his hand. "Sorry—I shouldn't have held up the royal mail. But it's your own fault, you know. You made me curious."

"Oh?" She lingered despite herself.

He smiled, probably because he guessed her reluctant interest. His smile was slow, but it built up a sort of warmth inside her.

"You whistled," he said. "Two mornings now—or is it three?—you've woken me up. Finally, I just had to see who was responsible."

"Oh," she said coolly. "I hope you're satisfied now."

"Very," he said.

Suddenly she smiled. She couldn't help herself. It was all too ridiculous.

"I promise not to whistle any more."

"If you don't I'll be disappointed."

"Pardon me," she said, "but I thought you said my whistling annoyed you."

"It did," he amended. "But now—well, I reckon Rip-van-Winkle's had his sleep out. Maybe he'll even stroll abroad and find out what's cooking in this nice new world. Are you available as a guide?"

"I'll have to consult my appointment book," she said.

"You'll let me know?"

"Perhaps."

"Tomorrow?"

"Maybe."

"I'll be seeing you, postie," he said.

When she had finished her postal round, Beth returned to her own little cottage not far from the store. She had made the beds and done the washing up before setting out, but she had determined to have a thorough spring clean today. As she climbed on the sofa, however, to dust above the window curtains, she thought suddenly of the man she knew only as Rip-van-Winkle. And when she had finished dusting she sat on the sofa and stared about her.

The cottage was comfortable and colorful; she had made it as much like a home as possible, for Billy's sake rather than for her own. When her husband had died seven years ago, leaving her with a five-year-old son and a moderate income, she had determined to give Billy as much home life as possible. For that reason she had invested in this tiny cottage on Bungaree Point, where she could live more cheaply than in the city, and not be under the necessity of holding down a nine-to-five job.

The money she earned by delivering the mail enabled them to have a few luxuries. She always professed to be very happy and not even to her mother had she confided the bleak hours of loneliness she had suffered, especially in the evenings when Billy was asleep and the house, without his cheerful presence, seemed empty and forlorn.

As it seemed now, she thought, looking round. For all the pains

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Clarice was very gay, acting bits from the Broadway shows she had seen.

A short short story
BY DOROTHY M. ROSE

SOMETHING IN COMMON

ANDREA MARTIN stood at the kitchen window and watched her husband of six months stamp his way to the barn. Once Jim kicked vigorously at a stone in his path. Andrea could tell just how much her outburst a few minutes ago had hurt him.

She turned disconsolately to the stove and poured herself a second cup of coffee. She couldn't even make decent coffee, she thought, sipping it black, but it might melt the icy feeling that had invaded her chest ever since she'd hurled the truth at Jim this morning.

"I hate the farm!" she'd stormed. "I hate it! I don't like the people around here and they don't like me. I don't fit in and I never will!"

Andrea let the hot coffee burn her throat now, as though it would erase the words she'd said. But there was no recalling them, of course. And didn't the success of any marriage require a wife to fit into her husband's life, to get along with his neighbors and friends?

If anyone had told her six months earlier that she would make a mess of things she would have considered them mad. But their prospects looked so different back at college. Not even the scepticism of her roommate, Clarice, had been a warning.

"Better be terribly sure, pet," Clarice had advised in her flippant, brittle way. "Granted, Jim's a big, handsome brute. But he's studying agriculture. He's a farmer. You're city bred. You're studying art.

And never the twain shall meet." Andrea had laughed. "I'd be happy with Jim anywhere," she said extravagantly. "We're in love. That's all that counts."

Sipping her coffee, Andrea shook her head at how naive she'd been. Their first few weeks had been wonderful enough, when she and Jim took over the farm after Jim's parents retired to Florida. But, even from the start, she suspected she didn't have the makings of a farmer's wife.

And that first get-together with Jim's friends and neighbors had shown Andrea she didn't belong. While the men had talked of crops and soil and prices, she had listened resignedly to the women and their endless discussion of recipes.

Some of the girls her own age had been dutiful in their neighborliness. They'd called several times, but had finally given it up, all except Beth Greenwood. Beth lived on the next farm, half a mile up the road.

Once, when Beth had stopped by to spend an hour with Andrea, Beth had ventured, rather timidly, "Is it true you were studying art at college?"

Andrea had dismissed the subject with a nod. She had little enough in common with these people, without having them think she was a freak with two heads.

The thought of Beth brought Andrea up from the kitchen table and propelled her to the sink. It was really Beth who had precipi-

tated, all unknowingly, Andrea's quarrel with Jim this morning, Beth and her infernal pie-plate.

Beth and her husband had picked yesterday, unfortunately, to drop in unexpectedly, just during the last few hours of a weekend visit from Clarice.

Clarice had peered out the window when the bell rang. "It's one of the natives, bearing gifts," she'd said.

Jim had frowned at Clarice on his way to the door. "Andrea!" he'd called back heartily. "It's Beth and Ed. Beth's baked us one of her apple pies. And this girl makes the best apple pies in the county!"

"Think of that!" Clarice giggled. The visit had been uncomfortable, with Clarice going on about her new job and the Broadway shows she'd seen, even acting out the funny bits.

This morning Andrea had broken the silence at breakfast, merely to make conversation. "I'll have to return Beth's pie-plate today."

Jim had smiled tentatively, as though he had to feel his way to a meeting ground with his wife these days. "You're not going to return it empty, are you?"

When Andrea stared, he'd shrugged. "It's a kind of local tradition. If someone brings you a pie or cake you don't return the plate empty. Mum never did."

Andrea had protested in alarm. "You don't expect me to compete with Beth, do you? You said your-

self she makes the best pie you ever tasted."

"It doesn't have to be a pie," Jim had said soothingly. "Anything will do. It's only a gesture."

But Andrea hadn't been mollified. She'd burst into tears . . . and she'd continued the argument from there.

"What have you got against these people?" Jim had demanded helplessly. "They're just people. They'd love you the way I do if you'd give them a chance. Sure, you tolerate them, but you don't try to know them or let them know you. You've got to give a little, honey."

The memory of his words prodded Andrea. She'd show Jim she was trying. Hastily, she set to scouring Beth's pie-plate.

But an hour later, flushed from wiping up all the spilled flour from the floor, Andrea opened the oven and surveyed the dismal results of her efforts. The crust of the raisin pie was charred, the juice of the filling had spilled over.

Andrea longed to give up the attempt. But Jim's accusation kept ringing in her ears. "You don't try. You don't give anything of yourself."

Jim had said that it didn't have to be a pie; anything that showed her friendliness would do. Would it, really? Maybe Jim was right. Had she tried?

On a sudden impulse Andrea began to scrub the pie-plate once again. She did love Jim . . . she loved him

so terribly. The life that was his had to be hers, too.

By mid-afternoon Andrea was ready. The pie-plate was in a box and was wrapped with tissue paper and tied with fancy ribbon. Jim hadn't reappeared all day. Andrea went to the door to call him, then reconsidered. This was something she should do on her own.

Beth's smile looked uncertain when she answered Andrea's knock. Andrea thought . . . maybe her smile will disappear altogether when she sees what I've done. But it was too late to worry about that.

In the living-room Beth hesitated over the box. "Why, Andrea, is this something for me?"

Andrea held her breath while Beth unwrapped the package. "If you're angry," Andrea said, "I'll get you another pie-plate. After all, I've ruined yours."

Beth had the plate in her hand at last. She was staring in apparent disbelief at the design Andrea had painted on the tin. "Andrea!" she said wonderingly. "You did this for me?" Then she grabbed Andrea's hand. "Would you teach me, Andrea? All my life I've wanted to try my hand at painting. Some of the other girls do, too. But we didn't dare ask. We thought you considered us . . . well . . . hicks."

Breath came back to Andrea. "I consider you . . . swell," she said simply. "Maybe you'll teach me . . . other things."

Later, when Andrea telephoned Jim that he was to come over to Beth's for supper, she caught his surprise, even over the line. "Say," he said slowly, "just what did you put in that pie-plate?"

Andrea smiled at the phone. "Something of myself, darling," she told him. "Come along and see."

(Copyright)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 9, 1955



Looking for a new motoring thrill?

AUSTIN LANCER

is the answer!

THE most triumphant Austin ever — the *all-new* Austin Lancer. Here's a car so perfectly balanced for weight and power that every other car in its class is suddenly old-fashioned! Out on the road it seems to have an instinctive sense of direction so faultlessly does it hold its course. As you feed it power, it seems to hug closer to the road — and you'll find yourself travelling faster than you realise when you glance at the speedometer. It's tremendously strong mono-constructed chassis gives Lancer the "go-anywhere" ruggedness of a tank. Whatever you've wanted in a car . . . Austin Lancer is the answer!

Here surely is a car that does credit to any man or woman with the wisdom to choose it — wouldn't you like to test-drive it? Your Local Austin Dealer will be proud to arrange a demonstration — contact him today!

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QUALITY AND
FEATURES

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brings grip
in line with
brushing surface.

Widely spaced
tufts clean
between teeth.

Look here —
a "pin-up" hole
in the handle.

WISDOM

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Page 38

WHERE CHRIST TROD...



**Footprint
of Christ**

JORDANIAN soldier (above)
in the Ascension Chapel ex-
amines what is believed to
be a footprint of Jesus on
the spot from which He
ascended into Heaven.

**Christ was
crucified**

BEARDED Greek Orthodox
priest stands before rich
altar of Crucifixion Chapel
in Jerusalem. Christian
churches of all denomina-
tions share these Holy places.



**Where Pilate
released Him**

WORN PAVEMENT of the Roman Praetorium, where Christ was mocked by the mob
and released by Pilate to be crucified, is today located beneath a convent. Memorial
plaques cover the walls and pillars supporting the convent. A modern electric light
and fitting on the arch contrast with the ancient worn pavement below.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 9, 1958

soldiers now keep watch



Garden of Gethsemane

BIBLICAL PLACENAME in modern Jerusalem is the Garden of Gethsemane, where Christ went to pray and was betrayed by Judas. It lies beyond the Valley of Jehoshaphat, foreground, near the base of the Mount of Olives. Dominating this scene is the Chapel of Agony, and centre top is the Russian church with its many cupolas.



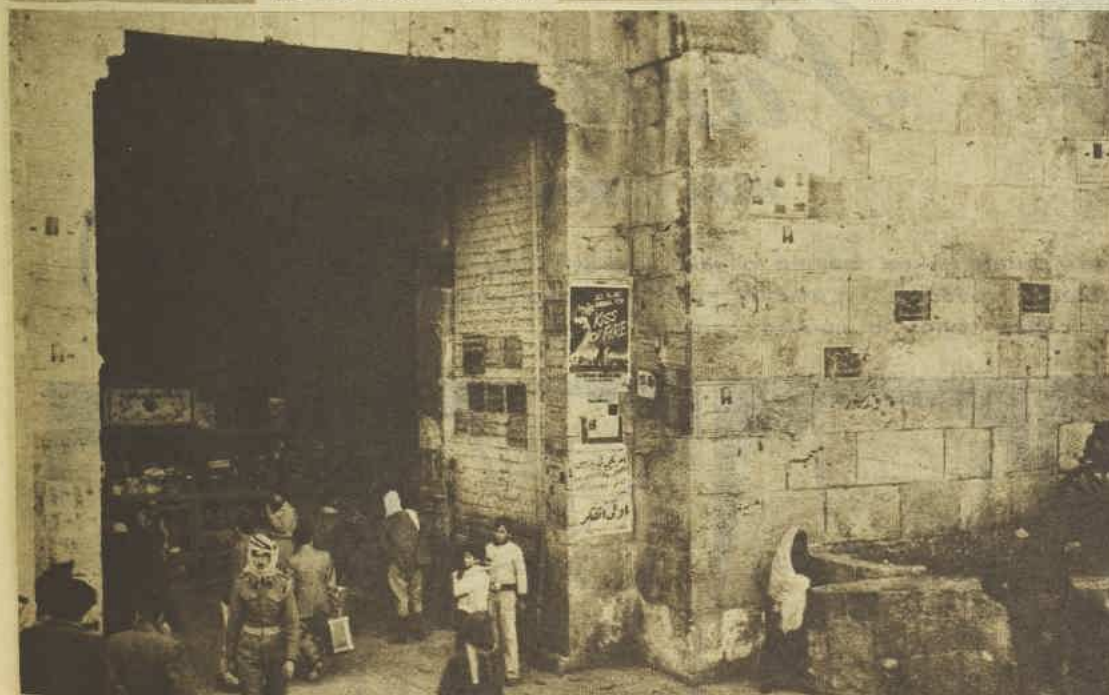
The Holy Sepulchre

FAMOUS shrine in Jerusalem is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. A monk prays beside Christ's tomb, whence He rose from the dead.



Typical contrasts

ARAB customers at a sidewalk coffee shop in modern Jerusalem. Desert head-dress makes a strange contrast with their Western-style clothes.



Walls of the Old City

AMERICAN movie poster looks strangely out of place on the walls of the Old City while Arabs and Jews pass beside it. First walls were built by Nehemiah in 445 B.C., later destroyed. The present Old City dates back to Roman days. The present walls are due to Selim I of Turkey, who took Jerusalem from the Egyptians in 1517.

That **GALA** Look ...



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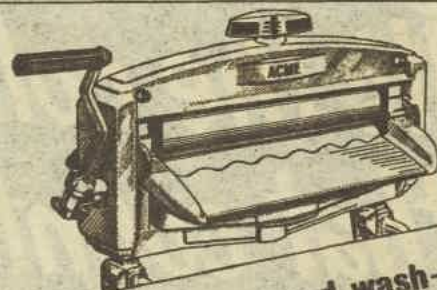
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**However you wash—
you should have**
ACME wringing

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NEW ORLEANS

*It's the collar
that counts!*

... that's why more men prefer

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NON - IRON SHIRTS

It's the collar that counts when buying a shirt—that's why more men prefer Paramount Shirts, because Paramount have Australia's biggest and smartest range of collar styles in non-iron cotton poplin.

47/6
AT ALL
LEADING
STORES



THE MAN IN THE BLUE SILK SUIT

By DAWN JAMES, staff reporter

● When Mr. Ben McClure visited Sydney recently, he was described by associates as "typical of the young, top-flight American executive."

THAT is, he's a prototype of the man-in-the-grey-flannel-suit.

He's a man who lives at high pressure (like everyone else in his world); whose career has been carefully fostered by his company; whose life is, of necessity, governed by his career.

Mr. McClure, at 39, doesn't look at all like the usual Hollywood interpretation.

He looks naive and rather weary. He's medium height and medium build, with longish limp brown hair, a slow drawl, and considerable charm. He no longer smokes a pipe.

It's excusable to think he still does, though, for he keeps one in the top pocket of his dark blue Italian silk suit (apparently grey flannel is out of fashion).

"The pipe is his pacifier," says pretty Mrs. McClure. "He takes it out of his pocket and fondles it, and sometimes he puts it in his mouth, upside down."

In his capacity as president of a famous proprietary medicine company's interna-

tional division, Mr. McClure spent 10 days in Australia, during a quick world tour.

While he was in Sydney with his wife, Mr. McClure took the opportunity to explode a few Hollywood myths about the American big-business man.

For instance, according to the movies, executives have

offices about the size of tennis courts.

Mr. McClure says his office is "normal size," about 15ft. square.

This was disappointing. But then he talked about the office inhabited by the president of his company, which is represented in 118 countries.

"It's about twice the size of

mine, with very modern decor. No desk.

"Instead, he has a long conference table with a group of chairs round it. He sits at the top of the table.

"You see, the head of a firm is a man who doesn't do anything.

"A president's job is to develop and guide people and to make policy."

On an easy-to-understand level, he gave an example. "Take a truck-driver — he is the operator. But the man who sends the driver out isn't doing the actual work.

"If you like, he's using his mind."

The conversation moved on to an institution that occupies a prominent place in the world of U.S. commerce: the cocktail hour, when a lot of business deals are clinched, and drinks play a big part.

So, how do the executives make, for instance, a martini?

"Oh, about six to twelve parts of gin to one part of French vermouth," said Mr. McClure.

He then instanced a friend who adds vermouth to gin with an eye-dropper, and a New York club where they just rub a damp vermouth cork round the glass before adding gin.

"But the most popular drink right now in New York is gin on the rocks."



TOP-FLIGHT AMERICAN EXECUTIVE BEN MCCLURE.

Mr. McClure said that the current New York description of a 50,000-dollar-a-year man as one wearing a yellow bow-tie was "flippant."

He thought for a while and then announced that a 50,000-dollar-a-year man (approx. £A22,500) had an apartment in the city, a country house, an expensive car, and his children at private schools.

The McClures and their two daughters, Carroll (15) and Susan (13), live in a New York apartment. They try to restrict parties during the week, except for business engagements.

One of the reasons for this is Mr. McClure's high-pressure business life. His day begins in the office at 8.45 a.m.

"Once he used to come home early and would call me if he was going to be late," said his wife.

"Now he's usually late and calls me if he's going to be early. He has a dictaphone at home and often works for a couple of hours in the evening."

At the weekends, the McClures relax at their country house, about 90 miles from New York.



IN AUSTRALIA during a whirlwind world tour, young American executive Ben McClure and his wife took a brief look at Sydney. Mr. McClure exploded several Hollywood myths about the life of the "Mr. Big" of business.

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THE NEW
'NATURAL ANGLE'
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NEAR-VERTICALLY
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* It's here! GEM's new "Natural Angle" Razor! New "Flat-top" design means the razor-head lies flat against the face, so the blade glides through your stubble at the natural, near vertical angle of 15°.

It shaves closer. Your finger-tips tell you your face is smoother.

Feel it. The balance and weight are correct. See how fast it loads! Click it open . . . insert the blade . . . snap shut. Blades last far longer because there's less wear on the cutting edge when the blade meets the stubble at the natural angle.

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Every tiny particle of Nescafé is flavour active. You simply add hot water and each tiny particle dissolves instantly and completely... releasing a star-burst of rich, full-bodied coffee flavour. There's not a trace of grounds... no deposits to settle to the bottom of the cup. Nescafé is pure coffee... all coffee... nothing but coffee. Every cup is delicious to the very last satisfying drop.

Whether you make it direct in the cup for yourself alone or in your best coffee-server as company coffee, you'll agree that Nescafé is the modern way to truly tastier coffee.

You can now remove the seal on any tin of Nescafé simply by puncturing the foil with a teaspoon—or even your fingertip—and then peeling it off.

It's as easy as taking the top off a bottle of milk.

Nescafé is now *instant* coffee in the truest sense of the term. You can open the tin instantly and make roaster-fresh, fragrant, pure coffee instantly.

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GIVE YOURSELF A COFFEE BREAK WITH

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 9, 1958

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

● Despite the disbelief of most teenagers, it is true that a few years solve and erase problems that they thought would spoil their lives.

THIS week's problems are an assorted bunch of troubles. Here's the first one:

"I am a 16-year-old boy who has never had a date with a girl. I would like to meet a nice girl, but have not been introduced to many, and those I have are usually 14 years or younger. When with boys I am cheerful and joking, but with girls quietness overcomes me. I admit I am not a dream, but have seen much worse boys out with girls. I have got no girl cousins I can take out. Please help me."

"Hopeful," S.A.

I don't think there is anything unusual about being 16 and never having had a date with a girl. You and thousands of other boys share this state, I imagine. I wouldn't worry at all.

I think you are not ready to cope with the girl situation yet. I'd just wait around and you'll find later that talking to girls is quite a pleasant and easy pastime.

Until it is, I can see no pleasure in a date in which you voluntarily sentence yourself to hours and hours of pushing the conversation along. Wait round a bit.

"COULD you please tell me, when kissing a boy, who breaks away first? I am 17, and don't know much about boys."

"Patsy," South Australia.

There are no kissing rules that I know of. It is perhaps because kissing between opposite sexes is always a matter of emotion.

First kisses are generally fleeting, hurried ones that are most enjoyed when you think about them after they're over.

Don't worry about who breaks away and when; when you are in the middle of a from-the-heart kiss you never even think of such things.

"MY parents are very strict."

I am 15 and think that I am quite old enough to manage my own affairs and be trusted with boys. But when



A word from Debbie . . .

● Double dates are wonderful fun if everybody remembers that the outing is one for four people and that to monopolise one person in the group is just plain rude.

Good foursome manners are to:

- Remember you are with a man.
- Remember men aren't interested in girl's talk or what you're going to knit this winter.
- Remember men don't like girls who giggle or gossip.
- Remember to keep the conversation general.
- Remember that your host for the evening pays the bill and agree to his suggested entertainment, even if you want to do something else.

my father heard that I had been out at night with a party of youths, I was thrashed. I think I am far too old for such treatment. Please tell me what I am to do, as I shall probably end up an old spinster under such circumstances."

"Old Maid," N.S.W.

You obviously are not old enough to manage your own affairs, and you certainly are not likely to be trusted if you take to going out at night with boys without the permission of your parents.

Parents are not natural narks. They refuse their daughters permission to attend such outings to protect them from behaviour they are too immature to deal with, or situations that go with such behaviour.

When you show them you have sense enough to behave on all occasions as a well-brought-up girl should, I have no doubt that they will give you their permission to go to parties and on dates with boys.

You'd better act sensibly quickly and obey the wishes of your parents or your life will be a misery.

I do not approve of thrashings for anyone.

"THE girl I go with is 15 and has just passed her Intermediate Certificate. I am 18. My parents forbade me to go out with her because she is too young. As my father is five years older than my mother, do you think this is right? My parents tell me that I should go with a girl of my own age, but I don't know many at all. The ones that I do know have already got boy-friends and won't have anything to do with me."

"Girlfriendless," N.S.W.

You must obey your parents, who, using their common-sense, have forbidden this association. I think they are absolutely right. At 15 a girl is far too young to go out with a boy of 18. In fact, a boy of 18 should have more nous and knowledge of the world than to ask her. Wait until she is over 16, even if there is a shortage of girls around your own age in your district.

The age difference of your mother and father doesn't enter the matter at all. If you understand me, it is not the difference in age that counts, it's when the difference occurs. Anyway, I bet your father at 20 didn't court your mother at only 15.

with and not at her. Placing the songs into the context of the film they will thoroughly appreciate "Lola" and the significance of the word pianola in the lyrics. A Berliner who heard my German 78 version of "This Evening, Children" told me it was downright torrid, but on this new release it has been lauded to a certain degree. In short, "The Blue Angel" on disc will never get on a hit parade, but it is a genuine period piece providing a valuable peep into the past. The picture on the cover looks old and moth-eaten, you may say. Well, you're right — it's an original publicity still from the film.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

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*****DISC DIGEST*****

RECENTLY released is an Extended Play 45 r.p.m. platter which, although it will hardly find ready acceptance by the average collector, should have a strong appeal for the disc connoisseur. In fact, it is less of an entertainment piece than a historic moment in film history.

The disc (7EGO.8257) presents Marlene Dietrich singing four numbers from her German-made 1930 film "The Blue Angel." The role of the despicable Lola-Lola brought her international fame, and the film is now regarded as a classic. The picture, which is fairly regularly screened by amateur groups, has been so mutilated by censors and the wear-and-tear of time that I doubt you'd now

hear any of these songs left in it except the Dietrich trademark song "Falling In Love Again."

It's fairly evident that when the film was made she recorded these four songs in English in order to follow up the demand in Europe for her German songs. The soon-to-be-famous "femme fatale" rattles through the numbers in English learnt parrot fashion, against wonderfully corny orchestral arrangements which must have been out of date even in 1930, except maybe in smoky Berlin night-spots.

Modern critics may scorch Marlene for her mock-jazz chorus in "Blonde Women," but her old fans (I'm well among them) will chuckle

casual tweeds— far from casually treated

Sportscraft takes a pure wool* rugged, diagonal tweed—softens it in a casual skirt and pants for easy living. Here indeed, the casual elegance that stems only from meticulous detailing on superb cloth. Note the finely welted pockets; the perfect continuity of cloth texture through the seams. In oatmeal, moss greens, sapphire, navy, ginger browns—all exclusive to Sportscraft—at Sportscraft specialists throughout Australia. The pants, XSSW-XW in 3 proportioned lengths—about £5/10/6. The skirt, XSSW-XW—about £7/9/6.

*IN 100% VIRGIN WOOL **Federal Fabric**



SPORTSCRAFT

Page 42

FATHER



"In school I used to help Marian with her homework and I still do."

MOTHER



"Wait a minute! How did that lemonade, these marshmallows, and chocolate biscuits get there?"

It seems to me

THAT five pounds weight lost by Mrs. Eisenhower hardly seems worth the fuss it caused.

Five pounds, while a pleasing loss, doesn't show a dramatic silhouette change. Seven is better and a stone can be sensational.

You will recall that the Presidential plane was used to transport Mrs. E. and friends to Maine Chance, luxury health and beauty resort in Arizona.

This, not surprisingly, caused criticism. If the President's wife wanted to lose weight that was her business. But it wasn't official business and it didn't rate a plane provided by taxpayers.

Women dieters throughout the country—and other countries—were interested. Who, pursuing a diet amid the comments of a family, has not wished for some retreat where refusal of food would go unmarked?

Such retreats cost a considerable amount of money. They are beyond the reach of the average wife or working woman.

However, some reducers would prefer the individual effort to mass regimentation of even the most scented and luxurious prison.

How would you like to be incarcerated among a batch of women with their minds fixed on the next low-calorie meal, all suffering from that shortness of temper which accompanies most reducing diets for at least some of the time?

WHEN Mrs. Eisenhower returned from the beauty retreat she gave a tea-party for congressmen's wives and posed for cameramen.

The news agency account of this event was evidently written by some callous man.

It contained the following sentence: "Mrs. Eisenhower's face looked thinner."

IN Italy recently Ava Gardner went on what was described as a "slumber strike," staying in her room and refusing to answer the telephone.

I have the greatest respect for anyone with the strength of mind not to answer a telephone. By respect I don't mean sympathy. How anyone can let a phone ring, or—more extraordinary still—take it off the hook, is beyond me.

There is always the happy chance that the phone-caller may be breaking the news of a lottery win. The chances, of course, are considerably reduced if one hasn't a ticket.

And there's a thought for inventors: Why not produce a telephone in which the bell could indicate the nature of the message?

Female callers could be announced with a high-pitched bell, males with a lower, more guttural tone. Sharp, short rings could preface a business call; longer, gentler notes could be the signal for a social chat.

But I suppose people would stoop to all kinds of deceit.

By



Dorothy Drann

WHEREVER you go in New South Wales these days you can start a heated argument by mentioning the proposed equal pay for women.

Someone, commenting on Premier Cahill's proposal, suggested that he was out to get "the women's vote" at the next election.

But Mr. Cahill is surely too experienced a politician to believe in a "women's vote."

Women, like men, vote for the party which best serves their individual interests.

And those women who vote the same way as their husbands are doing precisely that—looking after the interests which serve them best.

Some ardent feminists believe that a wife should think independently. They hold it is a good thing for a woman's politics to differ from those of her husband.

There is no harm in a woman's use of the brain that nature gave her. One of its best uses is to find a husband with whom she can agree on most things, including politics.

Getting back to that equal pay—the women who stay at home are afraid of its effect on the cost of living.

The working woman tends to support the belief that equal work should be rewarded with equal pay.

A SWEDISH photographer recently told a girl modelling a brassiere to put on white-rimmed spectacles. Sales of brassieres boomed, and hundreds of teenagers started wearing plain glass spectacles. The London "Daily Sketch," reporting this, said it proved "there's sex in specs."

Marvellous the world around us—richer, stranger every day.

Dogs and grapefruit up in orbit, promises of equal pay.

Yet of new inventions, changes, nothing stirs me more, I feel,

Than this lovely new announcement—spectacles have sex appeal.

Granted that the years have changed them, bringing brighter shapes and hues, Giving glasses hints of glamor, featured in the fashion news.

Girls who wear them still are haunted by Miss Parker's little rhyme,

Citing scarcity of passes (modified, it's true, by time).

Other folk with eyes to see with never know the discontent

Felt by teenagers shortsighted to the comments kindly meant.

"Why, they SUIT you!" (Grin and bear it.)

And, "You wouldn't look the same."

Honestly, I ask you, sisters, is that comfort to a dame?

Now at last comes news that's cheering. Blazon it on every page,

Here is proof that times are better than the horse-and-buggy age.

What if mankind's new inventions turn folk into nervous wrecks?

Girls, myopic, grin unseeing—happy that there's sex in specs.

WINNERS OF THE 1957 WOOL FASHION AWARD FOR SKIRTS.

From Corn the richest grain, comes the richest flavour!



So crisp, so delicious, so satisfying! Nutrition experts say that one plate of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar gives the same energy as 2 big helpings of bacon and tomatoes.

CORN — WHEN YOU NEED STAYING POWER

Corn soaks up more of the sun's goodness than any other grain. That's why corn tastes best. That's why corn *is* best. And that's why Kellogg's Corn Flakes are the most tempting and the most *sustaining* breakfast you could ever serve! Each big crisp, golden flake is packed with richer, deeper flavour... crammed with the kind of lasting energy every member of your family needs day after day. In fact, scientists say that one plate of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar gives the same energy as two big helpings of bacon and tomatoes.

Memo to Mothers: If anyone needs a sustaining breakfast, it's *you*! So — make those crunchy Kellogg's Corn Flakes your steady breakfast date, too.

**FULL OF ENERGY
FROM THE SUN**

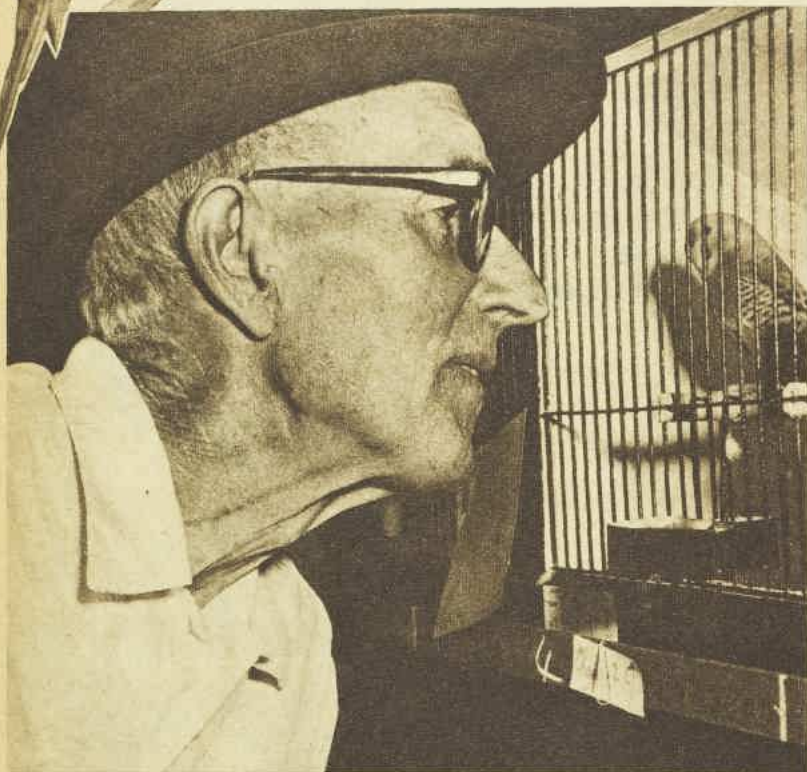


Kellogg's CORN FLAKES



Reporter at large visits a bird show **Budgerigars: One makes a mouthful**

● About 500 budgerigars were competing with a blond pianist and winning hands down when I reached the annual exhibition of the Budgerigar Society of Australasia at the Sydney Town Hall recently. The budgerigars were making noises like massed tin whistles, and the pianist, thumping as though she were being paid danger money, was rendering "True Love."



MR. C. LIND, of Bondi, N.S.W., studies a budgerigar "acrobat" at close hand. This bird scurried back and forth across the front of the cage, but never forgot to duck his head when he came to his little water tank fixed to the front bars.

THIS was followed by "Sunset on the Hills." The atmosphere wasn't particularly restful.

But what you notice most at a budgerigar corroboree is not the noise of the birds but the glazed, myopic look of people talking about budgerigars.

Within minutes of arrival a tall, hatless woman, who wore a wild look and four ropes of amber beads, backed me against a cage to describe "Tommy."

"He's extremely intelligent. He starts the day saying, 'Good morning, darling,' and he never forgets to say 'Good night.' He learnt quickly because I never did what some silly people do — talk baby talk to him."

"My Tommy pretends to go to sleep and then he rattles his bell, and says, 'Call the police.' He asks for his spinach, too. I've never known a more intelligent bird."

"The thing he likes most is a tap running. It seems to soothe him. He . . ."

She began to make gargling noises when I managed to escape and reach a cage marked "Ireland's Danny Boy, the Budgerigar with the Irish Brogue."

Danny's cage flew the flag



REPORTER Ronald McKie learned how to identify sex of budgerigars, but he's too cagy to tell.

of Eire, and was gay with garlands of artificial flowers, though behind the bars Danny looked a bit cramped among swings, ladders, bells, ropes, rattles, his own personal cases, and a large mirror.

"There's too much junk in the cage," a man said. "You'd think he was off to a fancy-dress ball."

"Wasting time"

A woman agreed. "All that stuff—it's bad for a bird's nerves. And look at the mirror. I wouldn't think of letting mine have one."

"The poor sweetie pecking at the other bird," another woman said. "He'll never

learn to talk properly if he wastes his time like that."

"He'll end up convinced he's a flaming seagull," the man said.

After circumnavigating the cages twice I found the owner.

"Nonsense," she said. "Danny loves his playthings, and he talks beautifully in a real Irish brogue."

"Could we take his picture sitting on top of the Irish flag?" I asked.

"Not here," she said, "he'll fly away."

So we carried Danny to a dreary changing-room in the Town Hall basement, where photographer Ernie Nutt took pictures of him sitting on his owner's head and kissing her.

She tried to make him talk, but Danny wasn't in the mood. He made a few noises. Perhaps they were Gaelic.

Later, after several more owners had failed to get even a punctuation mark out of their birds, I asked an official.

He lowered his voice. "Some birds talk well, but every owner is convinced his or her bird talks beautifully."

"In my experience only the owners of a lot of birds can tell you what the hell they're talking about."

He looked around furtively. "For heaven's sake, don't mention my name."

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YOU'RE NEVER TOO OLD to be a budgerigar fancier, says Mrs. M. Dooris, of Paddington, who attended the recent annual exhibition at Sydney Town Hall of the Budgerigar Society of Australasia. Five hundred birds were on display.

After that I loitered at the information desk and picked up some fascinating bits of budgerigar gossip.

"She's been on the eggs a month," a crew-cut youth in a blue shirt said.

"That's serious," said one of the information men. "They can't be fertile."

And behind me a man was saying: "If you get that mating you'll get cinnamon hens and opaline hens . . ."

"I thought she was a bit slow," Crew-cut was saying.

And from behind: "If you do that you'll get opaline splits all the way . . ."

At last committeeman Gordon Hume, of Faulconbridge, guided me around the cages and gave me just what I was looking for—a well-informed budgerigar bashing.

"Budgerigars and love birds are not the same. Love birds are South African."

"Budgerigars, which the aborigines called 'Betcherry-gah,' meaning 'Good food,' were first found by the great naturalist Gould near Parramatta in 1840.

"The blacks were right.

Budgerigars are good to eat, and taste a little between quail and tender chicken. One budgerigar makes about one good mouthful.

"The world's greatest breeder of color in budgerigars is Harley Yardley, of Five Dock, Sydney. There is no one to touch him."

"He won't sell his birds, though several wealthy American breeders have offered to send special planes to Australia to take back birds to the States."

"But Warwick Fairfax, of the 'Sydney Morning Herald,' was one of the most important breeders of budgerigars in Australia. Many of today's top collections stem originally from Warwick's birds."

A myth . . .

I asked if budgerigars were really intelligent.

"Research overseas has shown that the budgerigar has the most highly developed brain of any bird. That's why they can be taught to speak, and the reason for their extremely good memory."

"It's a myth that the cock bird is a better talker. He learns quicker because he settles down quicker. Because hen birds are wilder, they are slower to learn, but once a hen settles down she talks beautifully."

"There's a moral in that somewhere, and also in the fact that the more comfortable and domesticated budgerigars are the less interested they are in sex, though I've known lively exceptions."

"In many ways budgerigars are very like humans. They are habit-forming. They have strong maternal and paternal instincts. They are affectionate."

"When the hen is nesting the cock bird not only gathers food but feeds the hen and even the chickens—just like home."

I pointed out that all budgerigars looked the same to me, and Gordon Hume explained how to tell their sex. "No," I said . . . "Really! . . . no! . . . it's hard to believe . . . you don't say!"

And that's how to tell, he said. You'd be astonished. I was.

Oh, Danny Boid



IRELAND'S Danny Boy, the budgerigar with the Irish brogue, kissed his owner, Miss Ethel Read, of Elizabeth Bay, and climbed all over her head, but he refused to sit on top of the Irish flag above his cage, and he wasn't in the mood for talking.

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DOVE GREY



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**Not a dye! Not a tint!
Outlasts 5 shampoos!**

color-glo — the hair beauty discovery of the age — has arrived from Paris!

Now you can give your hair radiant natural colour in a few minutes — at home!

Working on an entirely new principle—'controlled colour' color-glo performs the miracle of doing for your hair (and for you) what lipstick does for your lips—make-up does for your complexion! Your own natural hair colouring actually controls the degree of new colour color-glo creates in your hair for more beauty.

color-glo brings your hair to life by creating new, delicate colour loveliness. It adds new, natural colour . . . new brightness . . . enhances your own natural hair colouring. And it's so simple to use. There's no messy mixing or pouring into saucers with color-glo. No difficult brushing into the hair . . . no special methods of any kind. Just use color-glo as you would an ordinary shampoo. Then, see what happens! In a few minutes, your hair will have an entirely new beauty . . . glorious natural colour that will outlast 5 shampoos!

color-glo has an added attraction, it improves the condition of your hair. Hair becomes more supple, silkier, easier to manage . . . stays as you want it to. It is safe to perm color-glo'd hair. color-glo won't rub off on clothes or pillows, and is not affected by rain, damp or seawater.

HERE'S ALL YOU DO to color-glo your hair

1. Wash your hair in the usual way. Sprinkle color-glo straight from the bottle on to your damp hair and lather it.
2. Wait a few minutes, then rinse. Your hair is now ready for setting. It's as easy as that!

color-glo is available in 6 lovely shades. Dove Grey, Honey Brown, Black Cherry, Molten Gold, Titian Gold and Deep Auburn. Whether you have "mousey", brown, blonde, black or grey hair, one of these shades will blend with it, and bring out lights you never dreamed existed!

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TRADE MARK

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**AT CHEMISTS, STORES
AND HAIRDRESSERS, ONLY 7/10**

THINK of it — the chance to be a princess for a few weeks. And it's a reality, not chance, for two pretty Sydney models, Jan Geoffrey and Zana Litt.

With temporary "royalty" conferred on them the girls are making the most of it.

"After all, we'll never get to be princesses again," Jan told us.

At the time, we were all at a party. The princesses were there to introduce their namesakes—the latest in electric shavers for women.

With this new product, the manufacturers decided they would choose two girls to promote and introduce it.

So Jan and Zana are living in a glamor spotlight this month. And as the shavers are made in two colors—blossom-pink and seaspray-blue—Jan is "Princess Pink" and Zana is "Princess Blue."

When we met them, the girls were wearing dresses to match their names. Specially designed, the dresses adapted the Trapeze Line, with a deftly draped torso-line topping a frill from the knees.

They're wearing the dresses at personal appearances in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Brisbane.

Zana, who is going to Brisbane, told us about plans for her trip there. They included red carpets and an open-car drive through the city to a leading store.

"We'll be sorry when all this is over," she added.

Worth Reporting

WE'VE had an unusual communication — a Christmas card, in April.

It's from The Raichands, Box 81, Jonteldi, Sudan Republic, and says:

"Best wishes for a very Merry Christmas. Frankly speaking, we are mentally frustrated family of six. Any can help us our passage to Australia land of wonder we can pick up any odd jobs."

Success of three playwrights (age 11)

WE met three enterprising playwrights the other day — enterprising because at 11 years of age they're all successful.

The three — Jennifer Bush, Gayle Duggan, and Charles Barton, all of Sydney — won the major prizes in a recent playwriting competition conducted by the Rural Bank.

Jennifer's play, which won first prize, was titled "The Satellite."

Second prize went to sturdy little Gayle Duggan, whose writing career began at the age of four.

Her "Shepherd's Purse" is in blank verse, and is the story of how that flower got its name.

Third-prize winner Charles Barton's play, "Drake's Drum," resulted in his meeting Australian singer Peter Dawson, who lent his own recording of the song for the play's finale music.

Monaco gay for christening

MONACO'S sugary-pink palace is bustling with activity as plans are made for the April 20 christening of the young heir—Prince Albert—and for the gayest celebrations the pint-sized principality has seen.

Anne Matheson cables that on the day before his christening Prince Rainier and Princess Grace will present the baby to the people from the palace balcony, and there'll be champagne parties in both the palace and its flower-filled courtyard for all Rainier's subjects.

For the festivities—including fireworks, an enormous festival, and dancing in the streets—the whole principality will be decorated and every hotel packed with visitors ready to enjoy the pageantry as much as loyal Monegasques.

The palace public-relations officer, Rupert Allan, reports that the baby is "doing fine," and that Princess Grace is on "a normal diet of meat, vegetable, salad, and the glass of beer ordered by her doctor with her lunch and dinner."

Meanwhile Princess Caroline has become self-appointed "protector" of her baby brother. She can speak only a few words, but when Albert cries she rushes to his cot, saying, "Shush, shush," or runs to

the nurse and tugs her apron to let her know she's needed.

"Already Caroline is becoming fashion-conscious," added Mr. Allan. "She has a blue satin-quilted dressing-gown to which she is very attached, and she has started admiring herself in the mirror, patting the gown and clinging to it when her nurse wants to dress her."

"She seems to have acquired a little girl's vanities, and also pats her reflection in the mirror."

GIRLS—do YOU use one of those run-of-the-mill, old-fashioned knitted tea-cosies?

For your information, it's more chic to have a fur cosy combining beaver and lambswool. We saw them on show at a Melbourne furrier's salon.

The girl in the Trilby hat

DIMINUTIVE Shani Wallis, who is starring in "Bells Are Ringing" at Melbourne's Princess Theatre, is a real trouper and showman in the tradition of the late Jack Buchanan.

Like Buchanan, she has a fondness for Trilby hats.

Shani showed us her feminine versions of the dashing, snap-brimmed felt hat that was Buchanan's trademark.

"I had them made specially for Australia," she said.

Shani is looking forward to seeing her brother Jim, a cattle farmer at Bridgetown, about 60 miles from Perth.

"Jimmy migrated to Australia more than five years ago," Shani said. "He has three children."

Moviegoers will see Shani in Charles Chaplin's new film, "A King in New York." Chaplin signed her up after he saw her playing the principal boy in "Aladdin."



Contributions are invited for our Sweet and Sour Contest, in which each week we award £2/2/- for The Nicest Compliment and The Best Backhander. Here are this week's winners.

THE NICEST COMPLIMENT

WHEN we married, my husband and I could not afford to go away for our honeymoon. About five years later we met an old friend, who mentioned that he had married and had gone to Wales for a honeymoon. He asked where we had gone and my husband replied:

"Oh, we're still having our honeymoon."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. V. Smith, P.O. Box 554, Cairns, North Qld.

THE BEST BACKHANDER

AT an eisteddfod I won my section, for which the test piece was rather slow and dreamy. After the judging one woman rushed up to me beaming all over her face.

"I knew you'd win, dear," she said. "You were the only one who sent me to sleep!"

£2/2/- awarded to Jeannette Morris, 9 Norwood Ave., Lindfield, N.S.W.

Send your entries to "The Nicest Compliment" or "The Best Backhander," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

See the family likeness?

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clear, smooth
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complexion

Skin with dewy freshness. Skin that's clear and flawless. Babies have it. So can you, if you care for your skin with baby-mild Pears.

The milder your soap the prettier your skin. And Pears is the mildest of soaps... mild and so pure you can see right through it! Each tablet is matured for 14 full weeks to make sure of its mildness... to ensure the perfect blending of its delicate oils. That's why regular Pears care makes your skin clearer, smoother, younger-looking. Buy Pears soap today, for baby, for you... for everyone at your place.



Why don't you make Pears a family affair?

Glamor clothes for the "stay-at-homes"



● The fashion-wise—now planning wardrobes to see them through the chilly, wintry days ahead—realise the value of glamorous "at home" wear.

Being attractively and suitably dressed for the occasion is just as important when you're "sitting pretty" during long, lazy hours by the "fireside as it is when you're stepping out.

That's why designers have directed their skill to this field of fashion.

And they have emphasised vibrant colors in their autumn ensembles, for color spells flattery when the weather is bleak.

There is color in the perennially popular handknits: blouses or blouse-styled handknits teamed with skirts in novel bulky fabrics.

And the big news—color has gone to the legs. The latest look for casual wear is bright stockings with pretty matching or contrasting shoes.

The up-to-the-minute fashions pictured on these pages show the easy-to-wear qualities that add up to style and comfort.

We think they're so flattering we've arranged for patterns of some of the styles.

Overleaf directions are given for the white knitted cardigan (at left). Other instructions tell how to make two of the skirts.

Paper patterns for the same skirts and for their blouse-tops are obtainable from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney.

Address mail orders to Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Please quote the identifying number of the pattern or patterns required.

ABOVE: Gay stocking color is accented with a pair of figured shoes. Worthy of note are the texture and design of the skirt. Simply cut, it relies for effect on the knobby fabric, which will be a high-fashion favorite. Pattern for the hand-knitted blouse is given overleaf. It is designed for three sizes—34, 36, 38in. bust.

RIGHT: Casual separates go to an informal party, where they win fashion honors for looking both smart and suitable. The girl on the left is wearing one of the newest color combinations—green, blue, and black, spiced with gilt. The almost sombre ensemble (at right) is magically lightened by a pair of bright red shoes.





BY THE fireside it's easy to relax in chic separates. Paper patterns are available for red fringed skirt and blouse. Skirt No. 4814 in sizes 26, 28, 30, 32in. waist requires 2yds. 54in. material. Price 3/-. Blouse, No. 4815, 32 to 38in. bust, requires 1 1/2yds. 54in. material. Price 3/-.

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In three sizes: regular size, 5/3; "jewel" container, 6/3; refillable plastic atomiser, 9/9.

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Make these skirts

● Here are how-to-make instructions for the buttoned skirt and for the knitted blouse and fringed skirt shown on the previous page.

BUTTONED SKIRT

MATERIALS required: 1yd. 54in. material; ½yd. contrast material; 5 buttons; snap-fasteners.

Mark off pleats as shown in diagram along 54in. width of material. (A 32in. waist takes the complete 54in.; smaller ones take a few inches less.)

The seam goes to the centre front. Length of skirt is normal skirt length plus 2½-2in. for hem and ½in. for waist seam edge. All the pleats except the two at centre front are box pleats.

All the pleats follow the direction of diagram arrows, taking in 1½in. at each side of pleat, adding up to 3in. for each complete pleat.

Pin pleats in place, tack, and then machine along waist edge. Seam up centre front from hemline to within 7in. of waist.

Cut a straight piece of contrast material 16in. long by 7in. wide, and machine together down 16in. length, leaving ½in. seam edge. Turn inside out and hem in one edge in a V-shape (see picture).

Attach to skirt, machining

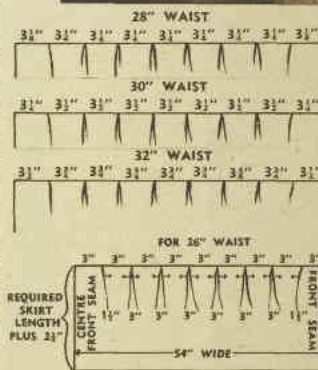
point of V to centre seam. Sew down right-hand side of contrast band, across V, and to within 7in. of waist on left-hand side (for placket).

Hem down inside edges of placket. Sew snap-fasteners at 2in. intervals on placket.

Cut another straight piece of contrast material 7in. wide and the length of skirt's waist plus 2in. for the mitred edge (see picture).

Fold waistband strip in half lengthwise, and stitch V across one end. Trim surplus material away and turn right side out. Place waistband to outside of skirt and stitch under edge of waistband to waist edge of skirt.

Hem loose edge of waistband to inside of skirt. Make a button-hole at mitred edge of waistband. Sew on buttons at even intervals. Put up hem.

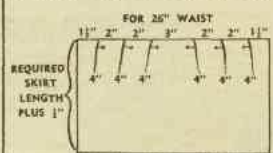


FRINGED SKIRT

(Shown in color on previous page)

MATERIALS required: 2yds. 54in. material; 6in. slide-fastener; hooks and eyes; plus (if material is not suitable for fringing) 2½yds. woollen fringe.

Diagram below is for a 26in. waist. For 28in. waist, increase the 1½in. measurement at each diagram edge to 2in.



For 30in., increase to 2½in. For 32in., increase to 3in.

Mark off pleats as shown in diagram. Take in the 4in. allowed for pleats at the 2in. intervals and in the direction indicated by arrows. The 3in. gap goes at centre front and centre back (back and front of the skirt are the same).

Pin pleats in place at waistline, tack; then machine. Putting back and front of skirt together with right sides facing each other, pin side seams together. There is a ½in. allowance for seams.

Try on skirt and check fit; then machine seams, leaving

a 6in. gap on left seam for slide-fastener. Put in fastener.

Cut a straight piece of material 5in. wide by waist measurement plus 2in. extra. Fold waistband in half lengthwise, and stitch across both ends ½in. in from edge.

Place waistband to outside of skirt, with 1in. extension to BACK edge of placket. Stitch under edge of waistband to waist edge of skirt.

Hem loose edge of waistband to inside of skirt. Fasten waistband with hooks and eyes.

If material is coarsely woven enough, fringe about 2in. for hemline effect (see picture previous page). If not suitable, join on a matching ready-made woollen fringe.

KNITTED BLOUSE

MATERIALS: 8 (10-12) balls Patons "Bechive" Fingering (Patonised) 3-ply; 1 pr. each Nos. 11 and 8 knitting needles; 7 buttons.

Measurements: Bust, 34 (36-38) in.; length from top of shoulder, 20 (20-21) in.; length of sleeve seam, 17½ (17½-18) in.

Tension: 7 sts. and 9 rows to 1in. on No. 8 needles.

BACK

Using No. 11 needles cast on 108 (112-116) sts. and work 3½in. in k 1, p 1 rib. Change to No. 8 needles and cont. in st-st. (1 row knit, 1 row purl), inc. once at each end of the needle in the 5th and every following 8th row until there are 122 (128-134) sts. on needle. Work straight until back measures 12½in.

Shape Armholes: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, 1 st. at beg. of next 4 rows. 100 (106-112) sts. Work straight until back measures 19½ (19½-20½) in.

Shape Shoulders: Cast off 9 (9-10) sts. at beg. of next 8 rows. Cast off rem. sts.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 11 needles cast on 64 (68-72) sts.

1st Row: * K 1, p 1, rep. from * to last 16 sts., k 16.

2nd Row: P 16, * k 1, p 1,

rep. from * to end of row. Rep. these 2 rows for 3½in.

Change to No. 8 needles, cont. in st-st., inc. once at beg. of needle in 5th and every following 8th row until there are 71 (76-81) sts. on needle. Work straight until front measures 12½in., ending at side edge.

Shape Armhole: Cast off in rows that start from this edge 4 sts. once, 3 sts. once, 2 sts. once, and 1 st. twice. 60 (65-70) sts.

Work straight until front measures 17½ (17½-18½) in., ending at front edge.

Shape Neck: Cast off 18 (18-20) sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. once at this edge in every row until 36 (40-40) sts. rem. Work straight until front measures 19½ (19½-20½) in.

Shape Shoulder: Cast off in rows that start from armhole edge 9 (10-10) sts. 4 times. Fasten off.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, reversing all shapings and border, and making 7 sets of buttonholes, the first set to start ½in. from lower edge and the last set ½in. from neck edge, work 5 more sets at equal intervals.

To Make Buttonholes:

1st Row: K 3, cast off 3, k 4, cast off 3 sts., k 3, work to end of row.

2nd Row: Work to last 10

sts., p 3, cast on 3, p 4, cast on 3, p 3 sts.

SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles cast on 50 (54-58) sts.; work 3in. in k 1, p 1 rib. Change to No. 8 needles and cont. in st-st., inc. once at each end of needle in the 5th and every following 8th row until there are 92 (96-100) sts. on needle. Work straight until sleeve measures 17½ (17½-18) in. or length desired.

Shape Top: Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, 2 sts. at beg. of next 18 rows, and 3 sts. at beg. of next 10 rows. Cast off rem. sts.

COLLAR

Using a fine backstitch seam, sew up the shoulder seams. Turn back 8 sts. down both fronts (matching buttonholes) and slip-stitch in position on wrong side. With right side of work facing and using No. 11 needles knit up 110 (116-120) sts. evenly round neck edge and work 6in. in k 1, p 1 rib. Cast off loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Using a flat seam for ribbing and fine backstitch seam for other seams, sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam. Fold collar in half and slip-stitch into position on wrong side. Oversew buttonholes. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes. Finally press all seams.

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...AND KING SIZE FLAVOUR, TOO!

ROTHMANS KING SIZE FILTER

STANDARD FILTER

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Place any filter tip cigarette on this actual size comparison chart, and see the difference yourself. Rothmans invented the first KING SIZE cigarette in the U.S.A. in 1937 and the first KING SIZE FILTER cigarette in 1951.

Compare the Flavour

Rothmans pay top prices for the world's finest Virginia leaf. Because these tobaccos are imported to Australia exclusively by Rothmans, no other cigarette can offer the KING SIZE Flavour that has made Rothmans KING SIZE FILTER Australia's largest selling filter cigarette.

Rothmans KING SIZE

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT

FILTER

ROTHMANS OF BELL MALL (AUSTRALIA) LTD.

Rothmans King Size Filter – Australia's most wanted cigarette

Is your hair difficult after you've washed it? A few hours from now your hair can be brighter, easier to set and style than it has ever been before. All you have to do is wash it with Sunsilk, the gentle new *one-lather* shampoo.



Gleaming, more manageable hair with only one lather

How do you wash your hair? If you are using two lathers, you are almost certainly *overwashing* it — washing away the vital natural oils that keep hair bright and manageable, "But I need two lathers to get it clean," you will answer, and that was true — before Sunsilk.

This revolutionary new shampoo is so rich, so thorough that it washes your hair shining clean with just *one* gentle lather. You do not need a second lather with Sunsilk.

Your one rich Sunsilk lather does all the work of two . . . polishing every single strand . . . washing thoroughly but so gently that your hair is smooth and gleaming, easy to manage the moment it's dry.

PEARS
Sunsilk
SHAMPOO

Bubble 1/3; big money-saving bottle 5/6; smaller bottle 3/9



SK.8.WW144g



Typist turns portraitist

● Twenty-seven-year-old Australian secretary Valerie O'Neill, the last woman evacuated from Cairo during the Suez crisis, has swapped her typewriter for a profitable paintbrush in London.

Creating a career on canvas

A FORMER Melbourne girl, Valerie made the break from regular wages after five years as a secretary with the Department of External Affairs.

She worked for the Department in Saigon, Cairo, and Canberra, and painted in her spare time.

"They were satisfying years, but I felt that spare-time painting was not enough," she said. "I had to know if I could make a career of art."

So, in Canberra last year, Valerie resigned from the Department, and a month later arrived in London.

Chinese style

Now that she is making enough money to leave her bank balance alone, she is concentrating on landscape and portrait painting, and watercolors in the classical Chinese style.

"I learnt Chinese watercolor painting in Saigon," she said in her Kensington studio bed-sitter.

"The technique demands tremendous brush control and a lot of practice."

Pretty and fair-haired, Valerie studied painting under Archibald Colquhoun, and at 17 enrolled at the Gallery School, Melbourne, under William Dargie.

"Instruction was very thorough there," she said. "I

noticed the difference when I enrolled at a polytechnic college in London . . . far too many students in one room, and little class discipline."

In 1949 and 1950 Valerie won the Dandenong Festival of Art competition.

Then her flair for languages — fluent French, Dutch, and Italian — won her a stenographer's job at the French Chamber of Commerce in Melbourne.

A yen for travel led to the Department of External Affairs in Canberra, where she worked for eight months.

She was then sent to Saigon as Minister's secretary during the final stages of the Indo-China fighting.

"I was the first white woman in many of the villages I visited, and I painted many landscapes," she said.

Back in Canberra, Valerie received many spare-time portrait commissions, and her clients included several members of the Diplomatic Corps.

Two months in Egypt followed, as secretary to the Minister, Mr. R. Cutler, before the Suez crisis developed and she was given a few hours' notice to leave for Australia.

Valerie has settled temporarily in London, and still wants to travel—particularly to the Arab countries.

Her plans for returning to Australia are indefinite.

"When I am ready for my first one-woman show I shall hold it in Melbourne," she said.

•For white-haired Englishwoman

Pottery cats pave road to success

● In three years a more-than-middle-aged Englishwoman has turned a hobby—drawing kittens—into a profitable little business of making pottery cats.

MISS MAISIE SENE-
SHALL, of St. John's Wood, London, has been a fashion artist, music-hall singer, and tracer with a design engineering firm.

Three years ago, as an experiment, she made her first pottery cat—a kitten curled in a ball as if sleeping on a hearthrug.

It sold well, orders poured in, and now, with 25 different moulds, her chief problem is to supply the demand.

Miss Seneshall, whose white hair is loosely knotted at the back of her neck, with soft curls framing her face, said: "I think I am the only artist who specialises in cats."

"Actor James Mason and cartoonist Ronald Searle paint good cats, and critic Boswell,

too—his are queer but very lovely—but to them it is just a hobby."

Every available inch of Miss Seneshall's two-roomed flat is devoted to pottery cats—cats climbing up the wall, curled on the hearth, ornamenting ashtrays, and peeping from the bases of lamp-stands.

Her best-seller is the "Wicked Kitten"—a Siamese with a smile that looks quite devilish.

"Now I'm planning others to complete the set—good, shy, sleepy, angry, and greedy kittens," she said.

That will add another five to her moulds, among which the most expensive are a mother cat that sells at £10/10/- and doorstep Siamese twins, £9/9/-. The cheapest is a kitten for 15/-.

"When I started this work I thought all cats looked alike," said Miss Seneshall. "After three years of cat pottery and painting I can now recognise one from another."

"Burmese kittens are the wickedest. They're off and up



WHITE-HAIRED Miss Maisie Seneshall, surrounded by pottery cats of all sizes, as she adds a last touch of paint to another of her models at a Kensington, London, pottery.

the curtains before you know it, but when grown they don't scratch and are sweet. They are beautiful cats, with wonderful nigger-brown satiny coats and limey-green eyes."

Miss Seneshall draws Siamese cats more than any others, but she said the most

By
PAT SOBEY,
in London

beautiful and hardest to sketch or mould were Chinchillas.

"They are such ethereal, beautiful creatures, white Persians with tiny coral noses and green eyes heavily outlined in black," she said. "It is so easy to make them look chocolate-boxy."

Although she has sketched many pedigreed pets, Miss

Seneshall has never owned a valuable cat.

"I like big, brown tabbies, preferably fat and dreamy," she said.

Her stage career ended when her mother became ill as World War II began.

"As the only child, I had to look after her in the family home at Bushy Heath," she said.

"It was then I started drawing cats. We had three cats, one male and two female, who had regular litters."

"I always managed to find homes for the kittens. Before they were born I would put a sign, 'Watch this space,' in the local store. The next week I'd change it for another, 'Any minute now.'

"I'd follow that with a sketch of a tiny kitten and a sign, 'There are four—or five,' depending on the litter, with the date they could be seen."

After her mother died and the war ended, Miss Seneshall took a course in engineering design, and got a job, but decided she'd like to take up pottery again, and investigated the market.

"Have you got a good cat?" I asked at each shop," she said. "Could you get me one?" Each time I got the same answer: 'No, madam, but I could get you a dog.'"

That was the cue Miss Seneshall wanted, and not long afterwards her first pottery kitten was attracting crowds at the British Industries Fair.



LIFE-LIKE Siamese and tabby cats go into the kiln for firing. Miss Seneshall also makes "cat" Christmas cards.



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History in wax

Gruesome scenes of the French Revolution are recalled by a novel based on the life of Madame Tussaud. She took impressions for posterity of famous heads, still warm, as they toppled from the guillotine.

TOURISTS who visit Madame Tussaud's waxworks in London are usually so preoccupied with recognising effigies of the famous, or with shuddering at the Chamber of Horrors, that they don't stop to identify the model of a tiny, sharp-nosed old lady—Madame Tussaud herself.

The model is Madame's own work, showing her at the age of 82—seven years before her death in 1850. It is an uncannily lifelike portrait, in the Tussaud tradition, which has been carried on by her descendants.

Recently published by Gollancz is a fictional autobiography, "I, Madame Tussaud," in which author Sylvia Martin tells Madame's strange life story.

When Frau Grosholtz, a widow, decided to take her six-year-old daughter, Anne Mariechen, from Switzerland to Paris to the home of her uncle Dr. Philip Curtius, in the Rue St. Honore, the rumblings of the French Revolution were very much in the future.

It was 1768, France was a monarchy, and at Versailles King Louis XV held glittering court. Aristocrats, in this pre-photographic age, were patronising Dr. Curtius' waxworks, which had become the rage.

Uncle Curtius taught small Marie the secrets of his craft.

"Visitors to the studio were startled to see there a small girl with a skull in her lap or a thighbone in her hand... But does an architect recoil in fearful sweat from sticks and stones?"

Years passed. Louis XVI and Queen Marie Antoinette were on the throne. Marie Grosholtz, in her late teens, had become expert in her craft—so expert that the King's sister, Princess Elizabeth, commanded that she live at the Palace of Versailles, where she could model the Princess' young friends, and teach them the art of making waxen figures.

Revolution came in 1789, and smashed the royal world.

It was a revolution of words at first. In his Paris salon, liberal-minded Dr.



SELF-PORTRAIT in wax of Madame Tussaud, aged 82. The cold, shrewd eyes still dominate Waxworks Museum in London.

Curtius discussed likely changes with his friends, among whom was Robespierre, arch enemy of the Crown.

Marie Grosholtz had returned from Versailles. The Bastille was stormed.

Most dramatic and tragic events followed. The guillotine started its rise and fall; revolutionary fervor swept the land. Marie, former sculptor to a royal princess, now served the new Republic.

King Louis went to the scaffold. In a room near the site, Marie waited with her

By
HELEN FRIZELL

tools of trade, plaster of Paris, water buckets, tallow pots. The King's head was still warm when they brought it to her to make the death mask.

Marie was dedicated to her art; and no doubt believed in self-preservation. Her hands held other heads—revolutionary or royalty, it did not matter—Marat, Charlotte Corday, Queen Marie Antoinette, white-haired in death.

At one stage Marie's career was threatened. She had aristocratic figures on show in her museum. Her brothers, members of the Swiss Guard, had died attempting to de-

fend the King. Marie was placed in prison; but was soon released—to make the death mask of gentle Princess Elizabeth, her former mistress and friend.

In 1795, Paris celebrated the Revolution with a Festival.

Robespierre, tricolor plumes waving from his hat, "a bouquet of corn, fruit, and wild flowers" in his hand, spoke to the crowd of liberty, equality, fraternity.

They cheered. Not long afterwards fate turned the tables. Robespierre died on the scaffold. Busy Marie made his death mask.

Marie Grosholtz was in her middle-thirties at this time. Francois Tussaud worked with her at the waxworks.

Though she had little regard for him, it was high time she married. The marriage was never one of importance, but lasted long enough for Marie to bear two sons who could carry on her art and name.

When the Revolution ended, Marie Tussaud made a bust of Napoleon Bonaparte. This was commissioned by Josephine de Beauharnais, beautiful, but seven years older than the Corsican.

"Can you age him?" Josephine asked Marie.

Napoleon rose in power. Soon Madame Tussaud made his life mask. "Moistening my palm with sweet oil, I advanced upon my client and touched his face. He started back in his chair so violently as to knock his head on the frame. He was a nondescript little man in a carelessly unbuttoned uniform."

"Don't be afraid," said Madame Tussaud.

"Afraid?" shouted Napoleon. "I would not be afraid if you held a brace of pistols to my head!"

Madame Tussaud also was nerveless. In 1802 she took her business to London. Money difficulties followed, but the woman who had kept her head through the Revolution kept it until her death in 1850. She had become a well-known figure on the British scene; one whose image, with its cold, shrewd eyes, still dominates the London waxworks.



WAX IMPRESSION of head of Marie Antoinette taken immediately after her death.



PRINCESS MARGARET in wax at Madame Tussaud's, in London, has finishing touches put to her hair by an assistant. Other Royal figures are on show.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—April 9, 1956

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to Nan Bridges. Large, masculine, he had dominated the room. But Ruth Hurst had gentleness, Nan felt that she understood without any need of words how much Nan was in need of a friend.

"It will be lovely to have you," she assured the girl. "Robin is very good to me, but it's not like having another woman to talk to. I feel so out of everything since I've been laid up."

Nan woke next morning in one of the gable rooms that went from front to back of the house. The just-risen sun streamed light through her open window, and underneath the tranquil morning sounds a deep quietness moved, to the wash of wind through the sea-sighing pines. Birds called, a dog barked, fowls greeted a new day. Nan's watch said five-thirty. She got up and looked through her back window.

Already a long line of cows moved up to the milking sheds, soft tawny browns, fawns, and pale greys. Everything brilliant with light, though the night still shadowed the far-off bush, and the upweeping hills dwelt in a tenderness of blue.

Robin Hurst went striding through the yard. Lord of all he surveys, Nan thought, and doesn't he know it! She could see the matt of hair on his sunburnt forearms, the power in his throat and chest.

A little defiantly, she dressed and went down to the kitchen, though the upland air made her feel she could have slept on for a week. She had never risen at such an unearthly hour before, but she was giving Robin Hurst no cause to think her lazy.

He came indoors with a great dipper of foaming milk, still steaming and smelling of clover. He grinned, and said, "Couldn't you sleep?"

"I slept very well, thanks," Nan returned crisply. And added, in spite of herself, "When I undertake a job, I like to do it justice."

"Don't martyr yourself!" he said, amused. He readjusted the stove, suggested she mix the breakfast porridge with hot

water next time, corrected a few more of her errors, and then disappeared. Nan's blood ran hot. But I've had to deal with tougher propositions in my time, she told herself. I can always ignore him.

Within a week, by setting her mind to it, Nan had mastered all the indoor chores. Ruth Hurst's patient gratitude was her reward. Ruth rested in the kitchen during the morning, helping all she could, and giving instructions about cooking, cleaning. The work was like a happy game, while they chatted together; until Robin came in for his meals and Nan Bridges froze into herself again.

Ruth was worried because her accident had made so much more work for the men. She was afraid he was overdoing it, in his anxiety to free the farm of debt. Nan could see no signs of it.

Hurst had the strength of an ox, and he never seemed to hurry, he had a maddening casual way of moving and speaking that seemed to Nan sheer laziness. But Ruth had always looked after the fowls and the paddy calves. Had kept the garden trim and picked the fruit for preserving. She blamed herself because Robin had to add all these jobs to his own.

Nan already felt herself a part of Rowe's Hill. And now that she was used to the routine of the house, she had time to spare. So she took over the fowl-feeding and enjoyed again her childhood's excitement gathering the eggs and searching for hidden nests in the stackyard, in the secret-smelling hay. When she offered to feed the calves as well, Robin opened sleepy blue eyes and laughed.

"Don't let me stop you!" he said. "Just mind they don't bunt the milk all over you, that's all."

Treating her all the time with that infuriating, amused tolerance. Goaded, Nan took over the separating as well, and carried the buckets of warm skim milk out to the paddock.

Continuing . . . Green Shutters

from page 29

After a few bruised shins, up-ended buckets, and drenched skirts, she became quite expert. She loved their fawn-eyed, soft-coated timidity.

Robin was now out from dawn to dark, harvesting. There were raspberries to be picked. This in the cool of the evening, after a long busy day. The smell of the fruit as it came on her fingers. Day's heat stored up among the heavy canes, and a bewildering assortment of creeping or flying things to plague her.

Mindlessly, she picked and picked; while the sun went down gloriously behind the hills, leaving a rosy afterglow. But when, bone-weary, Nan climbed the stairs to bed, there was always a light still in one of the sheds, where Robin overhauled machinery for next day.

The hired man failed to turn up just when it was important to get the last of the hay in before rain fell. "If only I weren't such a cripple!" Ruth exclaimed, blaming herself all over again for her fall. "I've often driven the tractor for Robin. But they say if I don't rest up until this bone has knitted I might never be of much use again."

"Could I help?" Nan suggested. "Surely a great open paddock would be easy enough after city traffic? Why, I've seen little boys in short pants driving the tractors on the farm next door!"

She went out and offered her services. Hurst looked from Nan's slight frame to the massive diesel machine.

"But what happens if you pile yourself up?" he asked. She thought, I might have known he wouldn't be overwhelmed with gratitude. "Hang on a minute," he told her, "and I'll ring through and get you insured."

A tight-lipped Nan practised driving her new chariot while she waited. An exhilarating

job, really, and she kept going till the last load was in.

"Thanks!" Robin said briefly. "You're certainly set on earning your tucker!"

Nan walked away without a word. I'm tired, she thought; why should it matter to me that the man's uncouth? But she thought how unfailingly considerate he was with his mother. And how all the animals adored him.

Unexpectedly, he called after her. "What are you going to do now?"

"Have a bath and go to bed," Nan told him wearily.

He smiled at her through the blue dusk. "Pity. I was going to ask you out to a dance. You'll be gone soon, won't you?"

There were tears in Nan's eyes as she went indoors. In another week her time would be up. Time had such a different quality here, she had forgotten. Days flowed in an endless natural rhythm, not cut piecemeal by the clock. That night, for the first time, Nan was restless. It's time I went back, she thought, before I lose all touch with civilisation.

Her last week at Rowe's Hill was, somehow, subtly different. The winter fodder harvested, Robin turned to summer fallowing. But when Nan was working in the garden under Ruth's watchful eyes he found time now and then to give a hand with the heavier jobs. When Ruth suggested he show Nan some of the nearer beauty spots before she left, he even managed to be obliging.

"You might as well see it while you can," he agreed. "Since you're not likely to be back."

There was always that little sting in everything he said to her, and always that indefinable tension between them. Her last Sunday afternoon they walked down as far as the bend of the river, the clipped stubble crisp underfoot. Robin strode along,

To page 60

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Method: Melt and brown fat. Add finely chopped onion, cook 5 mins. Stir in flour, cook slowly 3 mins. Add stock or water, cook until thick. Add all other ingredients except Claret or Burgundy. Add this just before serving.

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often forgetting to suit his pace to hers. He knew every bird, every herb along the way, and when Nan questioned him he replied. But it couldn't really be said that they conversed. And when Nan leaned perilously over the water, laughing excitedly to see the dart of a kingfisher, the leap of trout for a shimmering fly where the willows hung golden with light, he offered no steadying hand.

Returning, they were overtaken by a sudden storm, and for shelter to the young pine forest planted by Robin's father at the birth of his sons. Tall, spirallike, the trees rose, in mysterious green glow, thunder rapidly cooling and sweetening the air.

Even here they got wet; but Nan was too excited to care, though she couldn't have said why. When the ringing hiss of hail had passed they turned homeward past the reedy billabong, drinking in the gladness of the air after the rain.

"Look at you!" Robin said, pointing at Nan's image in the water. "Look what Rowe's Hill has done to you!"

Nan stared at her own image wonderingly. She was wind-blown, her hair bleached pale gold. Sinewy, but no longer thin. Her skin like amber, her body straight and proud. She laughed, because the demons that had possessed her were all gone; she was a woman again and full of life. Happy just to be here beside this man.

"Only two more days," the man said. He said it with a finality that spoke relief.

Nan's hurt was no longer in her pride. And she was stronger now. She had faced this last and greatest loss and found herself equal to it. Her smile never even wavered. "Yes," she agreed. "How peaceful life will be for you then!"

They went back to the house in silence. All antagonism had

passed with the storm. The barrier between them now deliberate, not instinctive.

Nan returned unheralded to her city guesthouse. "How well you look!" everyone cried. "You must have had a marvellous time!" Nan smiled and said nothing. "You do look happy!" her friends commented. "Tell us the secret?" But she only laughed.

Because they'd never believe it, she thought. That I've been working far harder than I ever did before—that I've fallen in love with the kind of man I always thought utterly impossible, and just because the man in him can match the woman in me, though on his side he couldn't care less.

She thought, sometimes, perhaps not getting one's own way can give you more than you ever dreamed. I'll have more to give to my work, and to my writing, she thought. I'll never want to run away from myself again. Pondering her feeling of renewed eagerness for life, firm in the vitality of deepened experience, she thought, love is never wasted. Even if it is never to bring you happiness, it can still give you strength.

Maurie Flynn's tired face lighted when he saw her.

"You're a sight for sore eyes, my dear," he told her. "Thank heaven you're back!"

Soon she might never have been away. Except that she had energy and to spare. Nan had only to close her eyes for a few precious moments to be snatched back into the quiet of green pastures, the gold of a dreaming afternoon sun. Hearing again the slow country speech, and seeing a man labor, bronzed and beautiful; his mocking, sleepy blue eyes belying the power in him.

Continuing . . .

Green Shutters

from page 58

Maurie said to her one morning, "There's this chap coming in today to record a talk on farm beekeeping. Look after him, will you? He's never done anything for us before, but from what I hear he's quite an authority, and he may be useful later on. Get a few personal details, too—local color, human interest, you know. He's been in the district for generations."

Nan murmured assent as Laurie put the file on her desk. Yes, she knew the routine. Let him take his time, tell you about the drought in 1890 and what have you, and the way the big fires used to go through when he was a boy. But when she came to make out the papers she wondered just who was playing a joke on whom. When the commissionaire rang the name through, she couldn't even go out to the foyer, but asked that Mr. Hurst be directed to her studio.

He mustn't know, she thought, as she met him at the door. I've let him come too close, in my thoughts I've let my defences down, never dreaming of this. And this is strictly business, she told herself; I must keep calm. She succeeded only in being stiff. His eyes so blue they mocked her with memories of the skies over Rowe's Hill.

"I'd like a few personal details if you'd care to give them while our technicians are getting ready," she commented, pen poised over paper, not looking at him. She had never seen him like this before, groomed and handsome. He seemed to fill the tiny sound-proof room till she had no space to breathe.

There was barely room for him at the little desk with the

waiting microphone, he dwarfed it laughably. He smiled wryly at her own big desk with all its paraphernalia of switches and phones, then at the technicians behind their glass screen, like fish in a tank.

"I'm not married," he stated at last.

Nan bent over the unblemished page. "Have you plans?" Hurst smiled. "Dreams, that's all. I muffed any chance I might have had. She stayed with us on the farm," he went on.

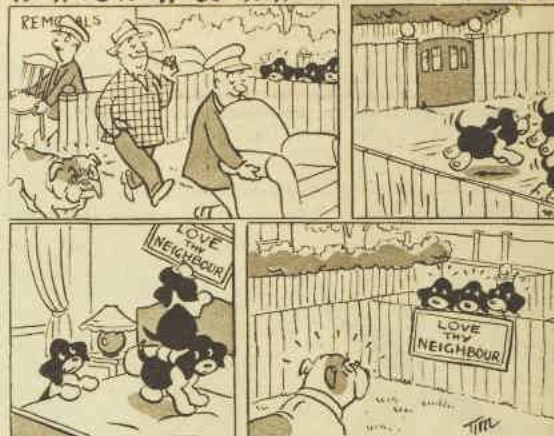
"I thought at first she was just a society butterfly, running away from responsibility. I'd never have known who she really was, but for seeing a write-up about her in a radio paper. I couldn't see how I had anything worth offering her, so I kept my wants to myself. And when she'd gone," he said, "I knew I'd been a fool. And a coward. At least I could have taken a chance—Money isn't everything, and I'd have been able to offer her even that in time, if she could have cared—"

Nan cut into that quiet recital hurriedly. "Our technicians are ready now. You have your script unspinned? Watch my hand, please, and be ready to come in ten seconds after I finish speaking."

He was very obedient. He couldn't possibly know how her knees were shaking. She said briskly at the finish, "That was excellent! But I think we'll have it again if you don't mind. Not so fast, and more as if you were just chatting to a friend, you know?"

He went through it again doggedly. Perspiration appeared on his forehead, and at the sight of it all Nan's nervousness vanished. "Grand!"

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



she told him professionally. "Thanks so much." Rising, she went to the door.

"Nan," he said. "I've got to talk to you—"

"I hope your mother has quite recovered now," she said. "Remember me to her, won't you?"

They were in one of the little branch passages leading back eventually to the foyer. "Nan," he said, "you must have known how I really felt about you! Do you think it was easy for me to push my way in here? But it seemed my only chance. I know a chap up here and he put me on to Laurie Flynn— Give me five minutes to try to put things right—"

Now you know how it feels, Nan thought! I'm not going to make it any easier, she told her racing heart. "I'm sorry," she said, looking at her watch. "I've someone waiting now for an audition—"

He barred her way just by

standing in it. "I'll be waiting outside this evening to take you to dinner—"

"Really," she returned, "I can't see that anything is to be gained by—"

He leaned forward and kissed the words from her mouth. His arms went around her, and all the tension melted into unbelievable joy, like wings mounting over Rowe's Hill. I knew you'd come, her heart sang. That's why I felt so strong, so safe!

A voice spoke her name. Robin released her, jammed on his hat, kissed again with decision, murmured, "Tonight, darling!" and went. "Nani!" Laurie Flynn repeated. She opened her eyes and focused them dreamily.

"Oh! Yes, Mr. Flynn, what is it?"

"Nothing, my dear," he said patiently, and left her to float gently down to earth.

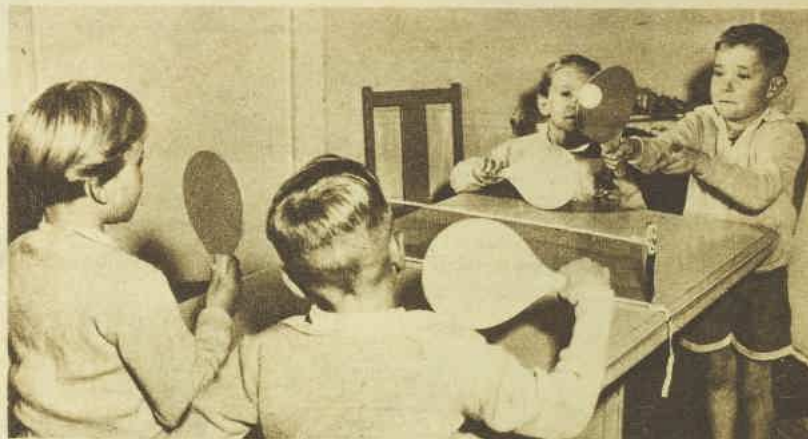
(Copyright)

MIXED DOUBLES - and what a mix-up

Our photographer gets into double trouble with the lively Sara Quads.



1 AN INNOCENT VICTIM—that's me! I offered to umpire the Sara Quads table tennis match. Let's start—Alison serves to Phillip . . . or maybe it's Mark.



2 PHILLIP SMASHES a forehand to Judith . . . er, Alison—anyway, it's not Mark. I'm so confused I think I'll take fingerprints and work it out that way.



3 I CAN'T SEPARATE the winners from the losers. Can you? Let's break off for a Vegemite sandwich and get our energy back.

Vegemite gives the energetic Sara Quads the vitamins they need every day.

"I watch the children's diet carefully—and make sure they have plenty of Vegemite," Mrs. Sara told me. "We start every day with Vegemite on toast and the Quads take Vegemite sandwiches to school. It's so good for them."

Your family needs Vegemite every day, too. This pure concentrated yeast extract supplies vitamins essential for healthy nerves, firm body tissue, good digestion and clear skin—these are vitamins B₁, B₂ and Niacin.

Unlocks energy.

Vegemite's vitamins are important for another reason, too—they release energy locked up in the other foods we eat.

Vegemite, made by Kraft, is available in 2 and 4-oz. jars and 6-oz. re-usable glasses. For big savings, buy the 8 and 16-oz. family-size jars.

Just for the record: The Quads, as they appear in the third photograph, are from left: Judith, Mark, Phillip and Alison. All four enjoy Vegemite for vitality.



AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard
For week beginning April 7

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

ARIES The Ram MARCH 21—APRIL 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, grey. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in your stars.	★ Your job is not the be-all of your existence right now. It's essential, but you are likely to take it for granted. Your personal affairs count more.	★ Your home is likely to be a hive of activity, probably in preparation for the holidays. Some of you may be making plans for improving your residence.	★ If you are in love this may be one of the happiest chapters of your life story. If already married, a piece of unexpected good luck could lift up your heart.	★ Opportunity for leadership may be thrust upon you. You will be called on to take the initiative. Go to people rather than wait for them to come to you.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21—MAY 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in following a hunch.	★ You intend to be on the receiving end when it comes to money. There is a practical streak in your sign and a little windfall will not go to your head.	★ Your philosophy of living is growing more tolerant. The household may find you specially considerate, ready to sacrifice your own wishes for harmony.	★ You may admire each other from a distance, yet both of you are too shy to become better acquainted. You are just weaving romantic dreams.	★ While your general social activities may be slowed down during this week, coming events are beginning to influence you. Visits to the sick are scheduled.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21—JUNE 21 ★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, green. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in a new friendship.	★ You prefer work in a busy place among different kinds of people. Quiet routine is not for you. A number of you will make changes for more action.	★ Long, excited conversations, unexpected invitations, could make your home the background for a really enjoyable week. You bring new zest into the home.	★ You are inclined to bounce into love. Of course, you can't be sure yet if it really is love or just a passing attraction. This uncertainty adds to the charm.	★ Some special task may be given to you and you pull strings so that favors are granted by authority. Tense situations over an awkward situation may worry.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22—JULY 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Luck through those in authority. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday.	★ If you think too much is being asked of you, it is always possible to retire to a less responsible position, although it will not carry the same prestige.	★ Entertaining, whether in your own home or on picnic parties, calls for careful organization. Write notes of what to take, what you will eat.	★ You are all set to be wise and appealing, which is your type, but boys grow tired of a girl who is everlastingly helpless. Be a good sport.	★ Whether you go sailing, fishing, or swimming, you'll have the time of your life. Any expedition which takes you to the beach brings reunion with old friends.
LEO The Lion JULY 23—AUGUST 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, gold. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in new scenes, new places.	★ If you want one of those special jobs coveted by others, you would be wise to train for it. The more knowledge and experience you have, the better.	★ Most of you will be off on vacation. All outdoor amusements are under good stars. On leaving, lock up your home securely, making sure that valuables are safe.	★ Those outings at Easter have cemented many a romance. Choose your partner with care. You may be seeing him over the breakfast table for the next forty years.	★ Travel in all its forms is for you just now. If you are unable to get away you can still read a book that takes you to far-off places. Otherwise, distant news.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23—SEPTEMBER 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in careful planning.	★ Everyday jobs which have no appeal for you should not be allowed to get you down. Look ahead, visualise the future, move towards it by slow degrees.	★ Some of you stay home and rest while members of the household are away. This means a pleasant, lazy time, although it may be rather lonely.	★ If your parents disapprove of your present date, or if his work takes him to another district, don't weep. There's a new love around the corner for you.	★ After nearly giving up hope you may find the means to gratify a wish. A short journey which you take alone could lead to further fortunate developments.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 23—OCTOBER 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, black. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in love.	★ Work with the team, but pull your weight. Don't put forward odd ideas that are certain to be turned down by associates. Be friendly, not over-eager.	★ You draw closer to the marriage partner and the children because of shared interests this week. The extra noise may be trying, but you'll have pleasant memories.	★ Those young in heart if not in years will find "autumn" romance kind. Never make fun of middle-aged lovers; they may be happier than many others.	★ Surrounded by people, you may be the guiding hand, although few will realise it. Some of you will be getting ready for a wedding as a bride or a bridesmaid.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 23—NOVEMBER 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in a big effort.	★ Your vitality is high, morale even higher. Direct this energy to constructive ends, but do not exhaust yourself over details or demand perfection from anyone.	★ In your present mood you are eager to get things done; you may be in danger of becoming a slave-driver, beginning with yourself and extending to the family.	★ Don't imagine that you own your beloved or expect him to adore you twenty-four hours a day. He managed quite well before he met you; he could again.	★ New clothes, exercise, a diet, you Scorpio subjects are busy on a new personality, and you have the perseverance to complete the job. You will startle your friends.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, mauve. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in speculation.	★ If Dame Fortune comes knocking at your door, be ready. A whole new departure in your career may depend upon what happens. Make decisions quickly.	★ Anticipation fills the first few days, then that long-awaited moment arrives. There may be an honor bestowed on a member of the family, or other good luck.	★ This is a wonderful time for love. Some of you find it hard to think about anything else. The teenager radiates the joy of living. True love runs smoothly.	★ Sporting events may have a particular appeal and Dame Fortune is likely to be on your side. Any tournament or competition you enter could bring victory.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 23—JANUARY 19 ★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in solving a problem.	★ For some of you, difficulties with a superior, which can become a major issue. Situations requiring tact should be dealt with calmly and with dignity.	★ If it's a new home there will be work to do. If it's an old one, long lived in, you will still be dreaming of changes. Gardeners are also full of enthusiasm.	★ Bring him home and let the family give him the once over. He'll pass inspection and you may be permitted to invite him along on one or two outings.	★ If you must stay home get all the fun possible out of it. Pursue your favorite relaxation, have a few friends in, especially those you see on rare occasions.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 19 ★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, orange. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in a personal interview.	★ Perhaps you've longed for a change and now it's come you are sorry. Look on it as a new experience. Study those of your tasks which have more appeal.	★ You will be dashing all over the place and home is likely to be just a place to live. Arrange that, you'll let your home run itself.	★ If you and the one you love best are making plans for your who crowd, be cautious about including jarring elements. Day-long trips can provide fun.	★ That crowded programme will keep you going. There may be a few messed-up arrangements, but they won't worry you because you'll be after the next item.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20—MARCH 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in striking a bargain.	★ For once your head is going to rule your heart. You may cut a few corners, but the result looks good. You may even attain a long-cherished wish.	★ Going to town to buy holiday needs, or to invest in a purchase for your home, you will have decisions to make, but you will be satisfied with results.	★ Should your beloved be spending more time than usual on his career, don't sulk. Wait, and be content with fewer dates, but see they are memorable.	★ For once you are being practical. You may settle for solid comfort rather than glamor and prefer to save money rather than spend it in one glorious burst.



LOXENE

MEDICATED SHAMPOO

clears dandruff, dry scalp and hair dullness

Many Australians to-day are suffering from unhealthy hair and scalp. Sometimes, not realising this, they believe they have naturally dull hair. But if they realise something is wrong, all too frequently they adopt the wrong kind of treatment—start applying lotions and dressings that merely mask the problem temporarily instead of tackling it at its root.

WHAT SCIENCE SAYS ABOUT DULL HAIR AND DANDRUFF

Hair specialists have found that very many hair troubles stem from one cause—the incomplete cleanliness of hair and scalp. Dust, grime and dandruff, accumulating on the scalp can form a deposit which tends to block the hair follicles. This can prevent the free flow of the natural scalp oils that give healthy hair its lovely natural gloss. In extreme cases the deposit is visible (as dandruff)—often it is in the hair without being seen at all.

HOW LOXENE HELPS TO REMOVE THE CAUSE OF UNHEALTHY HAIR

The answer to all these troubles caused by unhealthy hair was found by formulating a scalp treatment as a medicated shampoo. This preparation, called Loxene, makes hair and scalp really clean by removing all grime and flaky deposits. With regular use, Loxene removes and helps to overcome the development of dandruff.

ONLY HEALTHY HAIR CAN BE ATTRACTIVE HAIR

Hair that is really clean, really healthy, is lustrous and easy to manage and set. Use Loxene regularly, it is the natural way to beautiful hair. Seeing is believing—get a bottle of Loxene to-day and learn the new simple and economical way to hair health and beauty for all the family.

LOXENE

MEDICATED SHAMPOO AND SCALP TREATMENT



L1/2

8 shampoos in every bottle

NEW ECONOMICAL WAY TO HAIR
HEALTH FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY



Rear engine gives dynamic power as

VOLKSWAGEN SOARS UP MT. BUFFALO

Rear engine balancing provides terrific traction as VW surges through slimy mud and snow.



Exhilarating fun ahead! Volkswagen has taken this happy family right up to a popular ski run at Mt. Buffalo.

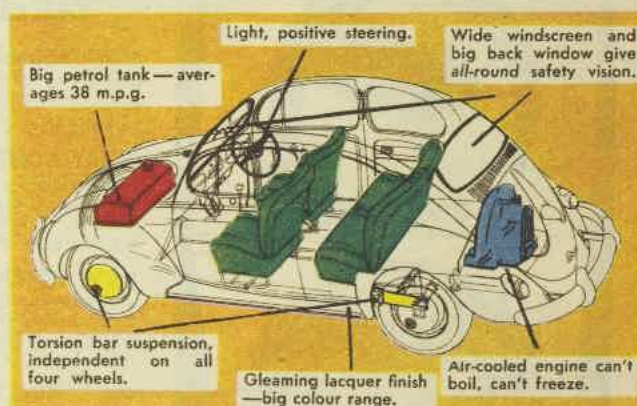
VOLKSWAGEN rear engine gives you these four important advantages over conventional makes of cars.

- (1) **Better traction.** The weight of the Volkswagen engine is at the rear of the back driving wheels. Result: Volkswagen will never falter, slither or slide through lack of wheel grip . . . even on snow-covered roads, in soft gravel or mud.
- (2) **Easier steering.** Volkswagen rear engine positioning helps make steering exceptionally light because of the small load on the front wheels. You can steer in and out of heavy traffic, around winding mountain trails . . . turning the VW steering wheel effortlessly with your fingertips.
- (3) **Controls protected.** Look underneath a Volkswagen — all you will see is the smooth underside of a steel tray. No mechanical bits and pieces hanging down — as you see under cars with front-end engines. All

Volkswagen controls — clutch, accelerator, choke and heater — are protected from damage when the car is driven over rough surfaces.

- (4) **Engine safe from water.** You can drive Volkswagen through mud, slush, water — because the engine is nestled safely in the rear. All water is thrown away from it. Volkswagen's long-life rear engine gives you all these advantages — provides more good reasons why Volkswagen is best for you . . . and your family.

Call at your local VW agent this week. Take the key to Volkswagen — test-drive to your heart's content. Have a chat with the VW representative about the low, initial price of Volkswagen — £971, including tax . . . on £250 deposit, if you prefer.



Volkswagen — now built in Australia — builds in outstanding features for you.

And Volkswagen protects your investment with a national network of Service Stations — all stocked with genuine VW spare parts . . . all employing VW factory-trained personnel. **FREE!** For comprehensive literature and details of your nearest VW distributor or agent, write to Volkswagen Distributors Pty. Ltd., 67 Queen's Rd., Melbourne, S.C.2. Write today.



VOLKSWAGEN

The family car, winner of four Round-Australia Reliability Trials.

Continuing . . . The Whistling Postwoman

she had taken to make the room gay, it still appeared to lack something. And perhaps that something was the smiling presence of the man she knew as Rip-van-Winkle.

The next morning he came into the store while she was sorting the mail.

"I don't suppose you have any mail for Gordon?" he asked. "Gordon, P. H. P for Peter and H for Henry."

"I'm afraid not."

"Oh, I'm not really disappointed," he confessed. "After all, nobody writes to a bachelor, do they?"

Before she could think of an answer to match this piece of self-advertisement, Mrs. Wilson approached her.

"Beth, dear, will you take a telegram to the Cartwrights on your way round? It came in just before you arrived." She looked at Peter Gordon. "Yes, sir, is there something you want?"

"I want to go fishing," Pete told her. "I mean, I want a line and cork."

Mrs. Wilson went to the back of the shop, where they heard her rummaging. Beth put the last of the letters to be delivered in her bag and hesitated over a large parcel.

"Tut-tut," Pete said. "Postal regulation 437B prohibits females carrying parcels over ten pounds in weight." He lifted the parcel by the string with two fingers. "This weighs eleven pounds. I'll carry it for you."

She smiled demurely. "I'd be delighted," she said, "except that postal regulation 437C prohibits unauthorised persons from carrying mail," she finished sweetly.

"Ah-ha," he said triumphantly. "That regulation has been repealed."

"Fool," she said, but she was smiling, too, when Mrs. Wilson came back into the shop.

"Oh dear, oh dear," she said distractedly. "I haven't a bit of cork in the place. But I have a line and hooks, sir."

Beth said impulsively, "I

have a spare cork at home. I can get it as we pass my place. It won't be far out of your way."

"Splendid. If you're sure it's no trouble . . ."

"It's no trouble. And I keep a stock of corks. Billy seems always to be losing them."

"Who's Billy?" he asked.

She hesitated, wondering whether to pass off the question and let this moment continue. This moment that suddenly meant so much to her. The warm sun on her back, the fresh breeze in her face, her dog bounding ahead. The knowledge that a bond was forming between them. The glorious feeling of warm security she had when he looked at her and smiled. But she knew he must learn about Billy sooner or later.



She said, not looking at him, "Billy is my son. He's just twelve years old."

He was silent an instant. "I had no idea you were married." "I was," she said. "Bob—my husband—died seven years ago."

They came to a letter-box. Automatically she pushed in the letter and blew her postman's whistle.

"I'm sorry," he said at last.

She wanted to reassure him, to make him realise there was no need for him to pity her. She said, "I was wonderfully happy with Bob. And—well—I have Billy."

from page 33

Her pride in her son would have been manifest to an observer much less interested than himself. He said, with a smile, "I'd like to meet your son. Perhaps I could take him fishing."

"He's at school during the week."

"But tomorrow's Saturday. How about it? Would you trust him with me—or do you think you'd better come along as well?"

"In the afternoon," she said. "I can pack a picnic lunch and we'll go round the rocks. I know a wonderful spot."

Her enthusiasm fetched color into her cheeks. He gazed at her for a minute and then smiled his slow smile.

Shovelling the beans and bacon on to a plate he eyed the mess distastefully. Why in thunder's name had he ever stayed single!

But he knew the reason and in moments of honesty admitted that he knew it. And the reason was pure selfishness. He had come out of the war determined to enjoy himself—and to enjoy himself alone, without the hindrance and responsibility of a wife and kids.

The job he had landed as pilot with an international civil aviation company had suited him down to the ground. In the years that followed he had lived high in London, Paris, Tokio, San Francisco, and Singapore, and a few other places not worth mentioning. He had had a whale of a time, and he had scorned those of his mates who were staid, married creatures with responsibilities.

Until one year he had found himself alone. His staid mates now had families that seemed to provide an endless subject of conversation among themselves. They had homes to go to in their off-duty hours: they had someone waiting for them, someone who cared about them.

He knew then that he had stayed on the outside too long—and the inside had never seemed so inviting.

Retailing his woes to a married friend of his war days, he had been offered the key of this cottage to get away from it all—and he'd accepted.

At first he had slept the clock round, and when he had awakened there was Beth, the finest antidote for depression any man could wish for. And yet, could he be sure that what he felt for her wasn't just another fancy, like the yearning he'd had for that girl in London or for that American girl in Yokohama?

Carrying the beans and bacon to the table he told himself: No. This is really it, brother. But you'll sure have to work hard to make it stick.

To page 64

Glamorous Styling IN SMART NEW SEASON'S COLOURS



POLAROID Sunglasses combine glamorous fashion styling with unique POLAROID polarizing lenses that scientifically filter out harmful glare WITHOUT dimming the view. From Opticians, Optometrists, Chemists, Sports and Department Stores throughout Australia.

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sure fashion winner. Can't possibly miss! The textures, designs and colours — all authentic! Decried by the accepted few who dictate forthcoming world fashion.

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If you are always tense and anxious; if you're 'on edge' and lack confidence, your nerves need Sanatogen.

Constant worrying and tiredness, broken sleep, irritability are signs of nervous stress; signs that your body and nerve cells need extra nourishment.

Sanatogen provides essential nerve nourishment because Sanatogen is a PROTEIN nerve tonic. You'll find that a course of Sanatogen will help you to relax, to sleep soundly and feel unworried in daily life.

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Sanatogen THE PROTEIN NERVE TONIC

FS11/58

BRASSO strikes a bright note

Give your brass and copper a friendly glow with quick and easy Brasso.



Continuing . . . The Whistling Postwoman

from page 63

Strangely enough, the prospect did not dismay him. It exhilarated him.

Saturday they went fishing. Sunday they went hiking. Billy was a kid after his own heart, cheeky in a shy sort of way, bouncing with enthusiasm, in for any adventure. And so was Beth, he found. When they fished she was right beside them. And when they hiked she was beside them again and pointing the way.

But the weekend couldn't come to a finish at her front gate with the sun not yet fully gone behind the horizon. He said, impulsively, "Come and have supper with me. I've plenty of stuff and it'll save you the bother of preparing anything."

She hesitated and Billy was tugging at her arm. "Let's, Mum!"

She smiled at Pete. "All right. We'd love to. But I think we'd better get cleaned up first. We'll be along just as soon as we're ready."

"Fine," he said. "I'll get things organised."

But he had scarcely finished bathing and dressing when they were knocking at the door. "You were sick," he complimented them.

"Well," she said, "we sort of cheated. If you look closely you'll see the tidal mark round Billy's neck." She wriggled her son's ear and the youngster grinned a subdued but still triumphant grin. Pete looked severe and the grin faded.

"Shame," Pete said sternly. "Gee," said Billy, indignant at the injustice of adults, "I said I'd get up specially early tomorrow so's I can have a bath before I go to school."

"In that case," Pete said magnificently, "all is forgiven."

He went into the kitchen and brought out the two sherrys and a lemonade he'd been preparing when they arrived.

"My," said Beth, "we are doing things in style."

Pete grinned sheepishly. "The idea was that you drink this while I think up what we're going to have for supper."

"Oh," she said. "Leave that to me. You and Billy can set the table while I fossick."

"But . . ." he said.

"But me no buts," she said and took her sherry into the kitchen. They heard her opening cupboard doors. Billy looked at Pete.

"Best do as she says," he murmured sagely, and they began to lay the table.

Presently a fine aroma stole from the kitchen and soon Beth was saying, "Is everything ready in there?" She carried in a steaming dish of something delectable. Pete spread his napkin and inclined his nose towards the dish.

"Hey," he said, "I thought there were only tins in that kitchen."

She smiled proudly. "The trouble with you men is that you only do what the label says."

The dinner was superb, they all admitted it. Afterwards, since he resolutely refused to have them do the washing-up, they played Chinese Checkers until Billy grew so sleepy he

could hardly keep his eyes open. Then Pete put a record on the wind-up gramophone. The rusty strains of "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes" floated through the room. He held out his arms to Beth.

"I hope you haven't forgotten how to dance."

She moved into his arms as if she had walked into them a thousand times before. They played record after record while Billy slept on the sofa. The music bound them in a subtle spell. And then, at the end of one record, they danced right across the verandah and out into the garden and he held her more closely in his arms and kissed her.

She had known it must come and had both wanted and dreaded it. For an instant she succumbed and then, gently, pressed him away.

"Beth . . ." he said.

THE needle was scratching round and round on the finished record. Finally, he let her go and moved inside again to the machine. The scratching noise stopped. She was stooping over Billy, shaking the boy.

The night was bathed in moonlight and the murmur of the waves on the beach was around them as they walked across the headland. At her door, when Billy, still half asleep, had gone into his bedroom, she put out her hand and touched his.

"Thank you," she said softly, "for a wonderful evening."

And she watched with longing eyes as he walked into the moonlight.

The next morning when she arrived at the store he was already there. He was reading a telegram.

He looked up and saw her and his mouth twisted in a wry smile.

"The powers command my presence," he told her.

"Oh, no!" It was a cry from the heart. "Not straight away!"

"At once, pronto and immediately," he said. The expression in his eyes belied the lightness of his words. She went behind the counter and gathered the mail for sorting.

"Will you be coming back?" "Do you want me to come back?" he asked. "I thought perhaps—after last night . . ."

She said slowly, "If you want to come back, then I want you to come. And Billy will miss you," she said.

He smiled down at her. "He's a grand kid, but I wonder does he know he's got the finest mother in the world?"

A customer entered the store and Mrs. Wilson came from the back of the shop. He lowered his voice: "Au revoir, Beth."

She watched him, anguish in her eyes, as he strode out of the store. When she passed the cottage half an hour later the shutters were closed and his car had gone.

A week went by. Ten days. One morning there was a postcard for Billy, airmailed from

London. A picture of the Tower and on the back a few printed lines. She smiled and her heart beat more quickly. He had not forgotten.

Another three days without word and then there was a letter for her. She tore open the envelope and a slip of paper fell out.

"Will you marry me?" it said.

She snatched up the envelope. The letter had been posted at Bungere Point the previous night. While her heart pounded wildly she sorted the mail and then, swinging the bag over her shoulder and calling to Boy, she set off down the headland whistling gaily.

The shutters of the cottage were open. When she drew close she called out, "Hi!"

He poked his head out of the window. "Hi yourself," he said.

"I've brought you an answer to your letter," she said. "In person."

He looked at her and began to smile. "I'll be right out!" A moment later he caught her into his arms. "Well?" he said, smiling into her eyes.

She flung her arms round his neck. "Oh, Peter, yes, yes, yes!" she cried.

He caught her close. "That," he said, "is the sort of answer a man likes to get."

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This Pullover costs only 49/6!

LINCOLN CREPETTA WOOL

The handsome good looks of this dashing pullover will appeal to every masculine taste . . . and the new style crossover collar is equally smart with a cravat or tie. The design is in Book No. 759 . . . and it takes 17 balls of Lincoln Crepette . . . costing approx. . . . 49/6.

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These fabulous Linklace Bracelets in *Lincoln* NYLONS



STOP TOP AND TOE RUNS FOREVER



Win a Range

ELECTRIC or GAS OR ONE OF THE OTHER 156 PRIZES IN THE

MAGGI MUSHROOM SOUP COMPETITION

Here's a new and novel competition that offers you 162 chances to win a prize. As you prepare your entry (and it will take you only a few minutes) you'll be matching the picture-clues with the names of the nine Maggi Soup varieties, and what wonderful soups they are! Each packet of Maggi Soup offers you big man-size serves of delicious flavourful soup at a cost of mere pence per plate. Try them. In particular, try Maggi Mushroom Soup—now made to a wonderful new recipe from prime young mushrooms at their flavourful best.

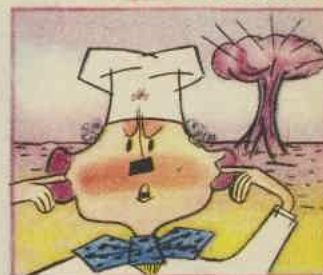
HERE ARE THE 9 MAGGI SOUPS

- MUSHROOM • TOMATO • PEA WITH VEGETABLES
- MINISTRONE • PEA WITH HAM • CREME OF CHICKEN
- CHICKEN NOODLE • OXTAIL • TOMATO & VEGETABLE



WHICH CLUE IS WHICH SOUP?

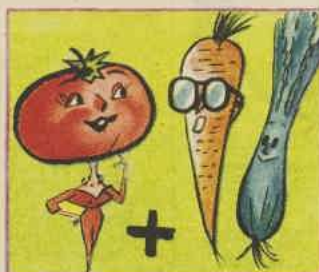
Each picture-clue represents one of the nine Maggi Soup varieties. As you can see, the mushroom-shaped atomic explosion in "Clue 1" points to MUSHROOM Soup. Write in the name of the other eight soups under the eight remaining pictures. Then complete the rhyme at the bottom of this page, fill in your name and address in the coupon and mail your entry to Nestlé's. If you prefer not to tear out this page or if you want to submit more than one entry, your grocer has supplies of special entry forms which he'll be pleased to give you.



1 Mushroom



2



3



4



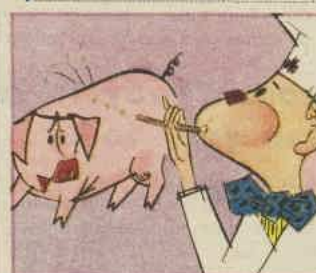
5



6



7



8



9

SIX FIRST PRIZES

To the winner in each State the choice of a Meters E76 Electric Range or an "Early Kooka" 88 Gas Range. Thermostatically controlled elevated models.



SIX SECOND PRIZES

Valued at £27 each, comprising exclusive sets of six soup bowls and six "Community Plate" silver soup spoons.



30 THIRD PRIZES

Of sets of five all-aluminium saucepans with various coloured lids. Each set valued at 14 gas.

PLUS 120 CONSOLATION PRIZES

Comprising two dozen assorted Maggi Soups in carton, valued at 35/-.

RULES AND CONDITIONS OF MAGGI SOUP COMPETITION

1. No limit to the number of entries, provided each is mailed separately. 2. The closing date is 10th May, 1958, and no entries received after will be considered. No entries will be returned. 3. Employees (and their families) of Nestlé's and their Advertising Agents are not eligible. 4. The results will be published in the Australian Women's Weekly on the 2nd July, 1958. 5. The Judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into. 6. Winning entries become the property of The Nestlé Company (Aust.) Limited, and may be used for advertising purposes.

When you have fitted Soups to the clues above,

Complete this RHYME!

Maggi Mushroom Soup is great!
Costs only pence per man-size plate.
Takes only minutes to prepare.
It's soup fit for a millionaire.
Four large serves in every pack,
Needs no cooking-skill or knack,
No wonder housewives say it's great

As an example only, it might end:
"It's the best and no debate."
but you will easily find better last-line endings.

Now fill in this coupon and send the entire page with an empty Maggi Mushroom Soup pack to:

MAGGI,
Box 7064, G.P.O., SYDNEY, N.S.W.
to arrive not later than 10th May, 1958.

Your NAME
ADDRESS
STATE
Your GROCER'S NAME
ADDRESS
STATE

*Attachment of packet not required from States where such requirements contravene State laws.

BOTH ARE EXCELLENT HOUSEWIVES

—but which would you say was
the most thoughtful?



An unpleasant task, but Mrs. A. scrubs her toilet bowl regularly. It looks reasonably clean, and that's enough for Mrs. A. She never thinks of the hidden "S" bend, around which no brush can possibly reach.



Mrs. B. is very conscious of the hidden "S" bend, and realises that a brush alone will not do the job. So she sprinkles Harpic last thing every night, and has the added satisfaction of knowing that the whole toilet will be sparkling clean . . . free of germs and unpleasant odours.

Pleasant way to really clean your toilet . . .

Sprinkle Harpic in the toilet last thing every night, and flush away in the morning. While you sleep, Harpic cleans thoroughly and destroys bacteria . . . leaving the entire lavatory bowl sparkling and hygienically clean. Delicately perfumed, Harpic keeps your bathroom or lavatory sweet-smelling. Ask for Harpic at your store.

To keep your toilet clean and bright
Sprinkle Harpic every night

HARPIC

REGD.
Lavatory Cleanser

SAFE FOR CLEANING SEPTIC TANK TOILET BOWLS

Continuing . . .

The Eye Of Love

from page 27

was probably why no education-officer on the prowl ever spotted her.

Dolores, used to seeing her grubby about the garden, was on this point at fault; Martha's important and business-like air deceived her equally. For what possible errand of importance could the child have, (thought Miss Diver, her heart lifting), unless to Mr. Gibson? As Martha stumped down Church Street to board a Brixton bus, Dolores visualised her stumping across Kensington Gardens towards Kensington High Street. As Martha waited stolidly at the bus-stop, Dolores visualised her scampering, (the modulation inevitable), on towards Almaviva Place . . .

It is the classic pathetic fallacy that man, observing Nature's storms or calms, engages either with his own current predicament. Dolores made a similar mistake about Martha.

Martha remembered the address perfectly: 11, Hasty Street. Three full years had passed since she quitted Brixton in Miss Diver's taxi, and she had never been back; but she remembered 11, Hasty Street perfectly. Nor was it surprising; she'd carried the legend tied to her buttonhole as soon as she could walk, and been able to pronounce it before she could read. (Ma Battleaxe disliked children underfoot.) Upon descending from the bus Martha needed only to take direction from the first passer-by, and from the corner of the road homed like a pigeon.

SHE found she remembered quite a lot—up to about four feet from ground-level. The pattern of the iron railings was familiar, though not the yellow-brick house-fronts behind; so was a scar in the base of a lamp-post familiar—it looked like a dog's head—though not the fluted column above. And though there were no front-gardens in Hasty Street, Martha found herself instinctively looking out for a patch of color, something bright and full like nasturtiums . . . and found it in a red-tiled gate-step still immaculately ruddled by the York-shirewoman at Number 6.

At Number 11, however, neither memories nor nostalgia halted her. Martha walked straight in, (the door as always on the latch), crossed a narrow hall smelling of cabbage and wet mackintoshes, (here memory did slightly stir), and down a flight of stone steps into Ma Battleaxe's kitchen and private stronghold.

It looked just like a witches' kitchen. There they all were—Ma Battleaxe and Mrs. Hopkinson from next door, and Miss Fish and Miss Jones from farther up—average age sixty, personal habits deplorable, whiskery of chin and malevolent of eye. Martha regarded them with pleasure. Grouped about the inevitable teapot, the solid bulk of Ma Battleaxe balanced the almost equally important bulk of Miss Jones; between them skinny Mrs. Hopkinson and meagre Miss Fish sketched a contrasting arabesque. —Then they saw Martha in the doorway, and broke the pattern to stare back.

"Well!" cried Miss Jones and Miss Fish in unison. "Well!" cried Mrs. Hopkinson. "Well!" grunted Ma Battleaxe. "If it isn't little Miss Martha, come back to visit us at last!"

Martha sensed a certain umbrage. It didn't trouble her. She was strictly on business.

"If you mean why haven't I come to see you before," said Martha straightforwardly, "it's because I never thought of it. Now I have. Can I go up and look at where I used to sleep?"

Ma Battleaxe needed a moment or two to take this in. Ponderous of mind as of body, she was still in the state, (to use her own subsequent phrase), of knock-me-down-with-a-feather. Then her eye at once brightened, and moistened. So did the eyes of her cronies—ready each bleary orb to drop a crocodile tear.

"I suppose your fine Auntie's turning you out?" suggested Ma Battleaxe hopefully.

"No, she isn't," said Martha, with dignity. "I'm her greatest comfort. —For instance, if that was her toast she'd give me a piece straight away."

It was a shot that told. The eyes of Mrs. Hopkinson and Miss Jones and Miss Fish now turned on their hostess with censure. Certain laws of hospitality are recognised even, or particularly, by savages, and Ma Battleaxe, in not offering Martha a bite, had committed a sad breach of etiquette. She hastily pushed across the plate. But Martha managed to swallow her saliva.

"Thank you, I've had so much dinner I'm quite stuffed."

"Just the half," pressed Ma Battleaxe. "You can have bloater-paste on it."

"My Aunt gives me bloater-paste every day," said Martha. "I'll just go upstairs, thank you, and then let myself out. I won't touch any of your things."

"Not having a barge-pole, we presume," said Miss Fish nastily.

Martha took no notice and stumped out — leaving, as a playwright said, her character behind her.

She knew her way. A flight of linoleum-covered stairs, a linoleum-covered landing, then the second door on the left. The landing was familiarly cluttered with suitcases—there had always been a tenant either coming or going; Martha noted the signs indifferently. With equal indifference she passed the door of what was once her father's room; Richard Hogg, excellent though humble Civil Servant, had left extraordinarily little impression on his daughter; his second wife, so to speak, had been the Post Office, with all its allied social activities. (He started the local Sketching Club single-handed.) Martha went straight

on to the back bedroom she used to share with Ma Battleaxe.

It was just the same. The box-ottoman was still there, only dirtier. The slovenly bed mightn't have been made since she last saw it. From the hook behind the door still depended the old winter coat used by Ma Battleaxe as a dressing-gown, its color a dingy puce Martha had particularly disliked. But all these offences her eye accurately omitted, and she saw simply what she'd come to see.

The jutting-up piece that bothered her wasn't a wardrobe, it was a grandfather-clock. (How it came to be there, upstairs, in a bedroom, wasn't Martha's concern. The long tale of compounded debts and subsequent furniture-shifts wouldn't have interested her in the least.)

She noted carefully, however, the narrow shape of the clock in relation to the broader shape of the window, and to the low, squat oblong of the bed, and found all three in

the jutting-up piece that bothered her wasn't a wardrobe, it was a grandfather-clock. (How it came to be there, upstairs, in a bedroom, wasn't Martha's concern. The long tale of compounded debts and subsequent furniture-shifts wouldn't have interested her in the least.)

To page 69

Beautify your hands
after washing up!



Keep
Hinds
Honey & Almond Cream
handy

Hard water—detergents—soap—grease
take their toll! Restore natural oils to your
hands and keep them lovelier with Hinds
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Balmosa cream to chest,
throat and back. Feel how
deeply, soothingly it penetrates
to inflamed membranes,
bringing sure, speedy relief.
Ask your doctor about

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BALMOSA**

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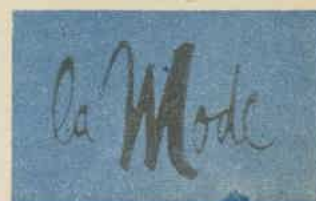
BACKACHE swiftly checked

Are you afraid to bend or
stoop? Do nagging backaches,
aching joints make life a
misery? These pains could be
due to listless kidneys not carrying
out their vital job of removing
harmful wastes from the
blood. These wastes can cause
backache, rheumatic pains, loss
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pains, etc. At first sign of kidney
upset, follow the lead of
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DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills.
Doan's should bring swift,
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TV means more fun but more washing-up for Mrs. Bickford-Smith (right) of Balmoral, N.S.W.

Your hands are out of hot water in half the time when **RINSO's RICHER, SOFTER SUDS SPEED UP DISHWASHING**

You and Mrs. Bickford-Smith have something in common. Every day your hands are in and out of hot water—washing, cleaning, and at least three times a day, washing-up. That's when Rinso can be a real friend to you and to your hands.

Its richer, softer suds dissolve grease faster, stay sudsy longer and the dishes are clean in *half the time* you need with old-fashioned bar soaps. Forks, spoons, plates come out of the suds not just soap-and-water-clean but *hygienically* clean. And when the washing up is done so quickly and in such gentle suds, your hands feel the benefit, too.

Beauty Experts agree . . .

Beauty is the business of June Dally-Watkins, head of the most famous model agency in Australia.

"Whether I'm dealing with married women or teenagers," she says, "I tell them to care for their hands as much as they can by getting them out of hot water—one of the very worst things for hands and nails."



Z.464.WWFFpr.

conjunction as satisfactory as she hoped. Only then did she look at the box-ottoman, to remember how she'd slept on it for two years—and even as she did so remembered something else: the hippopotamus-hump of Ma Battleaxe a-bed. What a silhouette it had presented, as in lamplight or at dawn Martha opened her infant eyes! A prize, a plum too good to lose, not even the sudden racket on the landing without could divert her from its recapture.

In any case she knew what was going on, just suitcases being hurled downstairs. Ma Battleaxe regularly so sped a parting guest, especially the high-and-mighty sort who gave notice of their own accord. Martha in frivolous youth, (that is, before the age of six), had found these dramas pleasantly exciting, and in fact was once herself, hovering too near, bowled over by a Gladstone bag. Now she simply closed her ears like a hunting-dog's.

It was thus by no design that some fifteen minutes later she made contact with Mr. Phillips.

Martha let herself out as she'd intended, without going back to the kitchen; if she was heard, Ma Battleaxe and Mrs. Hopkinson and Miss Fish were all too busy holding ghoulish wake to bother with her. (The pot re-brewed black and strong, all the old corpses disinterred—of Mr. Pyke who robbed the gas-meter, of Mr. Comfrey who cooked in his room, of Mr. Byers who brought in women. High-and-mighty Mr. Phillips, now added to the grisly roll, had asked for a sheet changed every week . . .)

Any listener who didn't know the ropes must have supposed lodgers a desperate race indeed, must have marvelled that defenceless females ever dared to harbor them; to Martha, however, the chorus of commination was simply the natural coda or amen to the suitcase-chucking, too familiar to interest, and she went straight out.

It was pleasant in the open air again, after the smells of the house. Martha strolled relaxed. Observing suitcases in

Continuing . . .

The Eye Of Love

(from page 66)

her path, she indulged herself with a game of jumping over them. They were by the gate with the red-tiled step; she naturally loitered a little; and so observed a dejected figure being turned from the Yorkshirewoman's door.

Martha sized up the situation at a glance. It was obviously the lodger just ejected by Ma Battleaxe, the high-and-mighty Mr. Phillips, seeking fresh accommodation—and she could have spared him his

Sorrow is a disease
in which every patient
must treat himself.
—Voltaire

pains. There were never any vacancies at Number 6, whose celebrated Regulars actually kept their rooms on while holidaying, so clean and comfortable the beds, so excellent the Yorkshire cooking. Mr. Phillips, returning down the path, showed a familiar face of disappointment as the door behind him closed on a familiar face of pride.

"I could have told you that," said Martha smugly.

"Told me what?" asked the frustrated lodger, angrily seising his bags.

"That it's always full. She makes ginger puddings."

"Can you tell me anywhere that isn't?" demanded Mr. Phillips.

The question was actually a rhetorical one, but Martha took it literally, and it jerked her out of her own preoccupations. Until that moment she had in no way considered Ma Battleaxe's as a source of supply, indeed she had completely forgotten, among the battered landladies at Number 11, that Dolores was attempting the same dangerous trade.

Now she considered Mr. Phillips with interest. She was pretty certain who he was, and regretted that she hadn't listened longer at the kitchen-

door to hear the worst. At sight, Martha judged him elderly but not likely to die on one, (always an important point), and quite clean; and since he had his baggage with him, a High-and-Mighty, not a Bilking Tom.

"Did Ma throw you out, or did you give notice?" checked Martha in business-like tones.

"I gave notice. —I don't remember seeing you about," said Mr. Phillips.

"I don't live there any more," explained Martha, "I just heard. Haven't you anywhere else to go?"

Mr. Phillips looked injured.

"I gave a week's notice this morning, allowing myself time to glance around, and she throws me out as I set foot in tonight! I'm not sure it isn't illegal."

Martha nodded intelligently. The phrase stirred memories again. (Richard Hogg, that exemplary public servant, would have been surprised to know what experience his infant daughter was accumulating. He alone, Number 11's solitary Regular, had never seen Ma in form.)

"It's her way," quoted Martha, "never to stand under notice. It's why she's so looked up to. And no one ever does have the law on her. —All right," said Martha decisively, "we'll take you. There's a 'bus at the end of the road."

"Here, steady on!" said Mr. Phillips—in not unnatural surprise.

It was, however, about six o'clock, and he was in a predicament. He was ready to catch at a straw. He also observed of Martha, as she had of him, that she was clean.

"You're certain there's a bed for me?" he asked warily.

"With clean sheets," promised Martha. "Both. But if you're only coming for just one night, perhaps it isn't worth the laundry."

"I'd stay a week, anyway," offered Mr. Phillips—thus unexpectedly put on the defensive, "if comfortable. What's the weekly rate?"

"I don't know. I'm only a child," pointed out Martha severely. "Are you coming or aren't you?"

Mr. Phillips deliberated no longer—his predicament was serious—but with a bag in each hand, and a parcel under his arm, (which Martha didn't offer to carry), accepted her guidance to the 'bus stop and on to the right 'bus. Only as he paid their fares did he realise how remote lay their destination; but he worked in central London, in an office almost equidistant from Brixton and Paddington, and did not now draw back.

"Is it your mother who lets rooms?" he asked, near Kennington.

Martha hesitated. 'Aunt' was tabu, and some instinct bade her reject 'Dolores.'

"It's Miss Diver," she said repressively. "I'm an orphan."

Every now and again, during their long ride, Mr. Phillips glanced at her curiously. At least she seemed a silent sort of child. Mr. Phillips was a great one for peace and quiet—it was another reason why he'd been so uncomfortable, in Hasty Street—and if there'd been too much chattering he'd still, he told himself, have cried off. In fact, after that single question and answer, there was dead silence. In fact, Mr. Phillips wanted to put several questions more. The fact was, Martha didn't encourage him.

The little house in Alcock Road surprised Mr. Phillips by its classy exterior; but for the card in the window he'd never have guessed lodgers taken there at all. —As until that moment, of course, they hadn't been: Dolores, hurrying out to question Martha, found herself a landlady unawares.

"I've brought a lodger," said

To page 71

Take DeWitt's Pills for
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RHEUMATISM and JOINT PAINS

THOSE who are plagued by rheumatism and joint pains know only too well the agony they suffer, but many don't realise that this pain is mostly caused by faulty kidneys.

When kidneys become inactive, toxins and body waste clog up your system, and then pain starts! The way to stimulate your kidneys, clear these poisons and get fast relief from pain, is to take De Witt's Pills. World famous, sure acting DeWitt's Pills go to work stimulating and cleansing

your kidneys immediately and give you visual evidence of this within 24 hours. Don't suffer a day longer. Buy a bottle of De Witt's Pills from your chemist or storekeeper.

Economy Size (100 pills) 8/-
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Mr. W., North Adelaide, S.A., writes:—
"...after the first few... De Witt's Pills I have not had a recurrence of the trouble... rheumatism is now a forgotten nightmare." (The original of this letter can be seen at our Melbourne office).



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For Rheumatism, Backache, Sciatica,
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Exclusive twist action
propels Tact stick
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Contains G11
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NEW COOL WAY TO CHECK ODOUR ALL DAY

Here's the handy new way to get all-day protection against perspiration odour! Tact Stick Deodorant instantly kills perspiration odour and keeps you safe longer—not just for a few hours as with some deodorants. Tact Stick is as refreshing to use as cologne and its gentle cooling action feels so good, even after shaving! Not messy, not crumbly! Handy as a lipstick. Use Tact stick daily!

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New Tact Stick is the perfect man's deodorant! Not drippy, not greasy, won't pick up underarm hair! Buy two... one for you and one for 'him'.

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HOW TO Avoid Colds!

—and not only colds, but with them those secondary infections which make them even more troublesome. The cold virus is essentially a weakener and it lays your system open to attack by other—often even more devastating—germs. Fortunately, there is a way of protecting yourself against the threat of colds and against their powerful secondary trouble-makers. The ANTI-BI-SAN treatment, taken before the cold season starts, will build up your body's own resistance to colds. Win protection against the common cold in ten days the simple, ANTI-BI-SAN way. Seven tablets taken over three days will give you three months' protection. There is a special '3-tablets-only' treatment to protect your children.

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"Rich, heart-warming, full of character
... must be Lipton's."
Lipton's know tea because Lipton's grow tea

Continuing . . .

The Eye Of Love

[from page 69]

Martha casually. "I got him from Ma Battleaxe's."

"The name is Phillips," Mr. Phillips said.

"I thought it was," agreed Martha. "He gave notice himself," she added to Dolores. "Shall I get my supper?"—and without waiting for a reply stumped through to the kitchen and there as a reward for her exertions opened the last three tins in the larder—a tin of salmon, a tin of pineapple, and a tin of baked beans. It was so long since she'd felt a little sick after a meal, the sensation was rather agreeable; and she easily settled herself down with a few plain biscuits.

Evidently the negotiations between Mr. Phillips and Dolores came to a satisfactory issue, for he slept that night in the spare room.

Had Miss Diver's luck turned at last?

"Good morning, Mr. Phillips," said Miss Diver, every morning.

"Good morning, Miss Diver," replied Mr. Phillips; and raising his trilby hat, (which he always put on in the hall), went off to work.

"Good evening, Mr. Phillips," said Miss Diver, every evening.

"Good evening, Miss Diver," replied Mr. Phillips, wiping his feet on the mat. Then he went upstairs to his room, and half an hour later Martha carried up his supper-tray, (as she'd carried up his breakfast-tray in the morning), and that was the last seen of Mr. Phillips.

As a member of the desperate race of lodgers he was indeed a shining exception. Tidy, quiet, and punctual in payment, he neither robbed the gas-meter, nor cooked in his room, nor brought in women. Nothing could have been more reassuring than his profession, which was that of clerk in an insurance company. Nor was he as old as Martha had thought, being about forty-five—and thus good, in landlady-calculations, for another fifteen years at least. The only point on which he gave the slightest anxiety was the cardinal one of whether he would stay.

It was difficult to put a finger on Mr. Phillips gave no overt sign of discontent. The week bargained for by Martha elapsed, and he entered on a second. Yet his manner, during the brief conversational exchanges reported above, became more, not less, reserved.

—They were so very brief, there was hardly room, so to speak, for much manner at all; but Dolores was already acquiring a professional sensitivity, and the first overtone a landlady learns to recognise is that of the concealed grievance.

"Good evening, Mr. Phillips," said Miss Diver. "I hope you're quite comfortable?"

"A.I." replied Mr. Phillips—and Dolores was left with the impression that he might give notice at any moment.

Fortunately this nerve-racking period did not last long. In fact, it lasted just about the same length of time as the uneasy period three years earlier following the introduction of Martha. Again, Miss Diver managed to avert calamity.

"I suppose he hasn't said anything to you?" Miss Diver asked Martha.

"I never talk to him at all," said Martha.

There was something in the tone of this that caught Dolores' attention: disturbingly. Could it be Martha who was upsetting Mr. Phillips? Yet how? To ask, Do you tease Mr. Phillips, in the face of that flat state-

ment, was obviously silly; moreover, if there was one thing Martha wasn't, it was a tease. There was still something in her tone Dolores liked so little, she felt herself on a possible scent.

"Good morning, Mr. Phillips," said Miss Diver.

"Good morning, Miss Diver," replied Mr. Phillips.

"I hope Martha brings you your breakfast nicely?"

"Very punctual indeed, thank you," said Mr. Phillips.

Dolores didn't like the tone of this either. Also Mr. Phillips, instead of going straight on out, for once paused.

"I hope she hasn't ever been . . . discourteous to you?"

It was now plain that Mr. Phillips had something to say. His hat was half-way to his head; he lowered it and looked steadily into the lining, while Dolores waited with increasing apprehension. His next words took her by surprise.

"I'm always fully dressed," stated Mr. Phillips. "I make a point of it."

"I'm sure it's very thoughtful of you," said Dolores—still at a loss. She had made a point of it herself: carrying up Mr. Phillips' breakfast-tray was a service Martha could most usefully perform, especially since Miss Diver no longer felt able to afford chiropody; but the latter had made careful and immediate inquiry as to the state of Mr. Phillips' attire. A dressing-gown she would have tolerated, even pyjamas, (both halves); impeccable Mr. Phillips!—Martha reported him complete to shoes and tie.

"So there's no reason why she shouldn't look at me," continued Mr. Phillips, still with restraint. "I only mention it. I mean, she isn't exactly feeding a dog."

After that Martha not only carried in Mr. Phillips' breakfast-tray, but looked him in the eye, and said "Good morning, Mr. Phillips," every morning. As she tried to explain when Dolores scolded her, she hadn't looked at him before simply because he didn't look like anything. "He looks like your bread-and-butter," said Dolores sharply. "Remember that!"

Had she reflected, she might have wondered whether Martha's steady dispassionate gaze, first thing in the morning, was really going to make Mr. Phillips any happier. Yet he seemed satisfied.

Thus at last Dolores' luck turned. Mr. Phillips stayed—the perfect Regular. Even his undiminished reserve, now that it no longer hinted at concealed grievances, became a virtue; an extrovert who cracked jokes or grew familiar Dolores would have found intolerable, for though finally translated into a landlady she was still, she assured herself, no ordinary one, of the type that hob-nobs with the lodger. Mr. Phillips, by keeping his distance, she felt acknowledged this. She felt his reserve a tribute to her unusualness.

It didn't displease her to fancy that she seemed a little mysterious to him. There was no personal element involved: had Dolores' skein of thought been unravelled, the clue-thread would have proved not any regard for her day-by-day self, but regard for an image existing only in her own mind. (And in the mind of Harry Gibson.) It was to the image of King Hal's Spanish rose that Dolores required tribute; as it was the fragrance of that rose, she hoped, shed mystery.

As an individual her lodger didn't exist for her. Even in

To page 79



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CHUCKERS WEEKLY

EVERY THURSDAY 9d.



From

Russia

EASTER Sunday in Russia is a feast day that follows a seven weeks' fasting period. It is the occasion for lots of informal, open-house entertaining, and anyone who visits the house is sure of a warm welcome.

Two of the main attractions among the foodstuffs served in Russia at Easter-time are koulitch bread and paska dessert, both of which are shown in the illustration at left.

Here are the directions for making these dishes.

KOULITCH (Easter Bread)

Three-quarter cup milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 4 cups sifted flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup warm water, 1oz. yeast, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 2 eggs, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups mixed dried fruits, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup breadcrumbs, extra butter.

Scald milk, add sugar and salt, stir in 1 cup of sifted flour. Crumble yeast into water; stir until dissolved. Add to batter, cover, let rise in warm place until doubled in bulk (45 minutes). Cream butter and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar. Beat eggs, blend with creamed mixture. Stir in remaining 3 cups flour and dried fruits. Combine with yeast mixture. Turn on to a floured board. Knead until smooth and elastic. Divide dough into 2 equal parts. Place each in a separate well-greased nut-loaf tin; cover, rise as before. Brush tops with butter, sprinkle with breadcrumbs. Bake in moderately hot oven 15 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate and bake 35 to 40 minutes. Decorate with icing and sprinkle with chopped nuts.

PASKA (Easter Dessert)

One and a half pounds cream cheese (sieved), $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter, 2 egg-yolks, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar, 1 jar cream, 1 cup raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped almonds, vanilla.

Melt butter and gradually work in egg-yolks, cream cheese, sugar, and cream. Add raisins, almonds, and vanilla, press into special wooden containers or a mould with a hole in the bottom. Place in refrigerator overnight; serve decorated with colored eggs.



From

Holland

FOR the young Dutch children, Easter, or Paasen, as it is called in Holland, is perhaps the best fun of any time of the year. On Easter morning they all take part in a treasure hunt.

The excited children scamper through the house and grounds in search of the brightly colored eggs that their elders have hidden.

The eggs are served at lunch with coffee and paas brood, or Easter bread (shown above).

PAAS BROOD (Easter Bread)

One and a half pounds flour, 1 teaspoon salt, $2\frac{1}{2}$ oz. castor sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. yeast, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups scalded milk, 3 eggs, $2\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. mixed sultanas, currants, and candied peel, extra butter.

Sift flour, salt, sugar, and cinnamon together in a bowl. Cool milk to lukewarm, add crumbled yeast, stir until dissolved. Pour into flour mixture. Blend in eggs one at a time. Melt butter, add to mixture. Knead until smooth and elastic. Place in bowl, grease top with extra melted butter, cover, leave to rise 1 hour. Work fruit into dough. Knead until mixture is elastic to the touch. Turn into greased cake-tin. Let rise 30 minutes. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes.

To serve as illustrated: Cook bread in ring-tin mould. Decorate with straw, fondant eggs, and handle to represent a basket.

PAAS PUDDING (Easter Pudding)

Two pints milk, pinch salt, grated rind 1 lemon, $3\frac{1}{2}$ oz. cornflour, 3oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon cocoa, colorings, orange sauce.

Scald $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints milk with lemon rind and salt. Blend cornflour with sugar and remaining milk. Gradually stir into boiling milk. Pour main part into a mould, rinsed with cold water. Chill until set. Divide remainder of mixture into 3 parts. Add cocoa to first part, pink coloring to the second, and yellow coloring to the third. Pour chocolate mixture into mould and the colored mixtures into egg-cups. Chill. Unmould main pudding, surround with colored moulds. Pour orange sauce around base.

FESTIVE EASTER FOOD

By LEILA C. HOWARD, Our Food and Cookery Expert

For many people throughout the world the cooking and eating of traditional food-stuffs during the Easter season go hand in hand with a spirit of festivity. Here is a collection of special Easter recipes from places as far away as Holland, Greece, Russia.

From

Greece



A TENDER lamb cooked whole on an open spit and a savory dish of ingredients such as liver and heart are traditional Greek fare at Easter. Eggs painted bright red are also a traditional and essential item for the festive Greek table.

Given below and illustrated at right are the recipes for three special Greek dishes.

SOUPA AUGOLEMONO (Egg and Lemon Soup)

One and a half cups rice, 6 cups chicken stock, 3 eggs, 2 lemons, salt, pepper, chopped parsley.

Wash rice well, drain, add boiling chicken stock and simmer 20 minutes. Add lemon juice and beaten eggs and heat briskly before seasoning to taste with salt and pepper and serving with a sprinkling of chopped chives or parsley.

If chicken stock is not available, use 2 packets of chicken noodle soup and prepare according to directions given on package, and then strain.

ARNAKI PSITO (Roast Lamb)

One leg of lamb, 2 onions, 3 tablespoons shortening, 1 cup diced liver, heart, or kidney meat, 1 cup cooked rice or soft breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, salt, pepper, 1 lemon.

Carefully remove bone from meat while keeping shape intact. Dice onions and fry in 1 tablespoon shortening until soft, add meat, rice, parsley, salt and pepper. Simmer 10 minutes. Fill into cavities in meat, re-shape and skewer or sew up openings. Rub over outside with remaining shortening, salt and pepper, and lemon juice. Stand on a tripod or grill grid in a baking-dish and bake in a moderate oven $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours, basting and turning occasionally. Serve in slices.

Depending upon size of oven, use shoulder, forequarter or hindquarter of lamb instead of the leg, if desired.

MAGERISTA

(Liver and Tomatoes)

Three cups coarsely chopped lamb liver, heart, and kidney pieces, 2 cloves garlic, 4 tablespoons shortening, 2 onions, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. tomatoes, 1 teaspoon mixed herbs, salt, pepper.

Melt 2 tablespoons shortening in pan, add crushed garlic and mixed meat. Saute until browned all over, simmer 10 minutes. Slice onions, brown in remaining shortening, add skinned and coarsely chopped tomatoes and herbs. Simmer 10 minutes, season well with salt and pepper. Add meats and continue cooking until tender, approximately 15 minutes. Serve hot.

This dish may also be made by using chicken giblets in place of the lamb meat.

All spoon measurements are level in the recipes on these two pages.





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PEANUT POTATO BAKE makes a colorful platter served with crisp lettuce-cups, cucumber slices, radish roses, and garnished with slices of green pepper. See recipe below.

Savory loaf is prizewinner

● An appetising savory loaf which can be served hot or cold wins the main prize of £5 in this week's recipe contest.

IF variety is desired, one cup of diced, cooked mixed vegetables can be added to the basic ingredients of this prizewinning loaf.

A consolation prize of £1 is awarded for a cake that is light and fine in texture, with an easy-to-make cream cheese frosting. In this recipe vegetable oil is used as shortening.

All spoon measurements are level.

PEANUT POTATO BAKE

One cup dried breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon coconut, 1 cup cooked mashed potatoes, 3 tablespoons milk, 1 egg, 2 cups minced cooked cold meat, 2 breakfast biscuits, 1 cup shelled peanuts, 1 cup finely chopped celery or green pepper, 1 large onion, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 cup grated cheese.

Sprinkle half the breadcrumbs over base and sides of a thickly greased loaf-tin. Sprinkle coconut evenly over base of tin. Beat egg and milk into potatoes, add meat, crushed breakfast biscuits, peanuts, celery, grated onion, salt, and pepper, mix well. Fill mixture into tin. Sprinkle cheese and remaining crumbs over top, bake in moderate oven 1 hour. When cooked, turn out on to serving-dish. Serve hot with creamed

onions, or cold with fresh salad.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. P. Light, 89 The Bulwark, Castlecrag, N.S.W.

CHIFFON CAKE

Two eggs, 1½ cups castor sugar, 2½ cups self-raising flour, 1½ teaspoon salt, 1-3rd cup vegetable oil, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence.

Sift flour and salt in basin, mix in 1 cup of the sugar. Make a well in the centre. Add oil, milk, and vanilla, and beat until batter is smooth; then add egg-yolks; mix well. Beat egg-whites stiffly, gradually add remaining sugar and continue beating until mixture will stand in peaks. Fold into egg-yolk mixture. Pour mixture into a well-greased and lined 8in. cake-tin, and bake in moderate oven 1 to 1½ hours. Turn out on to cake-cooler, allow to become cold, then cover with coconut frosting.

Coconut Cheese Frosting: Two ounces cream cheese, 2 cups icing sugar, 3 teaspoons milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, ½ cup desiccated coconut.

Beat cream cheese until fluffy, gradually add sifted icing sugar, milk, vanilla, and coconut, and continue beating until a spreading consistency.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss M. Squires, 29 Atkinson St., Oakleigh, Vic.

FAMILY DISH

TINNED fish is a useful stand-by for any pantry shelf. This week it makes a delicious fish ring to serve with curry sauce. The dish costs 7/6 and serves five or six.

FISH RING WITH CURRIED CHEESE SAUCE

One 1lb. tin fish cutlets, 2 eggs, salt, pepper, pinch paprika, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 small onion, 1 cup milk, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 cup grated cheese, extra ½ cup milk, 1 to 1½ teaspoons curry powder.

Drain and flake fish, mix with beaten eggs, salt, pepper, paprika, Worcestershire sauce, finely chopped onion, milk, and breadcrumbs. Fill into greased 8in. ring-tin. Bake in moderate oven for 1 hour until set. Allow to stand 10 minutes. Turn out on to heated dish. Keep hot while preparing sauce. Heat milk, cheese, and curry powder in double boiler over very low heat, stirring constantly until cheese melts and mixes with milk. Pour over fish ring.



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CP4-16

KEEP TREES IN TRIM

● You can keep your garden looking spruce by removing dead and broken tree branches in good time. Below are the step-by-step directions for removing unwanted wood from trees and sealing the cut to prevent rot developing.



ABOVE: When a large limb needs removing, make the first cut beneath the unwanted limb about one-fourth of the way through the wood and about 15 inches out from the tree trunk. This upward cut will prevent the bark from tearing when the limb falls. The next cut should be made on top of the limb about 5 inches out from the first cut. Before you begin cutting, always make sure the limb will clear everything when it falls.



ABOVE: Any limb that has been split by storms or by heavy loads of fruit should be removed. Be sure to cut it flush with the adjoining limb or trunk so there will not be a stub that will take a long time to heal. Using a sharp knife, cut the bark out in the shape of an ellipse—the smoother the cut the quicker the wound will heal.



THE NEXT STEP (shown above) is to remove the large remaining stub, as shown in the picture. Cut it in a direct line with the trunk so the wound will be able to heal faster. While cutting the stub, support the stump so the bark will not tear. Finally brush the cut with tree paint.

LEFT: Tree paint is a protective skin that will help to prevent rot from developing in the wound while it is healing. When applying the paint, cover only the centre of the cut and not the cambium layer around the outside edge of the wound. Use a clean brush with firm bristles.

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Floral
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Kills germs quicker—leaves air fragrant



Meat dinners on a budget

● Housewives who work on a budget are always eager to learn new main-course recipes that make full use of the cheaper cuts of meat.

MANY women know, and the remainder need only reminding, that when properly cooked the cheaper cuts of meat can be just as tasty and nutritious as some of the more expensive cuts.

Below are listed the cheaper cuts of meat and their uses.

LAMB OR MUTTON

Breasts — the cheapest cut, either fresh or corned — are suitable for stewing, braising, or can be rolled, cooked in water, and served with a variety of sauces.

Best Neck Chops are often tender enough to grill and are excellent baked. Also served in stews and casseroles.

Scrag Neck Chops are mostly used for soups, broth, and stew.

Shanks make excellent soup and if young enough are often braised or baked.

Legs of Mutton pumped with brine and cooked in seasoning are a good substitute for ham.

BEEF

Blade Steak — particularly a selected undercut piece with sinews — is good for grilling and frying. It is also used for braising, stewing, meat pies.

Chuck Steak is found under the blade and used for stewing. The best cuts may be pot-roasted.

Skirt Steak makes a thick, rich casserole and is also used for grilling, frying.

Brisket on the bone, either fresh or corned, can be cooked and served hot or cold.

Shins are used for gravy

beef, soups, stock, and brawn. May also be minced in casseroles or pies.

Oxtail makes a rich, flavoured soup or stew after long, slow cooking.

Ox Tongue — salted or fresh — provides plenty of meat for hot and cold meals.

Tripe — an economical

corns, 3 cloves, 2 tablespoons margarine, 1 large onion, 1 small green pepper, 3 large tomatoes, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint white sauce, 2 tablespoons grated cheese.

Wash tripe and cut into lin. cubes, place in saucepan with wine, bay leaf, pepper-corns, and cloves, cover well with water, and simmer 2 to

stock, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper.

Cut lamb into convenient pieces for serving. Season with salt and pepper and brown in hot fat. Stir in flour, brown, and then add hot water. Stir until boiling. Cover and cook gently 1 hour. Add sliced vegetables and cook further 30 to 40 minutes. Correct seasoning before serving. Dumplings may be cooked on top of the mixture, allowing about 20 minutes to cook.

VEAL PROVENCALE

Two veal shanks, 2 tablespoons fat, 2 rashers bacon or bacon rinds, 2 cloves garlic, 2 large onions, 2 tablespoons flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup red wine, 2 cups stock or water, salt, pepper, 4 tomatoes, 8 olives, 2 potatoes, 1 cup green peas.

Cut meat from veal shanks and dice in lin. pieces. Saute lightly in fat, add chopped bacon, and continue frying, turning frequently until well browned. Remove to oven-ware casserole. Fry chopped garlic and onion until browned, add flour, and cook 3 minutes. Pour in stock and wine and continue cooking, stirring until thickened, season to taste. Pour over veal meat, cover casserole, and braise in a moderately slow oven for 1 hour. Add skinned chopped tomatoes and potatoes (cut in lin. cubes). Cook further $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, add olives and peas, and return to oven for 30 to 35 minutes.



APPETISING CURRY DISH can be made using the same basic recipe as for Veal Provencale. Add one dessertspoon curry powder in place of red wine and olives, and serve with chutney-topped mounds of rice.

offal meat — can be stewed or braised.

Veal — Neck of veal makes a small, economical roast. Shins or knuckles are excellent for stewing, and for broth, soup, and brawn. Breast of veal is often boned, rolled, and cooked as a roast, or corned and served hot or cold.

Here are three tasty and nourishing recipes in which inexpensive cuts of meat are featured. All spoon measurements are level.

TRIPE ESPAGNOLE

One and a half pounds tripe, 2 tablespoons dry white wine, $\frac{1}{2}$ bay leaf, 3 pepper-

24 hours or until tripe pieces are tender; drain. Melt margarine in pan and lightly saute onion and green pepper slices. Arrange alternate layers of tripe, onions, peppers, and tomatoes in ovenware dish, pour over the hot sauce. Sprinkle cheese over top and bake in a moderate oven 30 minutes.

BRAISED BREAST OF LAMB

Two pounds breast of lamb, 3 tablespoons dripping, 3 tablespoons flour, 1 onion or $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon crushed garlic, 4 carrots, 1 lb. potatoes, 2 tomatoes, $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups hot water or

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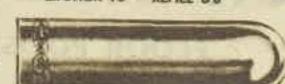
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LINOLEUM LOVES
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O217

Page 78

A lovely hedge will frame your garden

● A flowering hedge gives the finishing touch to a well-laid-out garden and makes a beautiful frame for it. Now is the time to plant or prepare the soil for a hedge.



OLEANDERS are universal favorites in the warmer parts of Australia as hedge plants or specimen shrubs. They appear to do well in almost any soil, but the richer it is the better they grow. Dig over the ground well for all shrubs, because they have to stand in place for years. Break up any hardpan or stiff subsoil, add manure and sand if very heavy, and mix thoroughly. Other good hedge plants are *Camellia sasanqua*, *azaleas*, *hydrangeas*, *hibiscus*, *lilacs*, *hawthorns*, *roses*, *proteas*, *poinsettias*, *photinia*, *holly*, *Gardenia globosa*, and *forsythia*. Select one to suit the climate of your district. It is wise to consult a nurseryman as to the best plant for your soil.

ROSE HEDGE (right) of *Crimson Rambler* and *Leoni Deuino* (pink). Others that could be used are *climbers*, *Cecil Brunner* (coppery pink), *Goldilocks* (rich yellow), *Pinocchio* (salmon), and *Vellchenblau* (bluish purple), a lovely rose.

GOLD AND GREEN is shown below in a bold hedge of strong contrast. *Retinospora obtusa* *Crisp* provides the gold, and *sempervirens* (Italian cypress) the dark green. *Thuyas*, *junipers*, and other *retinosporas* can be used with equally good and colorful results.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 9, 1958

The Eye Of Love

from page 71

rebuke to Martha, Dolores found nothing more to say for Mr. Phillips' appearance than that he looked like their bread-and-butter; and after a month could hardly have described him much more accurately.

He was of average height, and neither fat nor thin. He wore some sort of a moustache, and his overall coloration was greyish. —This peculiar nebulousness in the impression Mr. Phillips left on Dolores was indeed chiefly due to her pre-occupation with another masculine image altogether—bluff, florid, and stalwart; but the fact remained that any description was difficult, of a man so peculiarly featureless.

He didn't so much live in the house as haunt it.

He was like a ghost that appears at a regular time and place—in Mr. Phillips' case, twice a day on the stairs. Otherwise he was invisible. Neither Miss Diver nor Martha ever saw him enter, for example, the bathroom; it was as though he materialised, when necessary, inside. What he did with himself at the weekend, on Saturday afternoons and on Sundays, might have been a mystery to Dolores in turn, had she ever speculated on it, (as an ordinary landlady would have done).

Was he a great reader, a student of commercial Spanish, a follower of racing-form? (A caster of horoscopes, a composer of minor poetry? Was he in the house at all?) Miss Diver didn't even speculate. Whatever Mr. Phillips' weekend occupations, they kept him typically and satisfactorily unobtrusive. His unobtrusiveness was in fact one of his greatest virtues. Apart from the mechanical provision of his lodgerly requirements, Miss Diver could ignore him.

"Good morning, Martha," said Mr. Phillips, every morning.

"Good morning, Mr. Phillips," replied Martha; and by deliberately unfocusing her eyes reduced him to a shapeless blur.

It was a trick she had known ever since she could remember, and which she now regularly employed to his, and Dolores', deception. She still had to say 'Good morning,' and though always more jealous of her eyes than of her tongue, disliked saying it because she was made to.

As though they were two buckets over a well, as soon as Dolores' fortunes rose a little, so Mr. Gibson's sank.

Miranda Joyce, naturally interested in all that concerned her betrothed, found her way into the shop.

How could Mr. Gibson keep her out? "You must remember it's going to be my bread-and-butter too!" cried Miranda gaily. "If I see you working very, very hard, I shall make Dadda raise your salary!" Of course, Mr. Gibson couldn't keep her out. Soon she was popping in every day, to gossip with the girls in the showroom, and then to run up for a word with her Harry. To the latter's annoyance, the showroom made her welcome.

"If you see what I mean, Mr. Gibson, she does dress the place a bit," said Miss Harris practically. "Many ladies don't like to find a shop quite empty." "And she's ever so friendly," added Miss Molyneux. "Really you'd scream, Mr. Gibson, to hear some of her jokes about our old stock!"

It was unreasonable of Mr. Gibson to be annoyed; besides

dressing the showroom and keeping Miss Molyneux in stitches, Miranda more usefully still brought in some of her own friends, one or two of whom actually made purchases. They naturally got special terms; but in their wake, as though this little trickle of business acted as a sort of pump-priming, appeared one or two genuine new clients to be impressed by the new Joyce of Bond Street labels. —In Mr. Gibson's opinion, these labels were the best of their money's worth.

IN Mr. Gibson's private opinion, Joyces' were unloading their old stock on Kensington. Apart from the promised skunk for Miss Molyneux to display, there was nothing, in Mr. Gibson's opinion, so very much out of the ordinary. "I could make a joke or two myself," thought Harry Gibson grimly.

All the same, it was unreasonable of him to object to Miranda's activities in the show-room. Possibly he mightn't have done, if they hadn't involved the running-upstairs afterwards. But his whole scheme of existence, at this time, was designed to avoid being alone with her—he was assiduous at Knightsbridge, he dined willingly in Knightsbridge most evenings of the week, because there would be Mr. Joyce and Auntie Bee, also the mater, and he could always ask Miranda to play the piano, or if the women's manoeuvres looked like being too much for him, demand to talk business with old man Joyce. The tete-a-tetes in his office filled him with dismay.

He kissed Miranda twice a day as it was. (Upon arriving at the Knightsbridge flat, and upon leaving it.) It was still like kissing a sea-horse, but he had trained himself not to flinch. She expected also to be kissed in the office—with less formality. If he didn't take care, she was on his knee.

The first time Miranda so impetuously showed her affection, Mr. Gibson had no other resource to seize the E to K telephone directory and look up the Hudson Bay Company. The act dislodged without discouraging her. Upon hearing the engaged signal, (in one way not unwelcome, Mr. Gibson telephoned simply because he'd looked up the number, he had nothing to say to Hudson Bay), Miranda was back on his knee in two shakes.

She wasn't any bonier than Dolores. Her good facecloth jacket was better padding than a Spanish shawl. But Mr. Gibson felt no fragile rose upon his bosom: he felt a skeleton.

Her ungloved forearms were no leaner than Dolores'—in fact a slight down of black hair by comparison softened them: Mr. Gibson, whose dislike for dogs had often troubled him as being un-British, felt a greyhound's paws about his neck.

In a way it was as much for Miss Joyce's sake as for his own—the die being cast, the inescapable accepted—that he issued a doubly roundabout ultimatum.

"Will you please explain to your chum Beatrice," Harry Gibson instructed his mother, "that a man would rather run his business by himself? Also that if he comes up to scratch every single night of the week, his days at least should be his own?"

Old Mrs. Gibson giggled. If Miranda was at this time be-

To page 85

READ THIS
before you
give yourself
another
"SHOCK
TREATMENT"



THERE IS A GENTLE NATURAL WAY to break the laxative habit

Purgatives can harm you! Doctors know that they can be weakening and habit-forming, and that their regular use may irritate and paralyse the bowels. They are quite often the direct cause of chronic constipation and the ill-health arising from it.

Those pills and purgatives in your medicine cupboard were meant to be used only in an emergency. But laxatives can be habit-forming. People who start taking them casually soon find themselves in real trouble. They "need" stronger and stronger doses, until presently they are dependent on a daily shock treatment.

The "price" of purgatives
Laxatives have to be drastic or they wouldn't "work" at all. They jolt the intestine into action, interfere with digestion and nutrition,

and leave you tired, head-achy and out of sorts. Their habitual use paves the way for colds, infections and still more serious consequences. The tragedy is that they only make your condition worse, because laxatives do not — and cannot — reach the cause of constipation.

You must treat the cause

In almost every case, constipation can be traced back to the absence of cellulose material, or "bulk" in our over-refined diet. Bulk plays an important part in the

process of digestion and elimination, by gently stimulating the intestinal walls. Refined foods don't supply sufficient bulk to keep your intestine in regular working order. The only way to restore regularity is to put bulk back into your daily diet.



Minerals and vitamins for health as well as bulk for regularity.

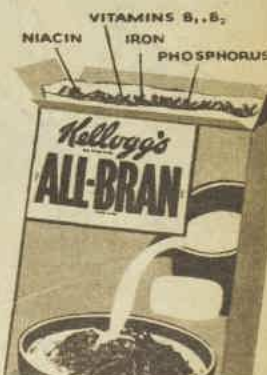
A food—not a medicine

The most pleasant and effective way to get the bulk you need is to enjoy a crisp, nut-sweet breakfast cereal called All-Bran. Made by Kellogg's from the nutritious outer layers of the wheat grain, All-Bran supplies vitamin B1, B2, phosphorus, niacin and iron, as well as the bulk you need for natural regularity, without medicines. Unlike harsh laxatives, which can undermine your health and energy, All-Bran actually builds you up while it makes you regular.

Relief from "chronic" constipation

Even if you have been taking laxatives for years, you can break the laxative drug habit. Thousands of unsolicited letters testify to the fact that people who had been enslaved by laxatives for the greater part of their lives have never needed another dose. The answer to your problem is as near as your breakfast table — tomorrow.

ACCEPT THIS FRIENDLY OFFER. Enjoy All-Bran every morning with hot or cold milk. Drink plenty of water. If you are not completely satisfied after ten days' trial, send the empty packet to Kellogg's and get double your money back.



All-Bran is a trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.



The delicious, easy way to good health and daily regularity without medicines.

SPACE, FREEDOM IN SIX-SIDED HOUSE



ENRICO TAGLIETTI

● This charming, six-sided house was designed by Dr. Enrico Taglietti, a clever young Italian-born architect now living in Australia. Dr. Taglietti, who belongs to the ultra-modern school of design, also created the three colorful interior settings below. This house is also our home plan for this week. See details overleaf.

THIRTY-TWO-YEAR-OLD Enrico Taglietti, who designed the house and the three interiors shown on these two pages, is one of Italy's most talented young architects of the post-war period.

He was born in Milan in 1926, and as a youth lived for several years in North Africa, where he received his schooling.

Returning to Italy at the end of 1948, Enrico Taglietti entered Milan University to study architecture, and after completing the five-year course he graduated from there as a doctor of architecture in 1953.

During the next few years he practised as an architect in Italy and gained the reputation of being an imaginative, even provocative, disciple of the modern school of architectural design.

Perhaps his most notable work is the Teatro san Erasmo in Milan.

This theatre, which caused

an enormous amount of controversy when it was built, is in the shape of a prism. The stage is roughly circular and is placed at floor level in the centre of the building.

The tiers of seats rise around the stage.

Taglietti's idea in creating this design was to bring the actors and the audience into direct contact, and so do away with some of the barriers which are caused by the conventional stage form.

Fine acoustics

The startlingly modern Teatro san Erasmo is said to have perfect acoustics.

Office buildings in Milan, some ultra-modern villas in the Italian Alps, and other private houses are among his contributions to architecture in Europe.

Dr. Taglietti, who is tall and dark, with a bushy, R.A.F.-type moustache, came to Australia in 1955 with his lovely Italian wife. They intended to remain only six weeks.

The purpose of his visit was to supervise the arranging of

exhibits for an Italian art and trade show for which he had designed a contemporary-style Italian villa.

His furnishings, some of them inspired by Oriental ideas, were new to Sydney.

Instead of going back to Italy the Tagliettis decided to remain in Australia. Soon afterwards they settled in Canberra, where their daughter, Tabitha, was born.

Dr. Taglietti is now working on designs for the proposed residence and offices of the High Commissioner for Pakistan and on the proposed Italian Embassy, both in Canberra.

Dr. Taglietti has very definite ideas about domestic architecture. When he plans a house, he always strives for an atmosphere of space and freedom.

Not fenced in

"One must give the impression that the house does not begin or end at a definite point," he said. "It should merge into the surroundings and there must be no fenced-in feeling."

This is the quality he has captured so attractively in the house illustrated here.

Occupying only a little more than 10 squares, this house, with its graceful lines and opportunities for outdoor living, should appeal to home-builders everywhere.

The interior sketches offer many bright and stimulating ideas for home decoration.

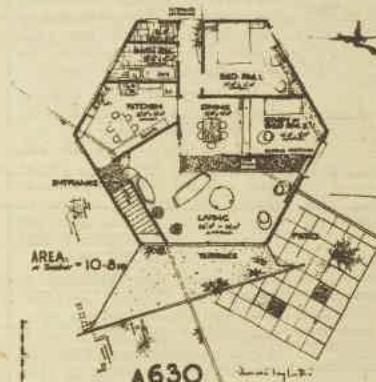
Planned decor

The sketches show three effective methods of arranging the living-dining-room area of the house.

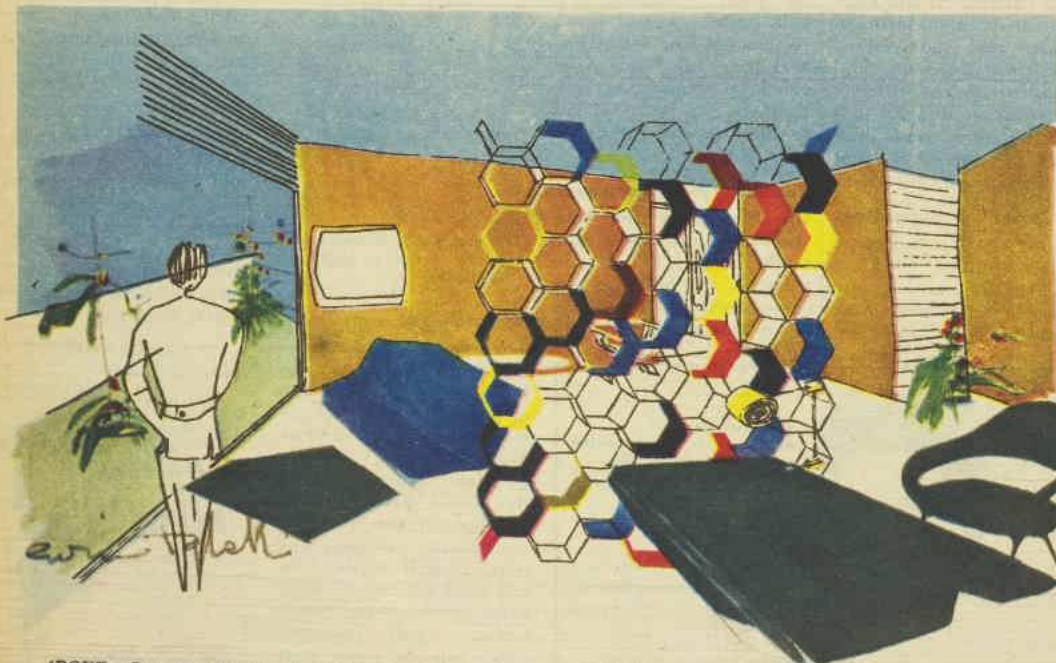
Architect Taglietti believes that if one room is to serve two purposes permanently the decor should be carefully planned to achieve a feeling of unity.

He has done this in the two-in-one room illustrated by keeping to the character of the living-room, yet avoiding any impression that the dining-room section has been skimped.

For comfort, the room is furnished with chairs and a sofa that are low, deep, and restful, and there is a big modern fireplace as well.



PLAN of this house with six sides will help you to locate the areas shown in the settings on this page.



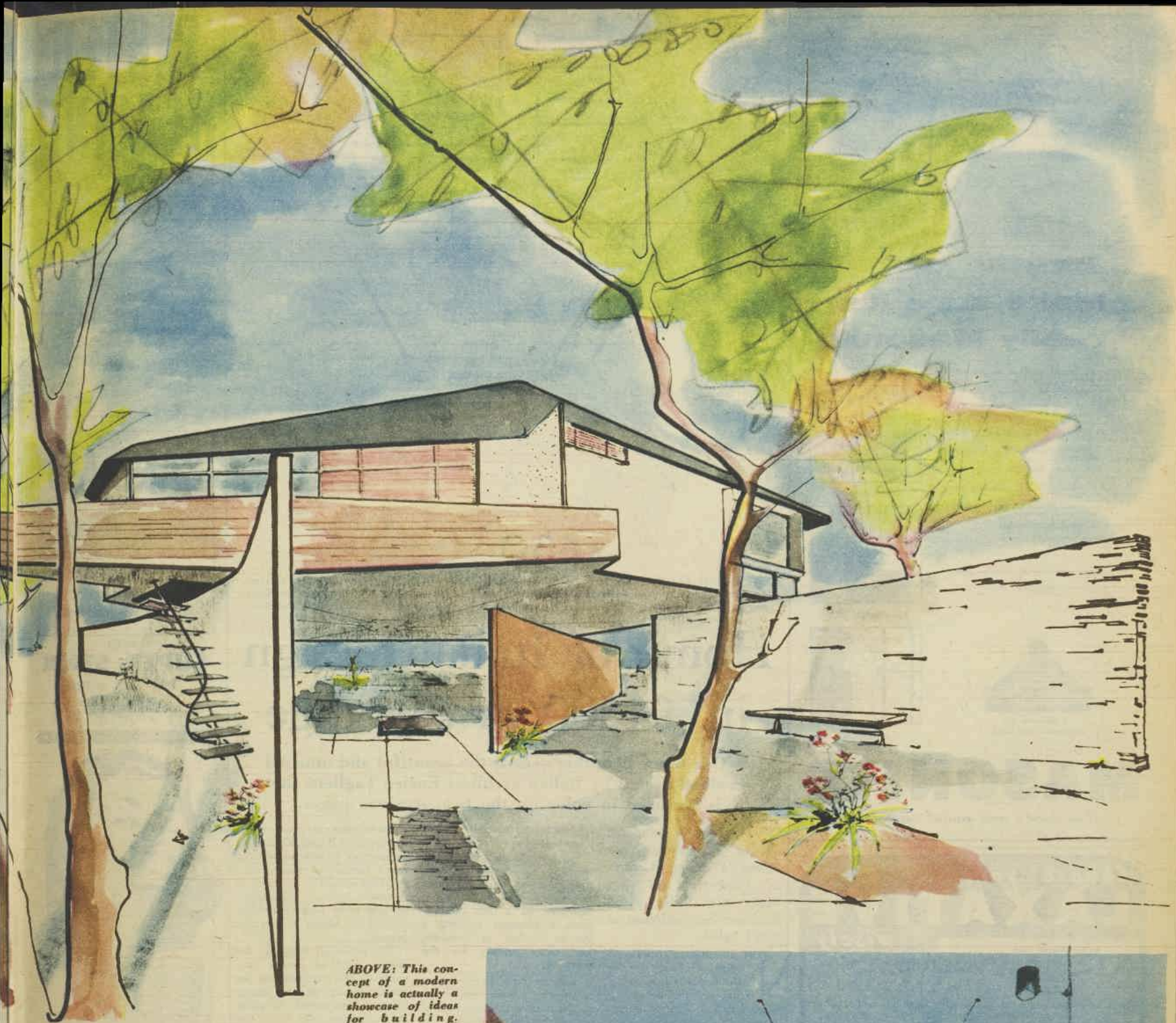
ABOVE: One method of separating the living and dining areas is to use a metal room-divider like that shown. The metal links are separate and can be arranged in many ways. The terrace is seen at the left of the room, and the kitchen is at the right.

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RIGHT: Another angle of the living-dining area shows the dining area at left and the terrace at right. Shelves suspended on rods from the ceiling are used as a divider. The fireplace is centrally situated to warm both rooms. Pumpkin lights are arresting.



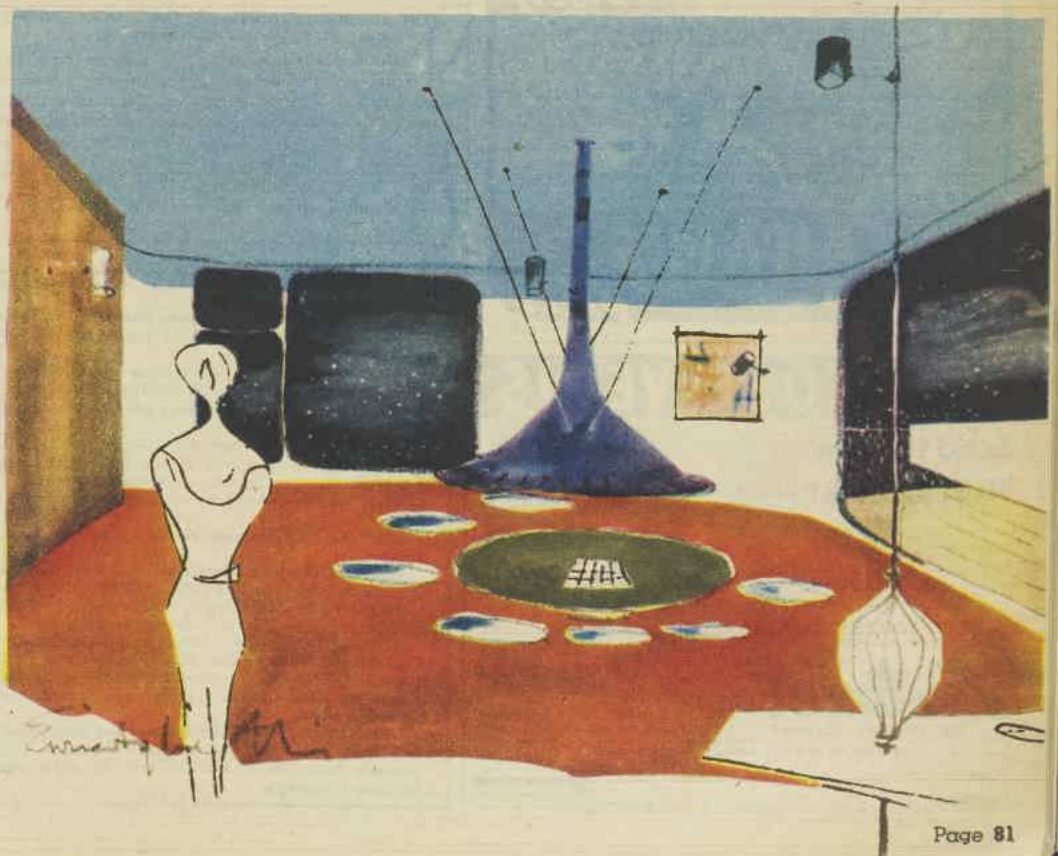
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 9, 1958



ABOVE: This concept of a modern home is actually a showcase of ideas for building, decorating, and landscaping. Poised on three exterior walls, it offers every opportunity for outdoor living with its paved patio and a terrace which brings a view to almost every room.



RIGHT: Pale walls point up the architect's bold yet pleasing use of color on the floors in this sketch, which shows another type of fireplace suitable for the living area. This fireplace and the huge scenic windows on the far walls are main features of the room.





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Signed W. Marby (Mr.)

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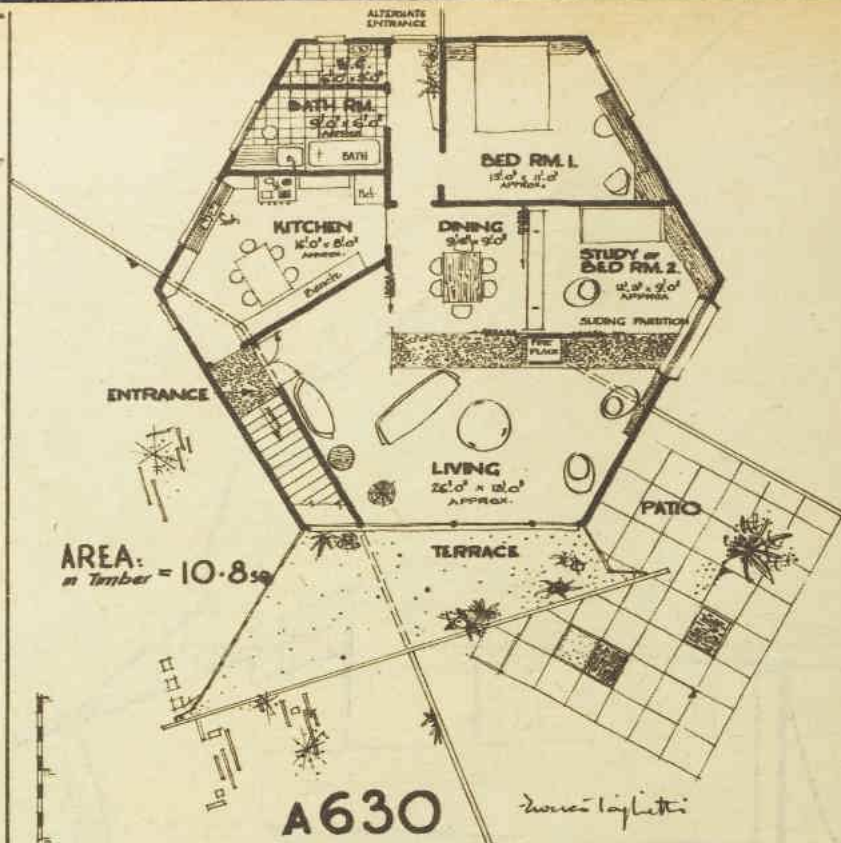
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SURGICAL STOCKINGS

Know length, 39/4. Thigh length, 49/4.

AT GOOD CHEMISTS AND SURGICAL HOUSES.

PLEASE SEND ME NEW FREE BOOKLET, "VARICOSE VEINS"

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____



ENLARGED FLOOR LAYOUT of the house designed by Italian architect Dr. Enrico Taglietti specially for Australian conditions and shown in color on the two previous pages. This beautiful house is our Home Plan No. A 630, which is available to readers.

Home of Italian design in £4500 price range

● Our home plan this week is the beautiful and unusual six-sided design by Italian architect Enrico Taglietti that is featured in color on the two previous pages.

THIS plan is available to readers at our Home Planning Centres in Canberra, Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane. See addresses in panel below.

Cost of building this house would vary according to the site, but the approximate price in all States would be in the £4500 to £5000 price range.

By using highly imaginative treatment in both design and structure, Dr. Taglietti, in this design has introduced an almost revolutionary

approach into Australian home planning.

He has planned this home specially for Australian conditions. It is built up high, because he believes this is healthier in a hot climate, gives a pleasant outlook, a greater feeling of freedom, and extra privacy for the occupants.

A house built in this manner has yet another advantage in the narrow frontages usual in Australian suburbs: it leaves the land free for use as a garden, barbecue, or outdoor living space.

The floor plan is 10.8

squares, but because of its construction it can be enlarged by another 10 squares without much trouble or great cost.

There would be no need to reinforce existing foundations or add extra walls and roofing, all of which is very expensive.

The house, as shown in the layout sketched above, provides all the requirements for family living on the upper story. Underneath is room for a carport and scope for an unusual garden and sculpture. Later, this space can be enclosed to make extra bedrooms or a rumpus room.

There are many ways of roofing the house. Dr. Taglietti suggests, as the most interesting, a tent-shaped roof of bituminous felt or corrugated asbestos, supported by steel columns and trusses at six angles of the house where the external walls come.

These columns give flexibility and freedom. They support the roof, so there is no need for internal walls to carry its weight and also restrict the floor space by dividing it into small areas.

Other roofing suggestions are a low-pitched gable and a flat roof.

The house is designed with a very open plan to give the utmost sense of space. With the hexagonal shaping, no natural light is lost.

This design requires a frontage with a minimum of 50ft. It is suitable for a sloping or level site and is ideal for a site on the mountains or by the sea.

Where to buy this plan

OUR Home Planning Centres, established in conjunction with leading stores, offer a comprehensive service to intending home-builders.

● All standard plans we publish are available at the Centres simultaneously with publication.

● Hundreds of other standard plans are available from stock.

All standard plans cost £7/7/- per full set.

● Plans will be prepared to any individual design at a fee of £1/1/- per square, based on total area.

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CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd., Civic Centre.

ADELAIDE: John Martin and Co. Ltd. (second floor), Rundle St. Mail to Box 629E, G.P.O.

BRISBANE: McWhirter's Ltd. (second floor), The Valley. Mail to Box 151, Broadway P.O.

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium (sixth floor), Lonsdale St. Mail to Box 5038V, G.P.O.

GEELONG: Our representative will be at the Myer Emporium, Geelong, every Friday and Saturday to advise on home plans.

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern and Son Ltd. (third floor), Brickfield Hill. Our standard plans are also on sale at the advisory bureau at 25 Central Ave., Miranda, established by master builders.

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They stick better,
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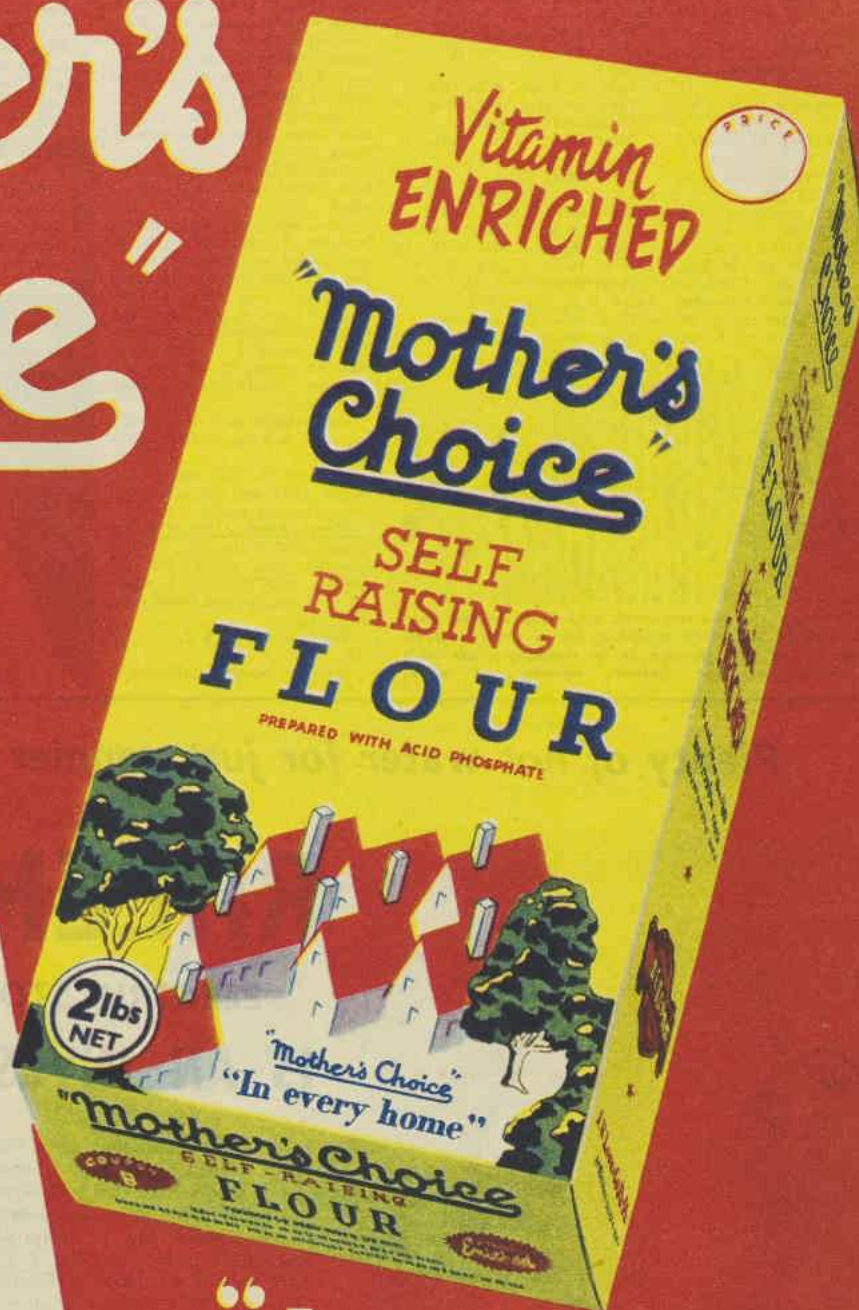
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Self-raising or Plain
make YOUR choice

"Mother's
Choice"



"In
every
home"

GIRL'S SMART SWEATER

● A pretty sweater for a fashion-conscious girl, this simple design has cap sleeves and a high round neck finished with a neat front opening.

Materials: 5 (6) balls F. W. Hughes' "Twinprufe" 3-ply crepe wool; 4 small buttons; 1 pr. each Nos. 12 and 11 needles; 1 crochet hook.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder 17 (19) in.; chest 28 (30) in.; length of sleeve seam 3 (3½) in.

Tension: 8 sts. to lin., 10 rows to lin.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 94 (98) sts.

Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 2½ (3) in.

Change to No. 11 needles and work in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row until inc. to 114 (122) sts.

When work measures 10½ (12) in., cast on 2 (3) sts. at beg. of next 8 (8) rows.

Cast on 4 (4) sts. at beg. of next 2 (2) rows. Cont. in st-st. and when work measures 5 (5½) in. (measure from cuff edge of sleeve), cast off 6 (6)

sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off 4 (5) sts. at beg. of next 8 rows. Cast off 10 (11) sts. at beg. of the next 6 rows. Cast off.

FRONT

Work the same as for back until all sleeve sts. have been cast on.

Next Row: K 65 (73) sts. (leave rem. sts. on a spare needle).

Cast on 8 sts., p to end. Cont. in st-st. on these 73 (81) sts. for 4 rows.

Next Row: K 56 (64), (p 1, k 1) twice, p 1, k 12.

Next Row: P 12, (k 1, p 1) twice, k 1, p 56 (64).

Rep. these 2 rows twice. Cont. in st-st. for 8 rows.

Next Row: K 49 (57), (p 1, k 1) twice, p 1, k 19.

Next Row: P 19, (k 1, p 1) twice, k 1, p 49 (57).

Rep. these 2 rows twice. Cont. in st-st. for 8 rows.

Next Row: K 42 (50), (p 1, k 1) twice, p 1, k 9, (p 1, k 1) twice, p 1, k 12 (50).

Next Row: P 12 (k 1, p 1) twice, k 1, p 9, (k 1, p 1) twice, k 1, p 42 (50).

Cont. in this way, working 2 patt., beg. 7 sts. to the right of previous patt. after every 8 rows of st-st.

When work measures 4½ (5) in. (measured from cuff edge of sleeve), cast off 13 (14) sts. at neck edge of next row.

K 2 tog. at neck edge of next 8 rows, at the same time when work measures 5 (5½) in. (measured from cuff edge of sleeve), shape shoulder by casting off 6 (6) sts. at armhole edge of the next row.

Cast off 4 (5) sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 4 times.

Cast off 10 (11) sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times.

Join wool at centre front, cast on 8 sts., and work to correspond with left side, working first patt. 20 sts. in from edge and 2nd patt. 27 sts. in from edge, at the same time make buttonholes as follows: 1st one being ½ (1) in. above commencement of opening and 3 more evenly spaced about 1½ in. apart.

Buttonholes: K 3, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 6, k 2 tog., w.fwd., work to end.

Cast off 21 (22) sts. instead of 13 (14) sts. at neck edge when shaping neck.

Sleeve Bands: Join shoulder seams. With right side of work towards you, using No. 12 needles, pick up and k about 70 (74) sts. around lower edge of sleeve.

Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 2 in.

Cast off loosely in ribbing.

Collar: Sew back the 8 facing sts. on right front opening and work 1 row of d.c. down left front.

With right of work towards you, using No. 12 needles, pick up and k about 70 (74) sts. around neck, commencing and ending 16 sts. in from neck edge.

Work in rib of k 2, p 2, picking up and working 2 more sts. along the 16 sts. left at neck edge every row until all sts. have been worked.

Work in rib on all sts. for 3 rows.

Cast off loosely in ribbing.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, sew buttons on left front. Stitch the 5 patt. sts. together at centre, turn back ½ in. of cuff.

PERFECT SWEATER for a young girl is this design. It can be worn with suits, skirts, or under a winter coat.



CLOSE-UP shows the pattern-stitch which is knitted into the front around the neck opening for a pretty effect. The remainder of the sweater is in stocking-stitch with double ribbing at the basque, sleeves, and neck.



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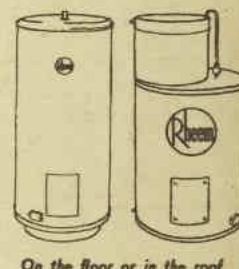
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BEST BUY RHEEM "OFF PEAK" ELECTRIC HOT WATER SYSTEMS

having like a girl of seventeen, Mrs. Gibson was behaving like a frivolous sixty. All she lacked was a knee to sit on herself.

"So Miranda comes to the shop too often? Then throw her out, boy!" advised old Mrs. Gibson. "Show yourself masterful!"

Of course the women had got together. Harry's masterful wooing was now a family legend.

"Throw her downstairs!" cried old Mrs. Gibson. "There is nothing dear Miranda would like better!"

This was in fact precisely what Harry Gibson feared might happen. He felt he could hardly trust himself with Miranda at the top of the steep office flight. Whether or not something of this showed in his face, Mrs. Gibson sobered.

"All joking apart, of course you are quite right," she agreed. "The whole pleasure of marriage is that a man should have a wife to come home to; even in the pleasure of being engaged, the girl should not over-do things."

For a rare moment, she looked at her son anxiously.

They were sitting at breakfast together: for all her new pleasures and excitements it was still the best hour of the day to her. Mrs. Gibson had deceived herself with wonderful success: the fundamental satisfaction, the knowledge that her son wasn't marrying a wife who would take him away from her, was buried so deep that when she exclaimed how much Harry admired Miranda's piano-playing, how completely he relied on her taste, how well the two children suited each other, for ninety-nine per cent. of the time Mrs. Gibson believed every word. Now, in a hundredth moment, she looked at him anxiously.

"Is all well, Harry boy?"

Undoubtedly Mr. Gibson would have been decorated, had

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discipline them, on the contrary.

Her ritual dusting of the sitting-room has been described; in time her nonsensical ejaculations before pieces of bric-a-brac, so unsympathised with by Martha, became a ritual preface to each solitary evening—Big Harry (the stuffed ermines), King Hal (the bronze lady), King Hal (the china pierrot), Big Harry (the pierrette).

It was foolish, even reprehensible, so to play on her own feelings—as it was foolish to lie, later, staring at a photograph

There are many scapegoats for our sins, but the most popular is Providence.
—Mark Twain

by the bed and willing it to utter; but so foolishly, reprehensibly, did Miss Diver behave. And when she went out into the streets, she saw Mr. Gibson at every turn.

Gargoyle-faced Mr. Johnson, selling matches on the kerb of Queen's Road, to Dolores momentarily assumed the likeness of Harry Gibson. A man in front of her at the butcher's, before he turned his head, looked like Harry Gibson. A passenger descending from a bus looked like Harry Gibson. Each likeness naturally dissolved into reality before Dolores had time to pluck a sleeve, or cry a name, or run after—supposing she could have brought herself so to pluck, or cry, or run. The disillusion was nonetheless bitter.

All separated lovers know

this particular anguish. Such hallucinations are a common phenomenon, when lovers are separated.

Lovers of the more obviously romantic sort have the world's sympathy to sustain them. Runaways to Gretna Green still find witnesses, film stars not quite thrice-divorced are sustained by the sympathy of their fans, as they battle on to a fourth exchange of lifelong vows. Mr. Gibson and Miss Diver enjoyed no such moral support. Only they themselves could preserve their romantic visions and that each held in mind an image to all but one another unrecognisable, must be accounted a remarkable proof of their true love.

Even to herself, Dolores was finding it difficult to retain the character of a Spanish rose. As she soon discovered, even the most perfect lodger has one inevitable disadvantage: that of postulating a landlady. However quiet his step, however unobtrusive his demeanor, a man going in and out twice a day is bound to be observed; and as the card in the window, so long as it remained an empty show, had not, the coming of Mr. Phillips universally declared her new status.

Miss Taylor the chiropodist stopped her familiarly in the street.

"So you've got a lodger at last!" cried Miss Taylor, in congratulatory tones. (This was actually a little disingenuous of Miss Taylor, who it may be remembered could have sent along a bed-sit, as soon as Dolores put her card up; but she had merely been returning snub for snub, as she was now—another sign of Dolores' de-

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clension — willing to let bygones be bygones.) "I hope he suits?" asked Miss Taylor, quite anxiously.

Dolores, her head high, replied that she seemed to have been very fortunate.

"Then treat him like a basket of eggs, my dear," exclaimed Miss Taylor, "for they're scarce as hens' teeth! The liberties some expect to take — though I'm sure you'd never allow — pass belief. How are the tootsies?"

Dolores, moving on, replied that they gave her no trouble at all.

"Well, don't let them go too long," advised Miss Taylor shrewdly, "now that you can treat yourself again . . ."

Which was bitterer to Miss Diver, a chiropodist's familiarity, or the discovery that her own financial straits had been common knowledge? By comparison with either, the ache of a fallen arch was nothing.

In the shops, where even during the leanest period, when her purchases dwindled to a minimum, the tradesmen's manner exhibited an awareness, so to speak, of her social superiority, the same sans-culotte wind blew. As a lady of independent means, (however small, derived from whatever source), Miss Diver was a cut above. Now all knew how she got her living —

"Chops again? Funny how all lodgers cry out for chops," observed the butcher sociably.

Dolores, who always used to acknowledge his remarks about the weather, remained silent.

"Though they don't all, if I may say, get 'em as regular as your chop," added the butcher — helpful and good-natured. "What about a nice pound o' mince?"

"I'll take chops, thank you." "Feeds separate," noted the butcher intelligently. "Very nice, too. My sister-in-law once tried it."

Bracketed with a butcher's sister-in-law, Dolores was nonetheless forced to wait while he cut her order. Of course she didn't ask the expected questions; but butchers, unlike lady-chiropodists, are so little used to being snubbed that they do not know it when they are.

"It didn't answer. In fact, it ate up all the profit," continued this self-appointed mentor, "her buying chops just the same as you. To which the answer, as I told her, is rissoles. Take a nice pound o' mince—"

"Thank you. Good morning," said Dolores.

Every such encounter a little abraded, each day, her power to retain the character of a Spanish rose. She knew it. She would have stayed entirely within-doors, and sent Martha to shop, had it not been for the perennial, perennially betrayed, hallucinating hope that drew her out.

What would she have said, if she'd truly encountered her King Hal at the butcher's? She didn't know. No more than when she'd envisaged Martha at Kensington had she any really treacherous thought. She simply wanted to see him again — longed with all her heart. In any case, she never did. It was always an hallucination.

Martha saw him.

As Miss Diver, before she lost heart, reminded her, she liked playing in Kensington Gardens. The phrase wasn't strictly accurate, but rather one of Miss Diver's customary prettifications: it was convenient to let Martha go walks by herself, and a curious backwash of the Edwardian Barrie-and-Nanny myth — Peter Pan, all those nice children — led Miss Diver to dispatch her trustfully to the Gardens.

Martha never actually played there. She had no one to play with — and never

loitered on the outskirts of a game, of tag or French cricket or cowboys, in the hope of being co-opted. Nor did she particularly appreciate the Gardens themselves — preferring for interest Alcock Road, where to Martha's mind there was more to look at. Large-scale natural beauty never said much, to Martha. In fact, her walks took her to the Gardens far less often than they were supposed to; and when Miss Diver supposed her ring-oring round Peter Pan, she was far more likely to be earthed with Mr. Punshon.

On this particular morning, however, some three weeks after Mr. Phillips' arrival, Martha might have been acting on instructions.

It was fine mid-August weather, pleasanter in the Gardens than between houses; Martha nonetheless sauntered straight across, casually emerged into Kensington High Street, casually — but as though she were obeying instructions, or being Guided; Dolores would undoubtedly have plumped for Guidance — bore right, and presently found herself at the corner of the High Street and Almaviva Place, where she halted to contemplate a tree.

This in itself was abnormal. (The beauties of nature saying so little to her.) But the tree in question stood alone, a great chestnut spared for its antiquity by Borough Council after Borough Council. It wasn't cluttered up with a lot of other trees; Martha could see it. She thought she could draw it all inside two triangles. Lacking paper and pencil, she was forced to memorise. This was such hard work that when Mr. Gibson, emerged from the shop, crossed her line of vision, Martha instinctively shut her eyes.

Because Mr. Gibson's shape was vaguely familiar, and therefore eye-catching. Her eye caught, and distracted, by a familiar ovoid silhouette, what else could Martha do but screw down her lids? When she opened them again, Mr. Gibson was gone.

He for his part didn't see Martha. His vision was as narrow as hers. The shape perpetually sought by Mr. Gibson's eye was long and narrow — or tall and slender; a dumpy silhouette under the chestnut his eye as automatically abolished, as the eye of Martha abolished him.

This was the only chance Chance offered, to bring Miss Diver and Mr. Gibson once more into contact.

Their stars had at last pulled it off, all the necessary factors were assembled in conjunction. But the vigorous star that ruled the child Martha wasn't interested.

Martha's star at this period had actually its own battle to fight. Mr. Phillips entering on his fourth week in Alcock Road, allowing for the first few days off Martha had said "Good morning" to him seventeen times.

"Anything on your mind?" asked Mr. Punshon.

Martha shook her head. She was drawing the big china beer-mug he kept his tobacco in. It had a flat metal lid which when cocked up added interest: cylinder and disc.

"Well, anyone been treating you rough?" persisted Mr. Punshon.

Martha shook her head again.

"Myself, I'd as soon try getting rough with a young Pachyderm," said Mr. Punshon re-

fleetively. "All right, I can take a hint."

He pushed across a paper of fish-and-chips, as he always did if Martha dropped in while he was eating fish-and-chips, and Martha took the largest chip. It was delicious — so soured in vinegar that even licking the fingers afterwards made one cough. "Thank you very much," said Martha. Then Mr. Punshon got on with his work, and she got on with hers.

"You bin robbin' a till and got the dicks after you?" inquired Mr. Johnson.

"No," said Martha. "You might as well 'ave. — You ain't bin back to that chapel an' got a sense o' sin, I hope?"

"No," said Martha, walking round on the pavement to look at Mr. Johnson's face from the other side. It was part of his charm for her that he had two quite different profiles; yet somewhere in the middle they obviously joined.

"Any time you want, come and take my likeness," offered Mr. Johnson generously.

"Thank you very much," said Martha.

Not even to these two friends could she unburden herself. To say she didn't like the new lodger would have been an oversimplification: and the true root of her malaise lay so deeply entwined with her inmost feelings, she couldn't bring it to light. Put briefly, while Martha didn't mind carrying up Mr. Phillips' tray, to have to look at him and say "good morning" represented the imposition of an alien will.

When Mr. Gibson desired Martha to cease threading beads, Martha co-operated gladly — because she didn't want to thread beads. Mr. Gibson preferring her out of sight, that suited Martha, too. To a most unusual degree she had escaped the common fate of childhood, which is subjection. Now, however triflingly, she was subject to Mr. Phillips.

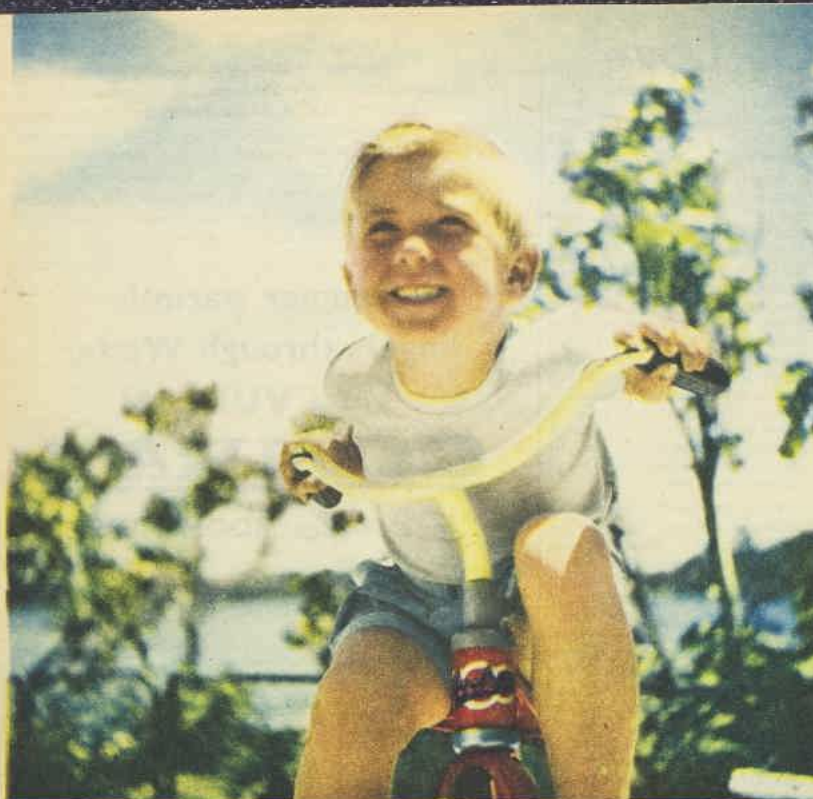
It was unexpected. When Mr. Punshon called Martha a young Pachyderm, the phrase was as apt as picturesque. Her thick-skinned stolidity impressed even acquaintances. (The kind Librarian called it unmistakable force of character.) Mr. Phillips was by comparison a nonentity. Even his virtues were negative — he didn't rob the gas-meter, et cetera. He had of course economics on his side, the economy of the little house in Alcock Road was now based on his weekly payments; but no one, seeing Mr. Phillips tread so dourly in and out, would have guessed him the victor in any brush with a really strong, pachydermous character.

The day of the missed chance, when Martha failed to see Mr. Gibson, and Mr. Gibson failed to see Martha, in Almaviva Place, happened also to be the date of the big official party to celebrate, and publicise, Mr. Gibson's engagement to Miranda Joyce. There had been several smaller affairs before — little dinners for Harry to get to know people — but this was the gala. It was an evening entertainment of the highest class.

All the guests were very nice people indeed, many of them quite big names in the fur trade. No poor relations of any sort had been invited. All the men were in evening-dress, and their ladies décolletée. Miranda sparkled in pale blue, (her fiancé's favorite color), pink carnations at the shoulder. There was a buffet-supper, with champagne.

Among all this splendor and festivity Harry Gibson moved, as his mother pointed out, like a man in a dream. His eye was a little glazed, his

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smile fixed like that of a man who has died smiling in the snow; he did not seem always to take in what was being said to him. When one of the biggest names of all, a man connected with the Hudson Bay Company, told him he remembered Mr. Gibson senior, Harry said something quite obscure about Grand Duchesses; as to a lady who complimented Miranda's dress he said something about sea-horses; in each case, however, with such glazed politeness—matching his glazed eye—as to cause surprise rather than offence. It was still wise of old Mrs. Gibson to keep close on his heels.

"Like a man in a dream!" she repeated gaily. "My boy Harry is like a man in a dream!—Do you know what he said to me, Mrs. Conrad, Madame Grandjean, as he was dressing? When I brought him his white waistcoat, he said, 'In Japan and India too they wear white!' My boy Harry, and why not, is completely in a dream!"

Fortunately, neither Mrs. Conrad nor Madame Grandjean had any more knowledge of the East than Mrs. Gibson. A Mr. Demetrios who had, and who knew white there to be the color of mourning, fortunately didn't overhear. With his mother at his heels Harry Gibson circulated acceptably—a man in a dream.

Every now and again he found himself standing arm-in-arm with Miranda. They were generally in a circle of her unaffiliated girl-friends. "You make my big Harry shy!" cried Miranda—adroit as his mother. "See how he loses his tongue! But Marion and Rachel and Denise I went to school with, Harry—there is no need to be frightened of them!"

They all gazed at him, Denise and Marion and Rachel, enviously. Only a plump brunette with a bigger engagement-ring than Miranda's inquired, a trifle maliciously, why shouldn't he be frightened of them? Her Bobby was. Her Bobby had made her promise on a wet

finger never to let a school-friend into their house . . . Mr. Gibson shot this unknown sympathiser a grateful look; but it was his only indiscretion of the evening.

Admittedly he kept Miranda, after supper, rather long at the piano. ("So what?" demanded Harry Gibson of his mother, when she suggested a pause. "Are we to have musical evenings or aren't we?") Old Mrs. Gibson and Auntie Bee, swinging into their well-rehearsed routine, handled this too acceptably. (It was music first brought the children together, etcetera.)

IN short, the evening, like the evening two months earlier, might have passed off far worse. In the circles frequented by Miranda Joyce, it was generally agreed that she'd got hold of a bit of a stick-in-the-mud; she was also, generally, envied.

Old Mrs. Gibson wore at this party a brand-new French-grey velvet; draped skirt, passementerie about the bodice. It came from the dressmaker entrusted with Miranda's trousseau. So did Auntie Bee's charmeuse.

The first time Mr. Phillips saw the sitting-room was on a Thursday night five weeks after his arrival in Alcock Road.

Dolores had never invited him in before. Why should she have? She had every reason not to: apart from her policy of keeping him at arm's length, the sitting-room was sacred ground, which even Martha was now discouraged from frequenting. Dolores spent every evening there alone, sipping tea, looking through old Tatlers, and thinking long rambling thoughts about Mr. Gibson. Whatever object her eyes rested on set her off; every object was precious for that reason; and that Mr. Gibson's eye had once so rested too, lent to each an

added patina of almost undurable beauty.

No wonder Mr. Phillips had never seen the sitting-room. It was no ground to be profaned by a lodger's foot.

Dolores didn't precisely invite him, that Thursday. The whole episode was an accident. Mr. Phillips notifying himself out to supper (also for the first time), to so excellent a tenant how could his landlady refuse the key? She could not; and upon his return at the moderate hour of ten Mr. Phillips notified himself in again by tapping at the sitting-room door.

Dolores, on the settee, had kicked her shoes off. Before she could recover them, Mr. Phillips tapped again. Sooner than pad to encounter him in her stockings—"Come in!" called Dolores; and so Mr. Phillips entered.

He had not only never seen the sitting-room before, he had never seen anything like it.

A penurious youth in Manchester, a wide experience of third-rate London lodgings, hadn't prepared him for the bowl of glass fruit lit up from inside. The social evening he'd just spent, with a married friend in a two-room flat, hadn't prepared him for the black cushions on the settee, or for the china pierrot with matches; still less for the bronze-and-ivory statuette. Wherever he looked, his eye rested on evidences of a luxury as astonishing as unexpected. If he'd found himself in the Throne Room of Buckingham Palace, Mr. Phillips couldn't have been more startled.

"Is that the key? Thank you," said Dolores—sitting up straighter, but otherwise without moving.

"I've slipped the latch," muttered Mr. Phillips.

His dazzled eye took in more and more: the high-class upholstery, the stuffed ermine in the gilt cabinet, the pierrette to match the pierrot . . . He still held the key in his hand.

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I was embarrassed

... me with dingy dentures!
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—April 9, 1958

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"Thank you, you may put it down," said Dolores. Mr. Phillips advanced an awkward pace towards the mother-of-pearl table. Upon it stood Dolores' tea-things. But she didn't offer a cup to Mr. Phillips—as an ordinary landlady might have done; she simply waited for him to go.

Mr. Phillips took a last look around. His eye, as it catalogued each treasure, wasn't Martha's, still less Dolores'; it was nonetheless avid. He'd have particularly liked a closer look at the statuette . . .

"Good night," said Dolores, dismissively.

That was all. Mr. Phillips was in the sitting-room perhaps two minutes. It took him however nearly two hours to get to sleep. He heard eleven strike, and twelve; and even so shortly before dawn woke again and lit a cigarette.

It was his first lodgerly misdemeanor. All landladies hate their lodgers to smoke in bed, because of the risk of sheets, also a lodger frizzled alive, (should the whole bed catch), means an inquest. Mr. Phillips, hitherto of all lodgers the pearl, now reached for matches and cigarettes without a second thought, so confused in mind was he still.

The luxury of Miss Diver's private apartment had more than startled, it had staggered him. For all his wide experience of lodgings, he'd never before lodged in a house with such a room as that in it. In a house that let lodgings, it seemed . . . unnatural. To take the ornaments alone—what was that statue doing there? A bunch of dried grass would have been more the mark. Searching his memory, Mr. Phillips recalled a couple of stuffed bullfinches: never a whole pack of stuffed ermines. (Ermine, good lord! The most expensive animal there was!) As for the bowl of glass fruit casting its multi-colored glow, it struck Mr. Phillips as almost improper.

In fact the whole room struck him as a bit improper. But this wasn't what struck him most. Summing his whole impression, he returned to his first thought of all, the thought that crossed his mind actually as he first contemplated, (not with Martha's eye, not with Dolores'), the sitting-room's astounding contents.

"There's been money spent," thought Mr. Phillips.

As he lay smoking and thinking this over, another point occurred to him, of which he'd been hitherto aware only subconsciously. All the curtains, in the house in Alcock Road, matched. They were all, (he checked over in his mind), pink. They were pink, he was pretty sure, even at the back. To an experienced lodger, this again was very striking.

"There's been money spent," thought Mr. Phillips.

His cigarette was only two-thirds smoked; but realising that at the moment he couldn't get much further, he economically cut off the end with his nail-scissors blew down the butt, and once again composed himself for sleep.

The first time Mr. Phillips assisted with the garbage-pail was on the Sunday morning following. Dolores, caught beside the dust-bin, wasn't altogether pleased. She knew her apron was soiled and her make-up rudimentary; as a Spanish rose, she felt taken at a disadvantage. "Aren't you down very early?" she asked sharply.

"By chance, I felt like a walk before dinner.—That's too heavy for you," returned Mr. Phillips, seizing the pail with one hand and the dust-bin lid with the other. "Allow me!" Dolores recovered her poise—

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it was obviously impossible to start a tug-of-war—and replied more affably that he was very kind. To her relief, he didn't appear to notice her undress . . .

Soon he was emptying the garbage quite regularly. Dolores left it outside the back door for him last thing at night, and he disposed of it before leaving each morning; and was allowed to wash his hands afterwards at the kitchen sink.

The only immediate result of this was that Martha, who was usually laying her own and Dolores' breakfast, at last noticed something about Mr Phillips' appearance.

The back of his neck was grooved by two extraordinarily long, deep hollows, beginning behind the ears and disappearing into his collar: which by throwing his spinal column into unnatural prominence, made his head from behind look like a can stuck on a pole.

Dolores didn't mind Mr. Phillips in the kitchen. It wasn't sacred ground; she had no feeling for it. She cooked and ate meals there, but never

We must have a weak spot or two in a character before we can love it much.
—Oliver Wendell Holmes

lingered—preferring her bed-chamber in the afternoon and at evening the sitting-room; and this suited Martha very well, because it gave her the kitchen table to draw on undisturbed.

She drew regularly every afternoon, from about two till half-past five. She found she drew better, regularly. She got on.

This happy spell of intensive work nonetheless brought its problems. Martha was now using up a great deal of paper, and even had the supply of old envelopes been unlimited, which it was not, they were inconveniently small. No sort of paper abounded in the house in Alcock Road, and she knew better than to ask Dolores to buy any specially. Martha would soon have been in serious straits, had she not fortunately discovered an important, and free, source of supply.

There was halfway along Praed Street a large and popular drapery establishment, whither Miss Diver occasionally sent her for a reel of cotton or a packet of needles. A more interesting department than the haberdashery offered nets, veilings, and lace, which came wrapped around large sheets of thin white cardboard; and as these were emptied, they were thrown away.

Martha saw them being thrown away—a whole heap, kicked together on the floor behind a counter by a sales-lady's foot. It seemed impossible, but so it was.

"Don't you want those?" asked Martha incredulously.

"What, this rubbish? I should say not," replied the sales-lady, looking amused.

Martha didn't hesitate an instant.

"Can I have them?"

"Well!" said the sales-lady.

"Whatever for?"

"To draw on."

The sales-lady wavered; and, as she had been taught to do whenever out of her depth, called a shop-walker.

"Mr. Connaught! Can this little girl have our old cardboards to draw on?"

Mr. Connaught, approaching, appeared equally surprised. But shop-walkers are compact of savoir faire. He regarded Martha, quizzically, showing off his easy mastery of any situation.

"And what does she want to draw?"

Some instinct led Martha to reply, "Pussies."

Actually both the term and the subject were equally repugnant to her; if there was one thing that hadn't a hard outline, it was a cat, and if there was one thing Martha despised it was baby-talk. But her instinct was sound; both adults at once smiled benevolently on her, and at each other with understanding.

A little girl who wanted to draw pussies—what a rare note of sweetness in the long commercial day! They let her have the cardboards at once. And Martha, stifling her distaste for such puerilities, as soon as she got home slapped off a couple of big fluffy cats with bows round their necks, to carry back next morning as presents.

After that she had as much cardboard as she needed. She collected it in a businesslike way once a week.

Where had she seen a lot of pencils?

"Dear me, you're quite a stranger!" said the kind Librarian.

Martha stared at his desk. Five or six pencils at least lay in the tray, and some were easily short enough to be given to a little girl.

"I forgot," said Martha vaguely.

"Have you come to look at our landscapes again?"

Martha followed his prompting glance and recognised with surprise a bamboo swaying in the wind, a tiger crouched upon a rock. She had forgotten . . . and even now wasn't interested. They were right, but they hadn't any hard outlines. The kind Librarian watched her face and sighed. "How soon it passes," he was thinking, "the gift of natural, instinctive appreciation! I wonder—" for he was a very conscientious man—"if I could have done more?"

Martha turned back to the desk and fixed her gaze on the pen-tray. She wasn't there to hang about.

"Perhaps you're tired of them," said the Librarian. "One day, if you like, I could take you to see some really beautiful pictures—hundreds and hundreds of them. They're in a place called the National Gallery. Would you like that?"

"Thank you very much," said Martha, in rather final tones. "Do you use all those pencils?"

The Librarian sighed again. She was, after all, just a child like any other—and all children always wanted pencils.

"Do you need one for noughts and crosses?"

Martha didn't want to draw any more cats for anyone, so she said yes. It was unfortunate, and came of putting all adults in the same box. Pussies would have left Mr. Agnew cold; but if she'd told him of her involvement with shapes, he'd have given her all the pencils on his desk. As it was, she got just the stubbiest.

"Thank you very much," repeated Martha glumly.

It wasn't nearly so successful a foray as she had hoped for; moreover, something in the Librarian's manner frightened her off, so that she never went back to try again. (Interferingness: the adult vice.) In the end she turned to cadging odd stumps from Mr. Punshon, who always had one or two lying

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AUSTRALIAN WOOL BUREAU

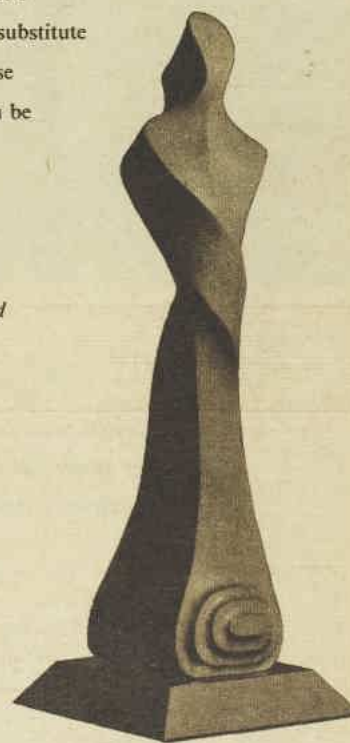
Fashion Awards 1958

THE AUSTRALIAN WOOL BUREAU is proud to present the supreme award winner in the Australian Wool Fashion Awards for 1958. In the following seven pages you will see fashions which won sectional awards.

Each of the award winning garments has been selected by the panel of judges as an example of the highest standards of styling, workmanship and finish. Each garment is part of the manufacturer's regular range and each of them proves "there is no substitute for wool". Wool holds its fashion leadership because it holds its shape perfectly, drapes with ease and can be dyed in the richest and most beautiful colours.

SUPREME AWARD WINNER

Sharene Creations Pty. Ltd. (Melbourne) won the supreme award for wool fashions with this fine worsted sack line frock in soft amethyst Wendouree fabric. The frock features a bloused back and a large flat bow in front. The frock also won the award for day dresses retailing at under £15.



M213-1



Australian Wool Bureau Fashion Awards 1958



WOOL IS FASHION RIGHT

From casual wear to high fashion frocks wool is fashion right. These lovely day dresses show the extreme adaptability of wool from the formal styling of a matron's frock to the gay simplicity of a teenager's day dress.

SHETLAND MILLS Pty. Ltd. (Melbourne) won the award for knitted jersey co-ordinates with this stone coloured finely knitted middie suit with an attached squared-off collar and a bow tie in front. **MARLBOROUGH PRODUCTIONS** (Sydney) won the award for day dresses retailing at more than £15 with this new long line middie jacket and pleated skirt in soft lilac and white houndstooth worsted. It features a deep vee yoke in front and back of the jacket.

GALA GOWNS Pty. Ltd. (Melbourne) was an award winner with this matron's draped frock in fine wool crepe with floating panel. **NINETTE CREATIONS** Pty. Ltd. (Melbourne) won the award for youthful styles retailing at £15 and under with this cloud pink angora day dress with a pin-tucked full skirt, and matching lace trim. **JOHN J. HILTON** Pty. Ltd. (Sydney) gained equal first in the section for knitted jersey dresses with this sheath frock with a drape front. It is in knitted jersey with a glint, in deep amethyst.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 9, 1958



Australian Wool Bureau Fashion Awards 1958



AFTER-FIVE FASHIONS

Wool leads the field in after-five fashions. Cocktail frocks, theatre coats, evening dresses all achieve a new glamour, a new look of luxury, a new graceful flowing line when fashioned in wool fabrics.

CHARLOTTE FIFTH AVENUE GOWNS won the award for evening gowns with this wool lace formal evening gown. The gown has a moulded sheath with two distinctive drapes falling in long loops from the shoulders at the back.

LEROY MANUFACTURING CO. LTD. was equal first in the section for knitted jersey dresses with this after-five dress. In inky blue knitted wool jersey, it is fashioned with draped bodice and sleeves, and a full skirt.

LUCELE FROCKS won the award for the best after-five dress with this fine wool taupe creation. A slim sheath frock, it is beaded in bronze at the neck line and shoulder.

BRILL AND SALTER PTY. LTD. won the theatre coats award with this striking coat in jacaranda pure wool romaine. It is lined with white angora and has a fringed scarf attached which can be worn as a hood, as shown in the photograph.

NORMAN HARTNELL SAYS . . .
"For casual wear and for the grand occasion wool provides the answer." Wool is the fabric of fashion. It is manufactured in so many textures, weaves and weights. From sheerest gossamer to thickest coatings, whether moulded to the figure or hanging in fluid folds — there is nothing like pure wool for holding its line and shape.



Australian Wool Bureau Fashion Awards 1958



WOOL SUITS ARE SMARTEST

From the finest summer weight fabrics to the heaviest winter weights, wool is the ideal fashion fabric for women's suits. Wool drapes smartly and keeps its shape.

Tailored suits look smarter, stay smart longer when fashioned from wool.

LEROFY MANUFACTURING CO. LTD. won the award for ensembles in the price range of £20 and under with this fine wool boucle tweed ensemble in snow cocoa.

ODY'S CREATIONS, with this inky-blue worsted, won the award for matrons' suits. The collar and pockets are banded with cartridge pleating.

GALLIVANT FROCKS were the award winners in the matron's ensemble section with this dress and jacket in taupe wool romaine. The jacket features three-inch bands of fine pin-tucking which is repeated on the dress front.

W.G.K. CLOTHING MANUFACTURERS won the award for suits in the over £20 range with this "Seasonaire" black wool baratheia suit trimmed on the collar and the pockets with satin bands.

BROTEX MANUFACTURING CO. Pty. Ltd. received the award for youthful style suits retailing at £20 and under with this spice diagonal mohair suit with the new short length and slim fitting skirt.

BROTEX MANUFACTURING Co. Pty. Ltd. were also award winners for suits of £20 and under with this mohair type blouson suit. It won a special award also for the best suit in the competition.

SCHIAPARELLI SAYS . . . "Wool is the smartest and most practical fabric." Wool is smart no matter what the fashion design. Wool looks smart and stays smart. Wool is practical too because weight for weight wool gives better protection against cold than any other fabric and if you want to be cool and comfortable light weight wool clothing insulates you from the heat but lets the body breathe.



Australian Wool Bureau Fashion Awards 1958



TOPCOAT FASHIONS IN WONDER WARM WOOL

Rich colours — the most charming fashion designs. Wool is fashion right for topcoats from light weight coats to real winter heavyweights. Topcoats look smarter, and they are warmer . . . more comfortable when fashioned in wool.

"FASHINOTE" was the award winner for topcoats retailing at £15 and under with this mohair overcoat with low slung hip line belt. It features leather saddle-stitched buttons.

"JUNIOR LOOK" BY YAROVSKY PTY. LTD. won the award for youthful styles in topcoats retailing at £20 and under with this Dior red face-cloth coat in Moylan fabric with the new full back in soft unpressed pleats.

HALL OF MELBOURNE received the award for topcoats in the over £24 section, and also won the

special award for the best topcoat in the competition with this luxurious pure wool velour hooded coat trimmed with mutation mink.

"JUNIOR LOOK" BY YAROVSKY PTY. LTD. won the award for topcoats in the £15 to £24 range with this deep lilac coat in wool face-cloth. Soft pleats fall away from the shoulder line at the back.

WINDSMOOR CREATIONS were the winners of the award for Matron's topcoats with this caramel velour, with a stitched rounded shoulder-line and slashed pockets.

WOOL DEFIES THE WEATHER

. . . when it's hot wool is cool — when it's cold wool is warm. Wool is very good at fighting either heat or cold. The fibres of wool fabric are literally crammed with tiny sealed-in air bubbles. This insulates, and in hot weather keeps the heat out but lets air circulate, and absorbs moisture. Be weather wise — wear wool.

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Australian Wool Bureau Fashion Awards 1958



FOR THAT CASUAL AIR, THE CASUAL FLAIR IS WOOL

For casual wear nothing measures up to wool. Wool slacks are smart and comfortable. Skirts, casual jackets look smarter, give greater casual comfort when made from wool. Pleated skirts retain their pleats, keep that air of easy going smartness when made from wool fabrics.

HARRIDEX CLOTHING CO. PTY. LTD. won the award in the matron's skirt section for this fine tweed checked skirt pleated all round and fitted with slotted belt at waistline.

"PRINCETON" BY SPHINX APPAREL PTY. LTD. was an award winner for these sage green fine gabardine slacks.

"PRINCETON" BY SPHINX APPAREL PTY. LTD. also won the award for the skirt section of £7 and

under with this taupe wool-de-chine skirt with pleated godet.

AYWON PTY. LTD., with this striking three-quarter length casual jacket and woven black and white scarf won the award for sportswear.

SPORTSCRAFT-SPORTSWEAR PTY. LTD. won the award for skirts over £7 with a kelly green and charcoal plaid box pleated skirt. This skirt also won the special award as the best skirt.

WOOL IS BEST FOR SPORTSWEAR . . . Wool has all the qualities sportsmen and women demand. From cricket to ice hockey you'll find players and the majority of the spectators wearing wool. Wool is light and warm, does not cling or hinder movement. It protects from moisture and rain. No wonder wool is tops for sports wear.



Australian Wool Bureau Fashion Awards 1958



WOOL KNITTEDS ARE TOPS IN CASUAL FASHIONS

Wool sweaters retain their shape and elasticity longer. Wool knitwear combines smartness with casual comfort. These charming knitwear designs are proof that for fashion, as well as long wear, wool stands alone.

MONICI OF PARMA, won the section for twin sets over £9, with this set in new quarry tones. The pullover has a high neck and short sleeves, the casual squared off jacket three quarter sleeves.

HANRO (AUST.) KNITTING MILLS PTY. LTD. won the award for women's twin sets of £9 and under with this lavender classic twin set.

MONICI OF PARMA received the award for cardigans over £5 with this pale corn double-breasted cardigan which reflects the true Italian influence in the knitting of fine wool.

MONICI OF PARMA won the award for sweaters over £5 with this scarlet, black and white fair isle

sweater, which also won a special award as the best knitwear in the competition.

SIMON MILSTEIN OF MERINDA was the award winner in the knitwear open class section with this blue and white springy knit featuring a high crew neck and monogram.

SLADE BROS. KNITTING MILLS, with this boat-necked sweater in striped rock-melon and white, won the award for £5 and under sweaters.

SLADE BROS. KNITTING MILLS were the award winners of the £5 and under section with this smart hip length cardigan in marine blue with white pencil stripe.

WOOL...THE KEY TO MODERN LIVING . . . Wool, the most versatile fabric material known to man. Wool can be woven, knitted or felted, giving the widest possible variety of uses from baby clothes to suits to glamorous evening gowns. There is no substitute for wool in modern living.

M213-7

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Australian Wool Bureau Fashion Awards 1958



WOOL IS IDEAL FOR MEN'S KNITWEAR

Wool is the ideal fibre for masculine knitwear. Wool sweaters are casual and smart. Men's woollen cardigans and pullovers are practical, comfortable, smart and fashion-right for casual occasions.

JANTZEN (AUST.) LTD., in the section for men's cardigans £6 and under, won the award with this classic "cardicoat" with set-in sleeve, shown here in vari-coloured fawn.

MONICI OF PARMA won the open class award with this contemporary design sweater showing the best in jacquard knitting. It features a ribbed crew neck and is essentially for the younger man.

MONICI OF PARMA also won the award for men's pullovers over £6 with this pullover in the new

"hot tomato" colour. It features the popular wide full fashioning on the shoulder line.

JOHN BROWN INDUSTRIES received the award for men's pullovers £6 or under with this fine wool springy knit in hyacinth blue with a glint throughout the weave.

SIMON MILSTEIN OF MERINDA won the award for men's cardigans over £6 with this shorter type for the younger man. Fully fashioned on sleeves and shoulder line, it features new quarry colours.

WOOL . . . THE KEY TO BETTER VALUE . . . Whatever clothing you buy — you buy better value when you choose wool. Wool has its own soft and easy give and take which is unaffected by cleaning and resists stretching and sagging . . . keeps every garment in shape.

How to be happier

● Everyone wants fun and happiness. If you are missing out on these, a careful study of each quiz below may tell you why. Answer the questions truthfully. Your final score should give you the key to a fuller and more satisfying life.

DO YOU MEET PEOPLE?

MRS. JONES, a busy mother with three young children, manages to attend evening school three times a week with her husband.

Taking courses together has given them new common interests, they've made new friends, and have found that getting out is more restful and stimulating than always having "quiet evenings at home."

You also may need outside interests if your life is rather dull and stagnant. Join a class, club, or community organisation; embark on a hobby or a do-it-yourself project.

You'll soon feel zestful and vital, and your life will be more meaningful and satisfying.

This test will show you how great is your need for more interests outside the home. Give yourself one point for each Yes answer.

1. Is physical recreation lacking in your life; do you rarely or never go dancing, take walks, or indulge in sports activities?

2. Are you usually bored and at a loose end when you have leisure time?

3. Are you eating and sleeping quite a bit more than you need to or should?

4. Have you become a television addict?

5. Do you wish you knew

more interesting, stimulating people?

6. Do you often feel tired or indisposed without really knowing why?

7. Have you skills or talents you would like to revive but lazily neglect?

8. Do you let shyness or an inferiority complex keep you from trying new things or meeting new people?

9. Do you busy yourself with trivial people, pursuits, or pastimes without deriving much enjoyment or benefit from them?

10. Are you an introverted, introspective person always worrying about yourself and your problems?

The answers

● Six or more points in this test is plain indication that you would greatly benefit from stimulating and worthwhile new activities. Get out of your rut and get going.

● One to five points shows that while you may not be completely lazy or stagnant, you also would find life more vital, interesting, and satisfying if you joined some new groups or embarked upon a new hobby or project.

● If your tally is zero, your life is a good one; it should be enjoyable, meaningful, and rewarding.

DO YOU ENJOY PEOPLE?

THE pressures and stresses of modern living are intense, and as a safety-valve it is important to be able to relax and enjoy life.

Some people possess the temperament to ease up and have fun, while others rarely release their tension or forget their self-consciousness.

You can have a better time alone or in company if you push into the background odd complexes, inhibitions, or anxieties.

This test will help you do the necessary self-appraisal, but only you can make the required changes. Score one point for each Yes answer.

1. Do you usually spend more than you really can afford when you go out to a restaurant or for the evening?

2. Are you usually too critical and analytical in watching a performance to enjoy it?

3. Are you the timid, shy person who avoids participating in games, dancing, acting in a skit or play, etc.?

4. Do you habitually associate with a group of people whose pursuits you find boring, tediously trivial, or artificially pretentious?

5. Do you take your worries and problems with you wherever you go?

6. Are you the introspective type who is always wondering how you impress others and what they think of you?

7. Are you stiff, formal, and a bit over-dignified?

8. When you are with other people, do you feel you have to be witty and entertaining?

9. Do you restlessly pursue change and excitement?

10. Is your own company tiresome because you have never developed an interest in books, hobbies, or other solitary occupations?

The answers

● If you total a tally of six or more points, you expose a lack of self-sufficiency, several unwholesome values, and an unhealthy degree of emotional instability and tension. A careful study of each affirmatively answered question will indicate a failing which calls for remedial measures.

● One to five points as a score indicates that your capacity to relax and enjoy yourself is impeded by a few personality flaws and poor attitude. These should not be too difficult to change or push aside if you make a sincere resolve to do so.

● If you did not register any score, this test was not meant for you.

RHEUMATIC PAINS

Neuritis

INCLUDING

Sciatica

Fibrositis

ALL ACHING JOINTS AND MUSCLES

NEW HOPE FOR SUFFERERS

If you suffer from any of the above-mentioned troubles, you should try the modern vaccine method of counteracting the germs which cause the rheumatic inflammation. Ask your Chemist for the oral vaccine, Lantigen 'C', which is prepared by fully qualified bacteriologists working under medical direction.

Lantigen starts acting from the first dose to reinforce the body's natural healing power, (1) to kill the rheumatic germs, (2) to neutralise their poisons which have circulated through the system. Thus the cause of inflammation is corrected, pain is relieved, swelling reduced. You sleep better and freedom of movement returns. Relief often lasts for years. Lantigen costs only a few pence daily.

WATCH FOR THESE SYMPTOMS



Pain and inflammation of joints.



Stiffness from inflamed nerves and muscles.



Muscular pains in shoulders, back, arms and legs.

READ WHAT USERS SAY:

FREE FROM PAIN
"I could not sleep from pain. After the second bottle, I did not have a pain. That was two years ago and I have not had a recurrence."
Mr. C.C., Cowra, N.S.W.

CRIED WITH PAIN
"I was bad with rheumatism in my hands, shoulders and legs. My feet were swollen three times normal. I shuffled round almost crying with pain. Now there is no swelling and not a pain or ache anywhere."
D.B., Beaudesert, Qld.

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about Lantigen from your chemist or write to Edinburgh Laboratories (Australia) Pty. Ltd., 103 York Street, Sydney.

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Lantigen 'C'
ORAL VACCINE

that's taken like an ordinary medicine for Rheumatic Disorders of a germ-born origin

OVER 5 MILLION BOTTLES SOLD ALL OVER THE WORLD

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110.C.92

Try these Prize winning Recipes using Sunshine full cream powdered milk

(then put them in your cookery book)

Want something different, something nice? Then make these recipes right away and enjoy a new taste thrill to-day—they're delicious and can be prepared quickly and economically thanks to "Sunshine." Pure, always-fresh Sunshine full cream powdered milk is so convenient for cooking—just add water to the right amount, then whisk and you have at once the finest, full-bodied, richly creamy, natural milk in any quantity you need. Or, if you wish, Sunshine full cream powdered milk can be used as a dry ingredient as demonstrated in the biscuit recipe.

A NESTLÉ'S Quality Product

Prize-winning entry by Mrs. M. Overton, Somerville, Victoria, who receives for her recipe £5 worth of wonderful Nestlé's products.

INGREDIENTS: 2 tablespoons butter; 1 egg; 1 tablespoon Sunshine powdered milk; 1½ cups self-raising flour; ½ cup white sugar; 2 tablespoons brown sugar; pinch of salt; 1 extra tablespoon butter; some cooked apricot halves or peach halves.

METHOD: Place a little of the extra tablespoon of butter creamed in the base of patty tins and sprinkle the brown sugar on top of the butter. Top each with an apricot half or a peach half. Warm the 2 tablespoons of butter. Sift the flour, Sunshine milk powder and salt. Add the sugar. Mix well. Beat the egg and add 2 cup cold water. Then mix into the dry ingredients by folding them in. Drizzle the melted butter on mixture and beat well. Now add a spoonful of this patty cake mixture on each peach or apricot half in the patty tins and bake in a moderate oven for about 12 minutes. When serving... they must be served upside down so that the caramel syrup runs down the sides of the "Sunshine Dreams." Serve with helping of whipped cream or ice-cream.

SUNSHINE DREAMS



Prize-winning entry by Mrs. Lilian Marshall, 76 Dalley's Road, Naremburn, who receives £5 worth of wonderful Nestlé's products for her recipe.

INGREDIENTS: 4 ozs. butter or margarine; 4 ozs. castor sugar; 4 ozs. Sunshine full cream powdered milk; 8 ozs. S.R. flour; 1 egg; 1 dessert-spoon honey; 1 teaspoon vanilla. **FILLING:** 2 tablespoons icing sugar; 1 tablespoon raspberry jam; 1 tablespoon Nestlé's Condensed Milk.

METHOD: Cream shortening and sugar. Add unbeaten egg and beat again. Add honey and vanilla. Add sifted flour and milk (dry). Work into a stiff mixture. Grease some biscuit slides and place 1 coffee spoon of mixture (rough side up) on slides about 2 inches apart to allow for expansion in cooking. Cook in hot oven for about 12 minutes. When cool, join two pieces together with the filling.

METHOD FOR FILLING: Cream together icing sugar and Nestlé's Condensed Milk, and raspberry jam last.

MONTE CARLO SUNSHINES



Win **£5** IN PRIZES
WITH YOUR
FAVOURITE RECIPE!

Your favourite recipe, using Sunshine full cream powdered milk, could win you £5 worth of wonderful Nestlé's products. Write and send your entry now to Nestlé's, Box 1619, G.P.O., Sydney. Winners will be notified by letter and no recipes will be returned. All recipes

entered for this competition will be the property and copyright of Nestlé's, who reserve the right to publish prize-winning recipes in advertisements. No correspondence can be entered into and the decision of the judges is final. N72/58

MORLEY

Velnit
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**It's luxurious, soft and warm,
easy to wash,
and lasts longest**

MORLEY "Velnit" is a perfect lightweight fabric and so comfortable to wear. It's so downy soft it can't irritate the tenderest skin. "Velnit" stands plenty of laundering, won't shrink and is available in a large variety of styles for women and girls.



★ It's such a
safe fabric
against
chills!

Always look for the name

M 86

MORLEY

about his bench. She rubbed out with bread.

"How soon it passes!" mourned the Librarian, that same evening, to his gentle, artistic fiancée.

"How soon what passes, darling?" asked she.

"The natural, instinctive appreciation of beauty. You remember that little girl I told you about?"

"Who came to look at the landscapes? Of course I do, darling. Has she been again?"

"To beg a pencil to play noughts and crosses," said the Librarian sadly. "She doesn't even see them now. I offered to take her to the National Gallery."

"Darling, I think you're the kindest man in the world!" cried his fiancée impulsively.

MR. AGNEW looked round, and gave her a quick kiss. They were pacing beside the Serpentine, in the blue dusk. Pale amber streamers, reflected lamp-light, floated on the surface of the water as pennons float in air; the upper branches of the trees, to the west melting into the sky, to the east showed still in detail against the up-thrown glow of London. As he finally put Martha from his mind—

"If I showed her this," said the Librarian, "I don't believe she'd have eyes for it..."

Which was perfectly true. Martha's eyes were at that very moment glued to a pair of kippers, tails up, (the tails formed a double bow-shape), in a cylindrical jug.

Leaving home in the morning, kissing his daughter and allowing himself to be pecked by old Beatrice—

"Toodle-oo," said Mr. Joyce. The door shut behind him—on Mr. Joyce wearing his new winter overcoat, a loud fawn-and-brown check, very hairy, and his new silk scarf, striped in loud and probably regimental colors. Old Beatrice turned nervously to Miranda.

"Such a nice idea I have for

Continuing

our lunch! Why don't I make us my special goulash?"

"In the middle of the day it's too heavy," said Miranda crossly.

Both knew what they were to eat at night; roast beef. Both knew what Mr. Joyce would say, as it came to the table, as he sharpened the carving-knife and caught Harry Gibson's eye.

"Good British grub!" Mr. Joyce would say.

Mr. Joyce had found a friend.

A wholly unexpected result of Harry Gibson's domestication at Knightsbridge was the formation there of what could only be called a masculine front.

Passive as he was, Harry by his mere presence had from the first, and inevitably, changed the numerical proportions between the sexes: what no one could have foreseen was Mr. Joyce's rapid organisation of an offensive alliance.

Miranda placed the blame squarely on her father. The overtures hadn't come from Harry, whatever Mr. Joyce learnt from him Harry hadn't wilfully taught; it was again, apparently, the result of his mere presence—as though daily contact with anyone so big and bluff and British spurred Mr. Joyce to emulation.

Spontaneously he picked up Harry's British slang, spontaneously discarded the tastes of a lifetime to prefer good British grub to Beatrice's goulash; but the result, of course, was that he . . . encouraged Harry; until Harry was now encouraging him back.

Miranda had no wish to see her lover brow-beaten. His masculinity was precious to her. But she'd certainly expected the Joyce ethos, (so much the more refined), to work upon the Gibson, and not the other way about. She certainly hadn't expected her father to behave like an only child who suddenly makes a friend.

He supported Harry on every point, great or small—and with particular pleasure, it seemed,

The Eye Of Love

from page 88

and Mr. Joyce wanted to shine in reflected glory.)

Like the practical man that he was, he took positive steps to this end—had Miranda's portrait painted, frequented private views, cultivated an acquaintance who ran a concert-agency; to acquire only a taste for modern art and a dislike of modern music. All the painters seemed to be married already, and the musicians not to care for Miranda.

No embryo genius coming on the market in the course of so many years, Mr. Joyce at last accepted Fate's rebuff and settled for Harry Gibson—even as a business prospect poor, but a necessary husband for Miranda. And how had Fate rewarded him? By finding him a friend.

The lot of Harry Gibson, by this circumstance, was also ameliorated. He wasn't, like Mr. Joyce, happy. He was far from happy. But he felt a friendliness towards the old man on his own account, he grew fond of the old boy, and the knowledge that Mr. Joyce valued his company—more than valued it, thirsted for it—made his attendance at Knightsbridge less unendurable. Harry Gibson was never for a moment happy, in the Knightsbridge flat; but he had become domesticated there.

The first time Mr. Phillips took Dolores and Martha to the pictures was on a Saturday afternoon early in September.

The leap, from Good morning and Good evening, to such an invitation, was hardly indeed; even though his garbage-emptying and subsequent hand-washing had slightly extended their conversational terrain. To do him justice, Mr. Phillips appeared aware of this. Encountering Miss Diver in the hall—where he had obviously been waiting for her to emerge from the kitchen—he put it very properly, as a favor.

"It would be doing me a favor," stated Mr. Phillips, "to

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Hair with the fresh young HALO look is softer, brighter Whistle Clean

—for no other shampoo offers Halo's unique cleansing ingredient, so effective yet so mild. And there are no unnecessary additives in Halo, no greasy oils or soap to interfere with cleansing action or leave sticky, dirt-catching film. Halo, even in hardest water, leaves your hair softer, brighter, whistle clean.



SMALL BOTTLE, 3' • REGULAR, 5' • BUBBLES, 1'3

BUY THE BIG REGULAR SIZE AND SAVE MONEY



87% OF ALL ILLNESS ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH *

(most illness develops from germs absorbed through the oral cavity)

*How safe
are you?*

**Protect yourself
and family with
LISTERINE**



Listerine gargled three times a day is a potent protection. Tests prove that Antiseptic Listerine reaches way back on the throat tissues to kill germs before they start their deadly work.

Antiseptic Listerine kills germs by millions instantly!

Tests conducted under the strict supervision of skilled bacteriologists show that Antiseptic Listerine reduces germs on mouth and throat surfaces by as much as 96.7% 15 minutes after gargling... as much as 80% even an hour later. Pneumococcus Type III, Hemophilus influenzae, Streptococcus pyogenes, Pneumococcus Type II, Streptococcus salivarius and other "secondary

invaders" can be quickly reduced in number by the Listerine gargle. Gargle Listerine for a few seconds three times a day and you fight 87% of all illnesses.

Easy, safe treatment

All you do is gargle undiluted Antiseptic Listerine three times a day... it's as easy as that! And



Listerine is so pleasant tasting, too! It takes only 30 seconds but protects for hours.

The Listerine treatment is safe, too... it doesn't burn or sting. More important... for your kiddies' sake, Antiseptic Listerine is harmless if accidentally swallowed.

Keep Listerine handy and guard against winter ills!

Non-antiseptic drops, aspirin or sprays often do relieve many of the symptoms, but they can't kill germs the way Listerine does—germs that cause so much wretched misery. Listerine costs you so little compared with the protection it gives.

Antiseptic Listerine contains proven germ-killing ingredients

Listerine is made under the most hygienic conditions to a tested formula and contains only the purest medicinal ingredients. Tests over a twelve-year period clearly showed that those who regularly reduced germs on mouth and throat surfaces with Listerine were better protected from illness than those who did not.

Double protection

Because Listerine reduces germs on mouth and throat surfaces, it keeps your breath sweet and pleasant for hours... you don't risk offending!

BUY ANTISEPTIC LISTERINE AT ALL CHEMISTS TO-DAY!
Available in 3-oz., 7-oz. and 14-oz. bottles.

**ANTISEPTIC
LISTERINE**

- 87% OF ALL INFECTIONS
INITIALLY ATTACK THE
BODY ORALLY.**
- Medical science believes that nearly all illnesses start their dangerous work in the mouth. Among the many germs that enter the body in this way are:
- Hepatitis
 - Pneumonia
 - Poliomyelitis
 - Influenza
 - Scarlet Fever
 - Common Cold

"It's all rot about my going into profound study to act—my acting is instinctive."

Alec Guinness

(Continued from page 99)

exaltation slip away. Eventually it did, leaving him to face the realities of his own existence and the anti-climax of having to get out of bed.

His pay was raised to 25/- and then to 30/- a week. On the strength of this new wealth, he enrolled for one lesson a week in a London dramatic school.

He was then 19—a gaunt, underfed youth, pale and wispy, and more self-distrustful than ever. It took great nerve to walk in and gulp, "I want to be an actor."

His reception was heart-warming. He was treated kindly, even deferentially.

For six weeks he lived in a rosy dream. He woke up with brutal suddenness when the director called him in and advised him to give it up.

Not until much later did he learn that they had mistaken him for one of the well-heeled brewing heirs. The decision that he had no talent followed the discovery that he had no money.

If there was a single, critical turning-point in Alec Guinness' career, this was it.

He reacted by applying to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art for a scholarship. Told there were none left, he went to the Fay Compton school, then one of the best in London.

In a single audition he won a scholarship that paid his tuition for a year. But nothing for living expenses!

Guinness quit his job to go to school, living in a tiny attic on one meal a day. Fellow-students brought him sandwiches, and adult friends had him out for meals.

When his shoes wore through he padded them with paper and continued to walk the several miles daily between his attic and the all-day school sessions.

And he loved it! At the annual school show a year later he won first prize. One of the judges was his idol, John Gielgud, then, as now, considered by most critics to be the greatest living Shakespearean actor.

Out of school and out of money, Guinness applied for work at every theatre. He got a small part in a play called "Libel!" He sat at a courtroom table in a junior counsel's wig and said not a word. But he was on-stage. He was acting.

When "Libel!" closed, he got a job in "Queer Cargo," playing a Chinese cook, a French pirate, and a British sailor.

These were small parts, but critics praised his skill at make-up. That probably started the cycle that won him the name of "master of disguise," a phase that ended in 1949 when he made the film "Kind Hearts and Coronets," in which he played ten parts.

Since then, success seems to have made it easier for him to endure his own face and personality.

When "Queer Cargo" closed, he got up nerve enough to send his name in to Gielgud in his dressing-room at Wyndham's Theatre. To his amazement, the great actor not only saw him but remembered him.

"You're the lad who won the prize," he said with a warm smile. "Now what can we do for you?"

"I've got to have work," Guinness said.

"I'll have a job for you soon," Gielgud replied, "but you're far too thin! You haven't been eating."

Guinness admitted it. Gielgud continued talking, winningly and without condescension. It was an experience calculated to inspire the most diffident youth. As he talked, Gielgud laid £20 on the table.

"Take that and eat," he commanded.

Guinness thanked him and stumbled out—without the money. He was so grateful for Gielgud's interest, so heartened by his encouragement, and so sure of a job under his sponsorship, that he would have starved rather than touch the money.

Gielgud referred him to several jobs. He got none of them. He's not sure how he lived until Gielgud opened in "Hamlet" at the New Theatre that autumn of 1934. Sure enough, he remembered. He gave Guinness the small part of Osric.

This "Hamlet" ran for 150 performances, and, next to Gielgud, the actor most singled out for mention by the critics was Guinness.

Guinness remained with Gielgud two years, learning and maturing, then, in 1936, toured the Continent with the Old Vic.

It was in the Gielgud company that he played in "The School for Scandal." Also in the play was a talented young English girl by the name of Merula Salaman, with enormous eyes and a confident serenity of spirit.

Guinness married her as soon as he could afford a wife.

They have one son, Matthew, now 16. They live in the country, in Sussex, in a home hardly big enough for a star by Hollywood standards.

Star? Guinness considers this term rather too unconservative, although he does admit to certain alterations in his station in life.

"One is conscious of a change, but one never knows whether it's for better or for worse," he says.

After the Old Vic came the war. Guinness enlisted in the Royal Navy in 1941 and



AS DISRAELI, the ringleted nineteenth-century Prime Minister, Guinness was sardonic. In "The Swan" he was a Crown Prince; then, in "The Prisoner," a Cardinal.



AS FAGIN in Dickens' "Oliver Twist," Guinness concealed mild features behind an evil whisky mask. He was sinister as the leading thief who ran a school for pickpockets.



THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI is finished. Japanese Colonel Saito (Sessue Hayakawa) and Colonel Nicholson stand in the river-bed at its base. Nicholson does not feel that he has co-operated with the Japanese, but thinks he is ethically right. The two colonels do not realise that guerrillas have mined the bridge foundations.

served as an ordinary seaman on a coastal tanker.

He was picked for officers' training, and as Lieut. Guinness earned a modest place in history when, through a mix-up in orders, he arrived 30 minutes ahead of the main assault force in the invasion of Sicily. The first Allied fighting man ashore in Sicily was Guinness.

After the war he made his first movie, "Great Expectations," in 1946-47. It did well in England and on the American circuit. He made five more films, winning a popularity that rather stunned him.

He appeared briefly on Broadway in "The Cocktail Party," before making "The Lavender Hill Mob," in 1951.

The public demanded more. Other comedies followed, but he still kept veering toward the dramatic stage.

In 1952 he went to the Shakespeare Festival at Stratford-on-Avon, Ontario, for his first Canadian appearance, and first time in the role of Richard III.

By then, Hollywood was beginning to beckon, with hands full of dollars.

Unlike many British actors, Guinness liked Hollywood. This may have been because Hollywood liked him.

Often naive in its preoccupation with color, wide screens, publicity and sex, Hollywood honestly worships talent. There you'll find the warmest Guinness fans of all.

More than 20 years have passed since Sir John Gielgud, then plain Mr. Gielgud, went to Fay Compton's to judge its annual accumulation of hopefuls.

"This boy with the gaunt face and figure came on in a pantomime part. He did not have a line to speak, but there was never any question in our minds as to the winner," he told me.

"Like all of us, he wants to be a tragedian. Of course, no one is ever satisfied with his own Hamlet, and Alec will worry dreadfully!

"Success has been a great burden to him. I wish he could be as sure as I am that, whatever he does, he'll do it well."



LADY AGATHA, the suffragette of "Kind Hearts and Coronets," was Guinness again. He played ten parts in the film—including a duke, a clergyman, and an admiral.

NAVAL OFFICER Guinness in "Barnacle Bill." In this film he started a seagoing career as a stone-age character, appeared at the Battle of Trafalgar and later at Jutland.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 9, 1958



Weekend

TOMORROW

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AND
"The Bridge on the River Kwai"

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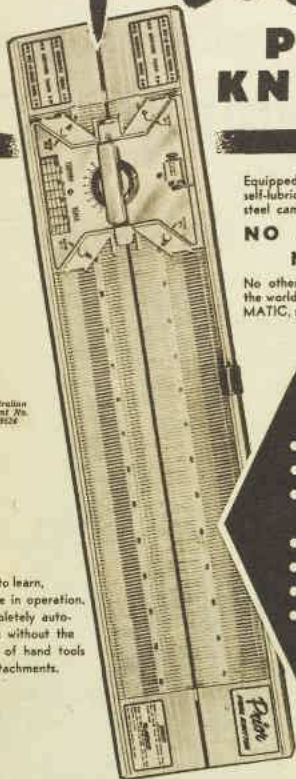
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"STOWAWAY GIRL"



1 HOPING to reach England from South America, Manuela (Elsa Martinelli) offers ship's engineer Mario (Pedro Armendariz) a bribe. He refuses it, but helps her stow away.



2 CAPTAIN PROTHERO (Trevor Howard) overhears a struggle between Mario and Manuela. He threatens to put them both ashore at the next port. Manuela jumps overboard, but is soon rescued.

★ First British film for Italian star Elsa Martinelli is "Stowaway Girl," a Lion International film, produced by Ivan Foxwell, which is being released by 20th Century-Fox. Appearing with Martinelli are British Trevor Howard and the Mexican actor Pedro Armendariz.



3 ANGER turns to love when Manuela, a 17-year-old widow, tells her sad story. Soon the captain is infatuated by her, both finding happiness. He neglects his duties.



4 FIRST OFFICER Evans (Donald Pleasence) brings news that ship is afire. Flames win the fight. Before ship blows up, Prothero puts Manuela in a lifeboat, gets in another with Mario and Evans.



5 DURING darkness, the lifeboats drift apart. While crew in her boat row desperately, Manuela looks out on lonely Atlantic, wondering if she will ever see Prothero again.



6 SUFFERING from burns, Prothero is taunted by Evans, who threatens to report his conduct when they reach land. After a sleep, Prothero wakes up to find the First Officer missing. Burly Mario laughs.



7 MEETING Manuela on an island, Mario explains that Prothero died from injuries, but left her money to reach England. She is heartbroken, but soon hears cheering news.



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A MAN NOTICES
—THE LAST THING
HE FORGETS

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LONDON PARIS NEW YORK SYDNEY

New Film Releases

★★ **MERRY ANDREW**
M.G.M. comedy musical,
with Danny Kaye, Pier
Angeli. In Metro color,
CinemaScope. St. James,
Sydney.

As he has matured as
a comedian Kaye
has increasingly come to
like the classic sad clown
role.

Andrew, the misfit school-
master who would rather be
an archaeologist, is exactly
right for Danny in his present
mood.

On leave from the school
owned by his stern father,
Danny finds a circus occupy-
ing the field where he hopes to
unearth an ancient Roman
work of art.

At one stage he digs himself
up right in the centre of the
lions' cage, and at another
finds himself performing with
a team of angry acrobats.

Pier Angeli is delightful as
the little Italian circus girl
who is so different from
Danny's staid English fiancée,
Patricia Cutts.

Getting Paul Gallico's
touching, whimsical story to
the screen was difficult enough
without the weakening effect
of Hollywood's fake English
background.

Still, it's a happy, charm-
ing affair, bursting every now
and again into song and dance
and touches of pure, inspired
Kaye.

In a word: **CHARMS.**

★★ **A KING IN NEW
YORK**

Charles Chaplin's satiri-
cal comedy, with Charles
Chaplin, Dawn Addams,
Michael Chaplin. Mayfair,
Sydney.

DESPITE his bland
denials of any ill-
feeling towards America,
this picture of Chaplin's
makes a devastating attack
on certain aspects of the
American character and
way of life.

In his role of the little de-
posed European king who
flees to New York and be-
comes involved in a world of
high-pressure television sales-
men (and saleswomen) Chap-
lin is superb—and, it must
be said, immensely charming.
Many of the satirical

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average

touches he has supplied as the
author of the screenplay have
a purely Chaplinesque genius
—notably his corny speech to
waiting American newsmen
as he is being fingerprinted
before admission to the
country.

In other ways, this do-it-
yourself production (Chaplin
wrote, directed, starred, and
composed the music) could
have been considerably
strengthened by the addition
of some outside talent.

The music is ordinary, the
direction sometimes inept, the
picture looks distinctly as
though it was done on the
cheap, and there are some
quite appalling lapses of good
taste.

The New York career-girl
who tricks the perky little
king into reciting Hamlet's
"to be or not to be" speech
to a TV audience is played in
a lively and pleasing way by
Dawn Addams.

Chaplin's young son,
Michael, playing the son of
American schoolteachers
charged with un-American
activities, is a handsome boy
with magnificent eyes, a talent
for remembering dialogue,
but not much acting ability.

Joy Nichols' role of night-
club singer has been cut to
one fleeting appearance.

In a word: **UNIQUE.**

News from studios

YOUNGER sister of Joan
Collins, Jackie Collins has
been given a featured role in
the British film "Intent to
Kill." Its stars are Richard
Todd, Alexander Knox, Betsy
Drake, and Herbert Lom.

BABIES are expected by
Greg Peck's wife, Ronald
Regan's wife, and Leslie
Caron, who has asked the
Rank Organisation to speed up
the filming of "Anna" so that
she can have some months'
rest before the baby's birth.



FAMILY GROUP. It's Dana Andrews (not usually regarded
as a family man) with his wife, Mary, and teenage daughters,
Susan and Cathy. Dana is showing them his script for his
next film, "The Fearmakers."



Filmy cascades of diaphanous
nylon lavished with exquisite

French lace... a Lucas vision of
beauty... the essence of femininity.

The nightgown, a double-layered
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lace-encrusted yoke



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give me the pleasure of your company."

Dolores' first impulse was to refuse. It was such a—how to put it?—such a ludicrous thing of Mr. Phillips to do! But she hadn't been to a cinema for months; the piled-up monotony of her solitary evenings was sometimes almost crushing; and the refusal meant to be so prompt and firm weakened to hesitation.

"I really don't think I can, Mr. Phillips . . . leave Martha in the house alone."

Mr. Phillips hesitated in turn—but only for a moment.

"Bring Martha, too."

"How very kind! But thank you, I think not."

"It's just the sort of picture you'd like," persuaded Mr. Phillips.

If he baited the hook with intent, it was skilfully done. What sort of picture did Mr. Phillips think she liked? No woman could have failed to feel a little stir of curiosity, even of vanity, and Dolores was doubly engaged—for was it a landlady's taste Mr. Phillips believed himself to have divined, or that of the mysterious Other she felt he sometimes glimpsed? A Western or a war picture or a comedy would have answered the first; far narrower the range acceptable to a Spanish rose . . .

"Romantic," added Mr. Phillips.

How could Dolores not give way?

They might have passed a very pleasant evening, if they hadn't taken Martha.

MARTHA was comfortably settled at the kitchen-table, drawing the gas-oven. It was the most complicated subject she'd yet tackled, and to make things more difficult she had opened the door half-way—the gas-rings on top looking somehow rounder when one could see the straight parallel lines of the bars inside. She reckoned she had three good hours before it was time to put the oven to its ordinary use.

Thus when Miss Diver returned and asked if she wouldn't like to go to the pictures, Martha naturally said, no.

"But Mr. Phillips is taking us!" cried Dolores. —He was actually, which made Martha's attitude all the more unfortunate, in the kitchen with them, having followed on Miss Diver's heels.

"I'd rather stay here and draw," said Martha stubbornly.

"Don't be silly, you draw all the time," rebuked Miss Diver. "Say thank you to Mr. Phillips and get your coat."

With an impatient exclamation she crossed to shut the oven door. Mr. Phillips, however, kept his eyes on Martha.

He'd been looking at her ever since he entered, and Martha knew it, though she wouldn't look back.

"Perhaps she wants to show me her picture first?" suggested Mr. Phillips blandly.

Martha answered by deliberately laying her forearms across the sheet. The drawing was on such a scale, however—filling a whole cardboard—that quite a lot still showed. Mr. Phillips came up close behind and looked over her shoulder.

"What's it meant to be?" he asked. "A bird-cage?"

"I don't know," muttered Martha, scowling.

"Just scribbling, eh?"

"There, Martha!" cried Miss Diver brightly. "Scribbling's nothing to stay in for! Besides, you'll strain your eyes. Look at them now!"

"I'd strain them worse at the pictures," said stubborn Martha.

Dolores glanced at Mr. Phil-

The Eye Of Love

from page 98

lips apologetically. He was still standing beside Martha's chair, (in such a kind, interested attitude), and Martha was still crouched over her drawing like a lion-cub over a piece of meat, and somehow the impression was produced that neither meant to give way an inch. It was a most painful contest between sulkiness and benevolence.

"I feel sick," added Martha. By this time Dolores at least was weakening. Indeed, it quite astonished her that Mr. Phillips was still prepared to take Martha out at all: no child could have looked less grateful. No child, to put it plainlier, could have looked

As he had promised, the film was a romantic one—and how sudden, how beautiful, how complete, the transition to Old Vienna! How familiar, that enchanting city! Not one of the population was missing—neither the hero in the Hussars, nor the heroine selling posies, nor the fiddlers playing the Blue Danube Waltz to the boatmen on the Blue Danube.

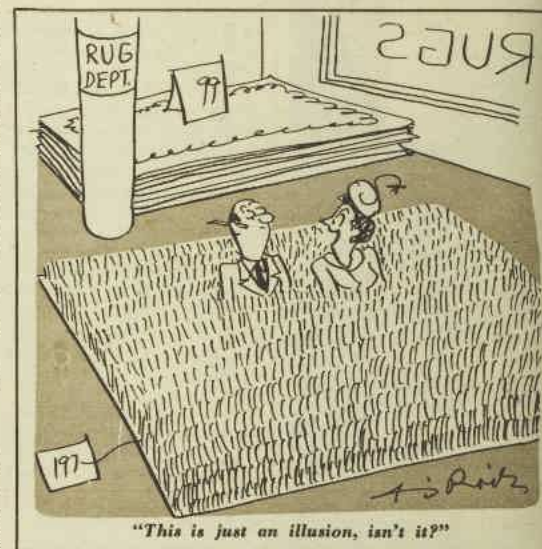
It was indeed just the film Miss Diver would have enjoyed, if she hadn't had Martha beside her.

"Martha, stop sighing."

"I'm hot."

"Then take your coat off."

Mr. Phillips, on Dolores' other side, behaved impeccably. —It must be revealed that Dolores' hesitance before her lodger's invitation was due not



more stubborn, surly, and thoroughly bad-tempered. A concentrated spell of work always sent Martha's temperature up and made her cheeks red, but she had now the appearance of being scarlet with rage.

"If she really doesn't want to come—" began Dolores doubtfully.

"She's coming," said Mr. Phillips.

Benevolence won. It is almost impossible for a child to disobey a direct order, at least after the reckless age of 'Shant' and 'Won't.' Upon Miss Diver's now directly ordering her to go and get her coat, Martha at last sulkily gathered up her work, and stumped out into the hall.

It was thus no very festive party that set forth from Alcock Road. Their disunion was apparent from the start—Martha walking not alongside her elders and betters, but a little behind. She also dragged her feet in the way all children know to be irritating.

"Martha, pick up your feet."

"My shoe-lace is undone."

"Then stop and tie it up."

They all stopped, while Martha knelt on the kerb. (Well past the Greek-temple-prison-gate gutter-gratings: not for worlds would she have risked drawing attention to its loveliness.) The business took her rather long, because she broke the lace and had to knot it.

Then they all went on again, Martha now lifting each foot in turn about six inches from the ground, as though plodding through snow. This naturally slowed her down still more, so that she acted like a drogue on Miss Diver's and Mr. Phillips' progress, but in time they reached the Locarno, where Mr. Phillips took seats in the one-and-threes.

only to its essential lodgerishness, but also to certain more general apprehensions. Sheltered as she'd been for the past ten years, Miss Diver was thirty when she met Mr. Gibson. She knew what went on, in cinemas. She'd had her hand held, (however briefly, disappointingly, she preferred not to think of it), in the darkness of a cinema. Couples in front of her, in the darkness of a cinema, she'd beheld going much, much farther.

Dolores certainly apprehended so such outrageousness on the part of Mr. Phillips—but what did a lodger expect, taking his landlady to the pictures? Even a mild pressure of the hand Miss Diver would have felt bound to refuse. Perhaps she exaggerated her own charms; she still welcomed Martha as chaperon. It was now with genuine relief that she found every apprehension groundless.

Mr. Phillips sat narrowly in his seat, only occasionally their elbows brushed, and when they did, he said 'Pardon.' He kept his knees and feet strictly to himself, and his hands in his lap. If it hadn't been for Martha snapping her hat-elastic during the love-scenes, Miss Diver could have lost herself completely in the beautiful story unfolded.

"Martha, take your hat off."

"I don't know where to put it."

"Put it under the seat."

Beautifully, romantically the story unfolded. Extraordinarily for it bore a striking resemblance to the story of King Hal and his Spanish rose. To the Hussar also duty called, in the person—it really was extraordinary!—of an heiress chosen for him by his Emperor, and the flower-girl sacrificed herself. They parted by moonlight on a rose-strewn terrace, the fiddlers now playing La

To page 106

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Paloma . . . Miss Diver had still to look aside from the screen. "Martha! What are you eating?"

"I found a toffee on the floor." "Martha! Take it out at once!" It was almost a relief when the film ended. Dolores would have left immediately, only Mr. Phillips said they might as well get their money's worth and see the news. Of course he hadn't been next to Martha—but his forbearance was still striking: when at last they got home, and Dolores could scold Martha properly, it was exhibited in the highest form.

"I'm sure Mr. Phillips will never take you out again!" finished Dolores angrily.

Mr. Phillips looked at Martha, and for once Martha looked back at Mr. Phillips—without unfocusing her eyes. It wasn't a look, one would have thought, to induce any further display of benevolence; yet it did.

"We'll see," said Mr. Phillips kindly. "Eh, Martha?"

As Dolores in the course of her scolding complained, Martha had never behaved so badly before. It was true. Her bad behaviour was in fact a rare burst of juvenility; and after keeping her nose to the

Continuing . . .

The Eye Of Love

[from page 104]

thinking, Dadda?" said Miranda Joyce. "I've been thinking that after we're married, perhaps it mayn't be such a good plan after all, Harry and me living at the flat."

Mr. Joyce in his surprise trod with one foot off the kerb and was brushed by a passing car. They were walking down Bond Street, Miranda having called for her parent at the shop; and that she chose so unlikely a moment to open her mind was because she'd just heard him say toodle-oo to the door-man.

"Really, Dadda!" said Miranda coldly. "Is that quite suitable?"

"If it suits me," returned old man Joyce brashly, "why not? I learnt it from your Harry."

Miranda frowned. "I still don't think it sounds right to a commissioner, Dadda. I know he's been with us for years."

"Also he was in Harry's old Regiment," said Mr. Joyce. "All sorts of things I learn from that boy!"

It was the last straw on the load of grievance Miranda had been accumulating for weeks. What didn't he learn from Harry! What didn't he teach Harry—the one as bad as the other? For weeks now Miranda had begun to feel that her marriage would be a thing of far greater beauty if it didn't embrace Harry and her Dadda under the same roof . . .

"After all," pursued Miranda, (in Bond Street, her parent just brushed by a passing car), "most married people do start in their own homes, don't they, Dadda?"

"I never heard such craziness in my life," returned Mr. Joyce promptly—and turning to shake a fist at the receding traffic. His uninhibited manners out of doors often distressed his daughter. "Did your mamma and I start in our own home?"

"That was a long time ago, Dadda. We should only need a flat."

"What is wrong with our flat?" demanded Mr. Joyce, stepping out again. It was a muggy September evening, but he always returned home on foot when he could spare the time, because he enjoyed the life of the street; at least part of his annoyance with Miranda was because she was spoiling his walk. "What is wrong with our good-address flat in Knightsbridge, four hundred a year besides rates?" demanded Mr. Joyce. "Tell me what is wrong with that?"

"Nothing at all, Dadda," agreed Miranda hastily. "It's only . . ."

"Also am I made of money?" inquired Mr. Joyce, proceeding to irony. "Do I look in my pockets each morning and find a bag of gold? What about the new curtains, twelve-and-six a yard, also blue for Harry's favorite color?"

"Of course we'd take them with us . . ."

"What about the new wallpaper, then, five-and-nine a piece? Will you take that with you? Scrape it off the wall?"

"It makes a room very nice for Auntie Bee . . ."

Mr. Joyce suddenly stopped before a lighted window. It was another of his street-arab habits—staring into shops. Except at certain jewellers, he had the money to buy almost anything that caught his fancy; he remained content with staring. It irritated Miranda that he now stopped to examine a straight-grain briar pipe with every appearance of attention. —There was

an irritating carelessness even in the way he stood: his hat on the back of his head, his loud check overcoat flapping open—this indeed because it was really too close to wear it—and his new regimental scarf sticking up round the collar . . .

"Dadda!" said Miranda sharply. "This is an important conversation! Will you please think about Harry and me?"

"Harry I am thinking about this moment," returned Mr. Joyce benevolently. "I am going to buy that boy a pipe. —I notice you don't tell me how Harry is so crazy to leave the old man."

Miranda hesitated. Actually she hadn't yet broached the subject to Harry at all, she meant to present him with a fait accompli, a new arrangement cut and dried.

"Harry will think as I do . . ."

"Ah ha!" "Naturally I consult you first, Dadda. For goodness' sake, first you argue about the curtains."

"A nice argument I like," admitted Mr. Joyce cheerfully.

"—then you call it all just craziness! What is crazy is to pretend you can't afford it—a little flat for Harry and me! You have plenty of money!"

"So I can buy two pipes," agreed Mr. Joyce. "For the heart, at my age, Harry says, a pipe is better than so many cigars."

Miranda was forced to recognise that her parent was thoroughly out of hand. She was too angry to speak; she would have walked on alone, but at that moment he finally tore himself away, (with many a loving backward glance at the most expensive straight-grain briars in London), and set gallily off again. Miranda still kept silence, merely emanating, with some ability, waves of alternate anger and reproach.

Mr. Joyce seemed to enjoy the rest of the walk very much. His spirits were high. Pausing to buy a newspaper, he cracked jokes with the vendor in what he believed to be Cockney. By Hyde Park Corner they encountered a one-man-band: Mr. Joyce contributed sixpence, also —because it wasn't in his nature to give sixpence and be done with it—halted to form a critical one-man-audience. (Miranda halted further on.)

The band in question was actually rather an ingenious one, including cymbals, (strapped to the knees), a mouth-organ, and a couple of spoons. Mr. Joyce thought it would be improved by a few bells. "Round the chest, as on a child's harness," he explained helpfully. "So you would be four-piece instead of three. —Also Swiss effects," added Mr. Joyce, giving his imagination rein. "Any visitor from Switzerland, the money would jump out of his pocket! Take my advice, remember what I say! Tooodle-oo!"

When at last they reached the flat, Harry Gibson was there on the doorstep. He, too, wore a loud check overcoat, flapping open, and a regimental scarf. He, too, had an evening paper under his arm. It wasn't the same as Mr. Joyce's; they had arranged always to buy different ones, so that they could swap, but though Mr. Joyce was confident of this, he carolled his ritual greeting.

"Star, News, or Stan-dard?" carolled Mr. Joyce—imitating a paper-boy.

"Star!" replied Harry Gibson smartly.

"I've got the News. Let's hope it's good!" punned in Joyce, reverting to his own personality with a happy grin.

Harry Gibson grinned back. —It was rather, he thought sadly, like the gag he used to

have with Martha about Martha and Mary; but he played up to the old boy, not disappointing him . . . They all entered together, and in the lobby Harry rang for the lift, and up in the flat hung his coat on its accustomed peg, and hung Mr. Joyce's coat up too, and kissed first Miranda and then his mother, who was already in the drawing-room, and let himself be pecked at by Auntie Bee. He never knew a moment's happiness, in the Knightsbridge flat; but he was undoubtedly domesticated there.

A parallel domestication had taken place in Alcock Road, where on most evenings of the week Mr. Phillips was now to be found accepting a cup of tea in Miss Diver's sitting-room.

This, too, was unexpected; yet it came about very naturally, and owing to Mr. Phillips' new habit of taking a last-thing-at-night stroll. A breath of air, last thing at night, he found cleared the lungs; and though he now possessed a key of his own, his unfailing consideration led him always to notify himself returned. Dolores had always tea brewed; the habit of not entertaining her lodger once broken, (to make up for Martha's rudeness at the cinema), a new habit inevitably formed; by the time Aunt Bee

in Knightsbridge was regularly ordering sirloin, Dolores, in Alcock Road, as regularly set out an extra cup.

Indeed, she had begun to find Mr. Phillips' company not unwelcome; his deferential presence a relief from so much solitude. His occasional remarks, (for Dolores still leafed through her "Tattlers," and Mr. Phillips through his evening paper), were flat and undemanding—a mere human noise. After so much silence, Dolores rather welcomed it.

It was a pain at first to see him stare about—obliterating, so to speak, the last traces of a beloved eye—but even this his admiration soothed. "My word, that must be valuable!" marvelled Mr. Phillips, beside the bronze lady. "I believe it is," said Dolores carelessly. "And those china ornaments?" suggested Mr. Phillips. "French," said Dolores . . .

If questions unspoken hovered in the air, she didn't answer them. Mr. Phillips could see that there'd been money spent, but he got no further. He still couldn't fathom a house with such a room in it, and a lodger in it as well. He couldn't make out what was what.

It was Martha who eventually, and unwittingly, gave him

To page 108



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Continuing . . .

The Eye Of Love

from page 106

the clue; though not for some time.

Martha's own internal state, at this period of Mr. Phillips' domestication, resembled an armed fortress—sentries posted, guns manned, boiling lead ready on the battlements; yet at the citadel calm. Behind her defences she was working well, and so long as she wasn't attacked intended no sortie; but if anyone, for instance, took her to the cinema again, she was prepared—dropping the dignity of metaphor—to be sick. In pursuance of her sensible policy, she gave fair warning. "I nearly was," Martha informed Miss Diver gloomily, "last time. I told you before we went."

There are certain possibilities before which every adult recoils. Miss Diver said something to Mr. Phillips. "She doesn't look like a child with a weak stomach," objected Mr. Phillips suspiciously. It was very true; Martha didn't; still, there are certain possibilities, et cetera. The point was in a sense shelved, since Mr. Phillips didn't take Dolores to the pictures again either, the first visit turned out to be also the last; but Martha here undeniably won.

Her drawings, also, she withdrew as it were to the citadel—that is, whenever Mr. Phillips was in the house she hid them in her attic. He had no second opportunity to look over her shoulder. This denied her the use of the kitchen-table at the weekend, but fortunately Mr. Punshon kept his shop open all Saturday, and there on Saturday afternoons Martha regularly installed herself.

I was no hardship, Martha liked Mr. Punshon's shop very well. There wasn't much room, she had to stuff herself between the end of the work-bench and a shutter hung with bunches of shoe-laces that tickled the back of her neck, but she enjoyed the craftsmanly atmosphere and worked well there; and Mr. Punshon made no objection, so long as she didn't glare at the customers.

"I didn't know I did," said Martha, genuinely surprised.

"When they get in your light you do. Like a young Pachyderm," said Mr. Punshon, employing his favorite simile. "I won't say trade's suffered as yet; but any more females in the family way such as we just rubber-heeled may well get nervous how their basketful's going to turn out..."

Martha took the warning to heart. Thenceforward her amiable expression, in Mr. Punshon's shop, occasionally covered exceedingly black thoughts, but rarely failed altogether. It was a useful piece of discipline such as she was all too unaccustomed to; for as Mr. Phillips rightly pointed out, she had never really been disciplined at all.

"You must remember she's an orphan," pleaded Dolores.

"I do," said Mr. Phillips. For at least he had fathomed Martha. King Hal's Spanish rose, already declined into a landlady, had submitted also to decline into an aunt.

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Mr. Phillips' surprise at hearing Martha address her as Dolores hadn't been unmannerly—when was he unmannerly?—but it had been apparent. Miss Diver glimpsed a danger, however absurd, that he might jump to some wrong conclusion. She therefore casually referred, one evening, to her deceased brother, (in the Civil Service), to her poor sister-in-law who had died so young, (this was actually all Miss Diver knew about her late sister-in-law), and of course to Martha in so many words as her niece.

Mr. Phillips' attention was rewarding. The few questions he asked—"In what branch of the Civil Service?" inquired Mr. Phillips. "The Post Office," Dolores told him, rather shortly—but underlined a sympathetic interest. Dolores had no doubt but that she was believed; nonetheless, just to fix the relationship firmly in his mind, she bade Martha in future to address her as Aunt.

"I think you'd better call me Aunt," instructed Miss Diver.

Martha didn't protest. A little burst of protestation Miss Diver couldn't help feeling would have been in order—"But Dolores suits you so much better!" Martha might have wailed: even a flat refusal—"I can't call you Aunt! I won't!" Miss Diver would have forgiven. She was ready to comfort and persuade. But just as four years earlier, in the taxi going home from the funeral, Martha's reaction was unbecomingly placid. "Aunt Dolores, or just Aunt?"

"Whichever you like," snapped Miss Diver.

It struck her how little, in four years, Martha had developed. Even physically she looked much the same, she'd grown simply from a fat child into a stocky little girl, with no upshooting into grace, and her disposition had flowered no more. Admittedly she was useful in the house; admittedly, and importantly, she'd found Mr. Phillips; but where was the harvest of affection her aunt so richly deserved to reap?—It was a point on which Mr. Phillips was truly sympathetic.

"I only hope she appreciates all you've done for her," said Mr. Phillips gravely.

Dolores hoped so, too; but there were few signs of it. It would be wrong to say that she had begun to dislike Martha, but she began to be discontented with her—perhaps unfairly, the child's affection never having been important to her so long as she possessed King Hal's, yet understandably, now that a kiss or a caress, spontaneously offered, would have a little warmed the chill about her heart. Miss Diver, living on the husks of love alone, found them but a Lenten diet.

She definitely, though it was her own doing, disliked her new title. Like the chattiness of the shop-people, like Miss Taylor's familiarity, the unromantic appellation was sadly abating to the image of a Spanish rose.

With so much on her mind—remembering to call Dolores Aunt, also not to glare at Mr. Punshon's clientele, besides keeping guns trained in readiness on Mr. Phillips—what wonder that Martha, setting down the latter's breakfast-tray, one morning made a slip of the tongue? She herself didn't notice it; but Mr. Phillips did: and a few evenings later used it to his advantage.

In the meantime, Martha had been back to Almagro Place.

To be continued

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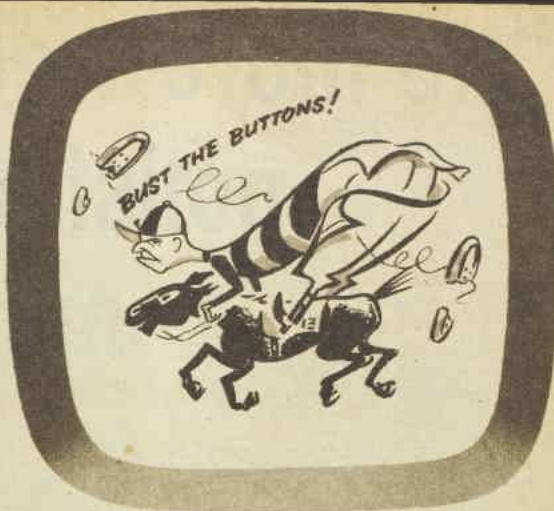
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THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Keep back the guards and they will measure split seconds (4-7).
- Sections turn into fastener (5).
- Stout cords used in snowdrop essence (5).
- An ant takes me twice to tea (5).
- The younger son starts as a bounder (5).
- One step in a series has a holy air (5).
- Carcens with boundaries (5).
- The components of this material are fifty and a broken nine (5).
- Rate of movement turns me into a broken pot (5).
- Fish are not in order in a short doctor (5).
- In case of trouble this is a repressing body... Apply to the sheriff (5).
- Died in Latin usually on a stone (5).
- Beer to grow old inside (5).
- Offsprings end in songs (11).



Solution of last week's crossword.

DOWN

- Exhausted (5).
- As steep as coins in Spain (7).
- Criticism in a turned demented translation (13).
- Vehicles full of skill (5).
- Make clear from a tract of level country (7).
- Risky theorising (11).
- No more stars, but they won't believe it (11).
- Finally defeated by Sulla before the gates of Rome (7).
- A stupid fellow and a very clever essayist in a flower (7).
- Cop it (Anagr. 5).
- Could Roget have created this grain disease (5)?

Solution will be published next week.



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